THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Society Brand two piece hot weather suit, in particularly good taste for the man of athletic build—two button—skeleton lined—slightly fitted at the waist. Straight trousers with cuff.

BUDD

A two button patch pocket version of the coat above. Straight trousers, with cuff.

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There's a double pleasure in wearing Society Brand Clothes for hot weather. They're correctly cut, beautifully tailored - and always fashionable. Also, they're easy to wear because they are cut for comfort — In these respects they differ wholly from the ordinary thing for summer; that's why they have their unique reputation with well dressed men.

Society Brand Clothes

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Does your soap keep its promise to your complexion?

Can soap contribute to the beauty of your complexion?

Yes, indeed it can!

But not by any magic powers it may claim to have. Soap contributes to your beauty by *cleansing your skin,* because cleanliness is a pre-requisite of *all* beauty.

Our experience tells us that the minute a soap promises to do more for your complexion than cleanse, it steps out of its province. *It can no longer keep its promise.*

We have made soap for many generations. We are naturally familiar with the ingredients that go into soaps of all kinds, and there is no mystery about them.

We could, of course, therefore, make any kind of soap we pleased—colored soap, medicated soap, highly-perfumed and expensively wrapped soap. Instead, we make Ivory Soap—a white, pure, wholesome soap that promises to do for your complexion all that any soap can do, and to do it safely, gently, delightfully, and economically.

And Ivory Soap keeps that promise!

Dr. William Allen Pusey, perhaps the most widely-known American dermatologist, says that the *only* care needed to keep a normal skin clean and to protect it is to *wash* it. He advocates the use of pure mild soap at least once a day.

When you use Ivory Soap, you are sure of having for your toilet uses as pure and mild a soap as you can buy at any price. You will have a soap that completely removes the film of oil and dust or powder which necessarily accumulates on your skin. Ivory's fine, pure ingredients assure you that this soil-film will be removed gently and safely. No manipulation or prolonged rubbing is necessary.

You know how generally physicians recommend Ivory Soap for babies. Hospitals use great quantities of Ivory. There can be no finer, safer soap for your skin.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

We can't quite make out the *words* of Mrs. Jollyco's lullaby song, but maybe, if we try *very* hard, we can write some words of our own to fit the tune. And if you're not quite sure of the *tune,* you try very hard and make up a tune to fit the *words.*

Ivory fragrant, Ivory white
Drowsy baby, sleep tonight.
Ivory pure and Ivory mild,
Baby wake a happy child.
Ivory—lather, rinse and float!
Baby sail your Ivory boat.
Baby grow up clean and strong—
Ivory guard you all life long.

• • • • (The Law approaches stealthily.)

"! ! !" (The Law speaks.)

"Hey! Didn't you see that sign?" shouts The Law.

"Aw, we ain't swimmin'," replies brave Bobby Jollyco. "We're *bathing.* Looky."

Well, just see what that little rascal has done! There's a cake of Ivory floating on the water—as *bath proof!*

If you were The Law, what could you say to *that?*

"Julia, do Mrs. Jollyco's blankets get all matted and harsh after they're washed, the way mine do?" asks Mrs. Folderol of Vanity Square.

"Oh, no, ma'am," replies Julia, the perfect maid, who has been delivering a present of some particularly fine kumquat marmalade. "Our blankets are always—why they're just as soft and fluffy—you'd hardly believe—;"

"What do you wash them with?"

"Why, we take and put them in lukewarm water and make a thick suds of Ivory Soap, and squeeze and . . ."

But, of course, *you* know how beautifully Ivory washes blankets and woolens.

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The New System in Government

By MARTIN B. MADDEN

Chairman Committee on Appropriations, House of Representatives

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AN IMPROVED regimen for the conduct of the business affairs of the Government is just as important to one political party as it is to the other. It is not my purpose here to recount the achievements of the new order that has been instituted for the management of the nation's finances. Other places and other times will be more appropriate for the asseverations and disputations which are so vital to American political contests. My interest in the budget system lies beyond the political exigencies of the present. The perpetuation of the steps that have been taken and their systematic improvement and development are so essential to the future prosperity and happiness of the American people that they should understand thoroughly the change which has been effected.

The necessity for placing the financial methods of the Government upon a budgetary basis began slightly to be felt prior to the war. President Taft made an attempt at it with a degree of discouraging success. The time was not ripe. We had a negligible debt and our sources of taxation were indirect and plenteous for our needs. As a nation we could go on a financial spree without the usual depressing aftermath. The prewar period and the period of the war changed the situation. Even before we entered the conflict our import trade fell off and customs receipts dwindled. We feverishly increased expenditures in an effort to bring our military and naval forces to a better state of preparedness. The margin between a comparatively tax-free and a tax-burdened public was beginning to narrow.

The war period completed the evolution. Our own government expenditures for participation in the war, the loans to our Allies, and the loss of a substantial yearly income on account of the governmental ban on alcoholic liquors compelled the levying of heavy income and other internal taxes that for the first time made the average American citizen sense his duties as a subscriber to the maintenance of government. So long as the revenues flowed freely to the national coffer from sources which he did not feel he was not particularly concerned about the cost. When he became a heavy direct contributor he also became an interested stockholder, with the very proper curiosity to ascertain how his money was being expended and what he was getting for it. The same stoical spirit of sacrifice and endurance of privation which characterized the attitude of the taxpayer toward his personal comfort during the war also reflected his attitude toward the funds necessary for its conduct. He was for anything that was essential to victory, and stood for a lot more.

When the struggle was over and the public mind was again able to concentrate upon domestic problems, one of the very first to command attention was that of public expenditure and the corollary of taxation.

Both political parties pledged themselves to provide a remedy. One of the first important laws to be signed by President Harding was the Budget and Accounting Act of 1921. This measure marked the beginning of an epochal reform. As the years roll on and the history of the postwar period is written with that clear vision which comes from a dispassionate survey of events, the outstanding achievement, to my mind, will be the determined and successful effort devoted to the initiation of correct financial methods in the business of the Government.

To many who have not given much thought to what is meant by a budget system, the term is an abstraction that somehow or other magically saves money. It is to them the wand of the conjurer by which waste is eliminated and frugality made the daily order. When we were preparing the bill which established the budget system one of my colleagues informed me that if he met a budget in the street he would undoubtedly take off his hat, bow humbly and say "Howdy, stranger."

A budget system is nothing more or less than an orderly procedure which requires the constant application of the best known principles of business conduct to the financial affairs of a nation, with the accompanying requisite of a continuous endeavor to keep those principles alive in the acts of the individuals charged with the operation of the system.

The budget is not a temporary shibboleth. It is a permanent governmental system at the service of any political party which may be in control. There is nothing

There are Those Who Do Not Like It

automatic or mysterious about it. The system is operated by a few well-defined responsible units of governmental machinery, each functioning within its own prescribed sphere, and highly susceptible to the public praise or censure which its efforts may justly merit.

There are four outstanding principles in the budget system, as initiated, namely:

The placing upon the President of the responsibility for the submission to Congress of a balanced program of expenditures with the requirement that if a deficit is indicated in his program he shall recommend how the additional money shall be obtained, or if a surplus be shown, an indication of his views for its disposal;

The imposition upon the President of the task of keeping a courageous and intimate control over the expenditure of public money after the appropriations have been made;

The centralization of the jurisdiction over the making of appropriations in one committee in the Senate and one in the House of Representatives, thereby reducing the number of congressional committees which could appropriate money from seventeen to two;

The establishment of a centralized and independent audit of accounts in one general office instead of scattered, as heretofore, among seven unrelated offices.

Presidential Responsibilities

THE duties placed upon the President are onerous. Governments, like individuals, have habits, and the habit of incoördinate and uneconomical handling of public funds has been hard to break. The bureau of the budget was created to enable the President to perform his budgetary duties. It is a small organization, consisting of a director, an assistant director, and a corps of about forty investigators, accountants and clerks. It is not a governmental bureau within the generally accepted meaning of the term. The significant fact about this activity is that it stands for the Chief Executive. It is his personal agency. It acts for him and in his name. Whatever it does reflects the attitude of the President upon the question at issue. It has no budgetary duties as a bureau *per se*. This feature of the law established the axis of the executive phase of the budget system.

The more spectacular of the two duties placed upon the President is the preparation of the budget estimates for submission to Congress. The process necessarily involves denial and disappointment. The estimation of the available revenues for a particular fiscal year is a comparatively easy task under ordinary conditions, but keeping the desires of the spending departments within those revenues is a far different proposition. It requires the exercise of all the stern and diplomatic qualities that a man can possess. Pressure comes from all sources, within and without the Government.

The cold and calculating provision of the law helps to lighten the burden. The proposal must be balanced. If the expenditures are more than the estimated revenues the President must assume the responsibility of telling Congress how he thinks the additional revenue should be obtained, whether from new taxes, loans or by some other means. If the estimated expenditures are less than the revenues the duty is his to recommend a disposition of the surplus in such a manner as he may deem to be in the best interest of the public.

A budget estimate first must run the gantlet of the cabinet officer, who has to aid him the departmental budget officer selected by him. The head of the department harmonizes as best he can the requests of all his subordinates, and this total goes to the bureau of the budget for treatment by the President. The relative importance of the requests of each of the departments and other estimating agencies is weighed and the cutting and pruning begin. Two factors must be kept in mind: The estimates of the departments must be brought within the total revenues because increased taxation or new loans for running expenses are entirely counter to the present economic needs or desires of the country. The second factor to be considered is the minute examination of such estimates as are to be forwarded to Congress to see that they are no more than reasonably sufficient to accomplish the purposes for which the money is to be asked.

The allotment of revenue is made to each department and establishment, and the tentative estimates submitted are returned to the heads of departments with a fixed total, beyond which they cannot go in making their formal and final submission to the President. Appeals may be made, and if a serious mistake has occurred in fixing a department's total it is rectified upon a proper showing, but if one department's allotment has to be amended upward, that increase must be deducted in other places so that prescribed relationship between total receipts and expenditures will not be disturbed.

"Now Put It In"

The process thus goes on until the needs of the year's program are worked out in a harmonious and balanced program upon which the President and his advisers are willing to stand as representative of their views of the needs of the nation, so far as those needs may be reflected by the many activities in which the Government is engaged and the anticipated condition of the Treasury.

The second of the factors in the preparation of the budget estimates requires a painstaking examination into the details of costs and purposes. No two departments must be allowed to embark or continue upon an identical line of work. Duplication of effort is wasteful, and confusing to those who utilize the results. A considerable amount of guessing must enter into these calculations. The period which elapses from the time the estimates are approved for submission to Congress to the final days of the period in which the money is to be expended is about eighteen months. It is indeed a farsighted individual who can with accuracy predict what economic conditions will be during this time. The bulk of the money in the typical budget estimate is expended for salaries, traveling expenses, materials and supplies, and the hundred and one items that are usually employed in the average business. What will passenger and freight rates be in a year? What will be the cost of subsistence, fuel, building materials, clothing, trucks, and the innumerable articles which the Government will need? If a fair guess can be made upon those items, how much work will a given bureau have to perform? If, for instance, it is a regulatory bureau, will the business or activity which it regulates be expanded or contracted during this period? Will the bureau need more or fewer employes? The best judgment that can be brought into play must be applied to the solution of these difficulties.

Estimates Sharply Trimmed

TWO sets of budget estimates have been prepared since the new system went into effect. The best metering of the restraint which the law has placed upon the submission of estimates to Congress can be obtained from the bare statement of the results. The first set of budget estimates which came to the President was reduced by him in an amount exceeding a hundred million dollars. The second set of budget estimates which he sent to Congress was approximately three hundred million less than the total of the original requests that were presented to him. Surely it is worth while to have the heavy hand of the Chief Executive placed upon the enthusiasm of those who are spending Federal funds. Where he leads they will follow, and if uneconomical expenditure incurs his displeasure, rash and precipitate indeed will be the administrator who ventures too far into that forbidden field.

The second duty placed upon the President — that of coördinating the everyday business activities — is not ostentatious. It is drudgery of the most tedious sort. Here, again, he utilizes his bureau of the budget, and operating with it at his direction are a number of coördinating

(Continued on Page 158)

The Happy Ending

HEAD WINDS

By A. M. Sinclair Wilt

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I Must Insist Upon Seeing Mr. Arnold. He is Injured, and it is Only Right That I Make Sure of His Comfort"

PROLOGUE

INTO his San Francisco office beat the disturbing tumult of the city, and John Rosslyn shook his great head in annoyance. Opposite the grizzled shipbuilder, and clothed with the magnificence Imperial China was still able to give her high admirals, sat a Manchu, waving deliberate fan. Though the face above the silks and embroideries and gentle fan was harshly incongruous, the slanted eyes rested kindly upon his friend; and from the forbidding mouth, under drooping black mustaches, flowed English so bookishly precise as to be reassuring.

"The ear accustomed to the business of going down to the sea in ships is vexed with land chaffering, I take it. China again calls?"

"No China for us till Peter walks the plank!" rumbled from the American's big chest. "Hong-Kong"—he bellowed it confidentially—"is not good for him in his present temper. He wants the practical end of shipping, he says; and that's the wet end." A pen was fumbled. "His mother had him only those first few weeks; but Yale was her wish for him—so there it is. He takes his degree."

"Yes, sir; the degree of A.B.," boomed a voice from the door—"able-bodied seaman!" A black-maned, brown-faced young giant filled the doorway very nearly from top to sill. A white grin stretched infectiously, gray eyes swept from his father to their friend. "A.B., able-bodied seaman! Woo Lang, sir, help my father make up his mind to it."

"A wise son follows in the footsteps of his fathers."

"That's what I aim to do," said Peter cheerfully, "and none of my fathers' footsteps have ever led to four years spent on dry land."

"Three months' vacation a year, remember, to be spent as you please," offered his father.

"I could lecture in navigation," Woo Lang made the cast.

The bait was inviting.

"In what could I navigate?"

"We might find some low, rakish craft ——"

The father's crypticism brought a chuckle from the doorway.

"Dad, you find that low, rakish outfit and—and let's have a look at her."

John Rosslyn rose. He towered as tall as the youngster, but bulked heavier; both carried themselves with an alert readiness not common in men of their size; and both betrayed the same air of determination—to put it at its mildest—latent in the lad, fully developed in the man. But the latter was not above laying down arms when he saw a surer way of breaking a deadlock.

"If you spend four years at Yale," he growled, "I'll build you that craft."

"What kind of a craft?" the other bargained.

"What do you want—a yacht for pleasure?"

"No, sir; a schooner for business."

"What business?"

"Roving, sir; adventuring; seeing the world and doing as I please, sir, in the natural element of a man."

"A tramp schooner?" bellowed the sire, exasperated.

"If that's what you want to call it, sir," with no lessening of determination. "I shall do importing and exporting."

"More collecting?" Woo Lang sheered the conversation away from shoals; he had seen these two wills clash. "I recall the beetles."

"The snakes were worse." Rosslyn's exasperation faded and he eyed his son with speculation. "Your idea might not be so bad; I've been thinking of widening our scope."

"No offices!" Peter, with feet wide apart, legs braced, stood ready for any chance seas that might wash the deck, and voiced his defiance. "No office for me, sir! Not ever!"

A Rosslyn forbear was rumored to have been a freebooter off the coast of Virginia; albeit, being Scotch, he was on shore a sober and most religious man. This descendant had inherited several of his traits; among them, besides a fierce love of the sea and his passion for collecting, was a gusty disposition when crossed. He shook his head now until his hair stood on end belligerently. His warm gray eyes turned storm gray, lowering, threatening.

"Who said anything about offices?" roared the father, infuriated with his son's gustiness.

"We speak of schooners." Woo Lang's fan waved with peaceful calm. "I judge Yale to have won?"

"The schooner has won." Peter's black crest slowly subsided. "When do we start building?"

"When you've taken your degree the schooner will be ready."

Peter was beguiled.

"And that's fair enough," he said in a sort of chant. "I'll have her, if you don't mind, a hundred length by twenty beam, room for a goodly crew and plenty storage space for plunder. I'll be voyaging member of the firm. I'll sail the China Seas, the whole seas, and all of 'em. I'll go where white man is a rarity. I'll find hidden treasures, from embroideries to elephants, from jewels to Jumbos; skins, silks, serpents or scepters, I'll search 'em out and make 'em mine. I'll have life and adventure, and it will all be good, world without end, thank God and amen!" And he danced a dance which shouted that life was delectable, not to be bettered. With youth, health and a vocation ahead he found glorious, the romance of the whole earth lay spread before him, his for the waiting and for the taking.

It was much to know what he wanted, he said; it gave him advantage over others who spent precious years tacking back and forth instead of heading straight into their future. He could live through the next four years, since at the end of them would be freedom, complete and spacious.

"Then hold yourself untrammeled," advised his elder. "One woman can take the completeness and the spaciousness out of such freedom as you desire, Peter, with an eye flick."

"A woman! Me?" Peter hurled himself upon the desk.

"You are young yet." He should be safeguarded. "Peter, make me a promise; give me your word that you will not marry or propose marriage to any woman until you are at least twenty-six."

Peter, by this time immersed in sketches of a low, rakish design, scarcely lifted his eyes.

"Don't think I intend spoiling my future! What do you think of having power auxiliary?"

"Make the promise, young Rosslyn," seconded Woo Lang.

And Peter saw what it meant to them. They believed he could be caught by the silliness of sentiment which people, older people of narrow, humdrum lives, found so engrossing. That pathetic sentiment he guessed to be substitute for the greater adventures they were never to know—the poor humdrum dwellers of little worlds!

He made the promise. If it would have given them any happiness, he would have set the limit at fifty-six. Then he turned again to his schooner, the lodestar he was to follow through his years of banishment.

I

EIGHT years later, again in San Francisco; with four years of Yale and four more years of adventure in plenty behind him; he faced untrammeled as unlikely a cruise as he had ever conceived. The outcome he always lays to the Van Pelts, particularly to their ancestors, who, having dwelt in New York for seven generations of fat and easy peace, resulted—if the term may be used—inevitably in Pat. The pendulum is bound to swing.

On the other hand, the Van Pelts ascribe the whole affair to Peter's theories and to his habit of generalizing. Yale turned sailor Peter into a psychologist; Yale and Woo Lang; for navigation and the study of man as he is made had gone cheek by jowl with him and Woo Lang, and the Manchu's point of view undoubtedly colored Peter's outlook; but I hold that the modern trend of the times was mostly at fault; the modern trend which lies in hectic romancing, which betrays us into forgetting that men and women are, after all, flesh and blood realities, each with his own particular individuality, and not the fantastic creations of fictionists.

Peter, having neither sister nor mother for antidote, fell easy victim to the modern trend; moreover, he gave his opinions freely, with Rosslyn emphasis; flooring opposition with roars if not with argument. Forcefulness is apt to carry conviction to the unwary; and whether it was that, or because they knew he rowed a better oar and carried a pigskin faster than any man of Yale, the two

Out of the Darkness Above Her Loomed a Figure, and Bending to Observe Her Was a Face That Had No Place on a White Bridal Yacht

Van Pelts were accustomed to go to him for advice, not alone concerning their own life problems but also Pat's.

Winthrop Van Pelt, kindly, ploddingly serious and high-minded, might have succeeded with his guardianship of the orphan if his brother Theodore, who was small, busy and waspish, had not tried to help. The combination succeeded only in tying their family affair into complicated knots—of misery for themselves but of joy for Pat, Pat being their family affair in question.

All Peter had noticed during visits to the Van Pelts was that she was an uncommonly quiet and skinny little girl; but overnight, seemingly, she was grown to seventeen or eighteen years; and in the offing was an undesirable, described by Ted as The Rotter, who held her sympathy because he was poor and generally the under dog. In their unrestrained youth he and Win had thrashed him every opportunity, enlivening dancing school and kindred ills past belief; but even then, no more than a baby, she had fought for him—and always indiscriminate with weapons; scratched, she did, and sometimes bit. Later she outgrew the tooth-and-nail stage, but still fought; and since she was unreasonably obstinate, and had a perverse sort of humor, she was very difficult. Morally, John Templeton Arnold, which was The Rotter's name, was a leper; but she was seeing a lot of him, and they were helpless.

Peter laughed, advising easily, "Take the upper hand with her—iron hand in velvet glove—and never give in an inch. She is your sister, besides being your ward. Forbid her seeing him and be done with it."

"You see," began Win heavily, "you are not taking into consideration her personality. That's what makes her so hard to manage. It is ——" His pause gave Ted the chance to supply, "Hellish!"

Peter aired his theories.

"Disregard the personal equation; allow for it, and discount it. Expect rational conduct and you will get it, even from a woman. All women are fundamentally alike, and it's been said by wiser heads than mine. They're all alike, excepting jealous ones. Woo Lang says a jealous woman is war, sudden death and a pestilence; otherwise they are all alike, needing only one thing—to be controlled firmly for their own good. At heart, all women expect it, respecting above all the masterful man. It's nature."

"Nature, perhaps; but it isn't Pat." That from Ted.

Peter felt that he knew what he was talking about, so his jaw set.

"All alike, every one of them." And he cited the cinema; besought them to tell him what plots were favored, who the adored actors; cave-man tactics for the first, the masterful brute for the second—absolutely! And who made up the bulk of movie fans? Women! Proof all plain as pudding; what more did they want?

"A cave man," Ted had observed pityingly, "wouldn't stand a chance with Pat. She'd have his cave, club and his goat before he got started."

Ted acknowledged the need of an iron hand, however; though for his part, he said, he couldn't see where the velvet was called for.

And so it had gone.

Peter remembered her very well as he had seen her the last time. She had come to New Haven for commencement week. With her was Aunt Angela, a subdued and dispirited personality. But Patricia!

In appearance Patricia was soft and gentle and fair, as serene and untroubling as a mild summer day; restful and inviting to the incautious; then suddenly, without warning, she was able to snap on some hidden battery, and she became as vivid as light, as vital as an electric shock—and there was nothing serene, nothing untroubling, and nothing at all restful about her; only a devastating, heart-twisting sense of lack, of uncompleteness, not to be explained.

But Peter had had the advantage of being warned. Ted had prepared him for her habit of tipping head sideways; of her narrowing eyes to hide diabolic intent; of wrinkling her small nose slightly, which successfully concealed her true expression. Her peculiarly still gentleness, he said, was a danger signal; but when she looked like a bird taken bad with a question mark it was all off! Too late! The cat had the canary already inside. Ted mixed his figures of speech, but Peter caught the idea. He would have profited more fully if it had not been for the breakfast.

There is something disarming about perfection, and such perfection! Fried chicken, waffles, honey-cured ham, too; and, in their benighted East, a Spanish omelet. It was at a farm where they had driven for breakfast. Peter had had everything twice, and coffee all the way through; and it was after that Peter first noticed Patricia's eyes. Extraordinarily dark blue, they were; the same color found occasionally in deep waters, not anywhere else—sea blue. And when she smiled at him, which she had, there was a lift and a gentle curve about her upper lip and a deepening at the corners he had not noticed about any upper lip before. That was when he had suggested the stroll; some things just follow as a matter of course.

Before they had gone twenty feet she had found what she called a fine flat stone with a tree to keep freckles off and had sat down. Peter, needing an antidote for the smile, noticed that her shoes were high heeled and impractical and spoke: "Those slipper things look silly on good ground."

Peter could still see her as she shoved the disapproved feet out before her. She had eyed them meditatively, as had Peter.

"I think they look nice," she decided, and because he had thought the same thing he had frowned, but the frown was a failure, and he threw himself down beside her. There, under the influence of a friendly silence, of the sun, of shadow-checkered grass and moving leaves, she heard about the schooner in which he was to sail the seas as scout for his father's greater ships, and find things strange and new for a waiting world.

"Adventuring!" She had whispered it.

"Adventuring," he assented, and had gone off into his dream and forgot the lady beside him.

No more than a murmur: "Tell me about when you were a little boy."

So she learned of what had made up his life, what would make up his future. There were tales of San Francisco, and of China, his second home; of school days in Southern California; of voyages north, where firs loomed darkly; where huge, upthrown mountains piled along the horizon, endless and white; where inland seas sheltered unnumbered islands; and where, for great stretches, undisturbed and virgin forest covered the mainland, mysterious and very beautiful.

"And one day I shall go there again, in my schooner, and explore it."

"Alone?"

"Alone," he had answered, and gazing up into the sky of Connecticut he had lain flat on his back and held his peace.

But the girl, like a gadfly, pricked him with questions.

Would he always be adventuring?

Always.

Would he never be sick of the sea and seek a home on the land?

Not for many, many years.

Would he never—never marry?

Perhaps. On second thought, yes. His father would want a grandson.

Oh!

But when he married, if he married, she would be an out-of-doors sensible sort—here she had curled her high-heeled, impractical shoes up out of sight—one that would take the rough with the smooth, who could be a man's companion and best friend; a girl who would like his ways and make them hers; a good, broad-shouldered, straight-backed one, who could lift her end of a canoe or take an oar in a tight place. No wishy-washy, drawing-room piece for him to carry about—no, sir! She must be candid, truthtelling, too, and fearless; not afraid to look life in the face and tell it to go plumb to where it was going.

Were there women like that? Where?

He said that California was full of them, and he would find one some day; but that it wouldn't be for a long, long time. That was what he had told the altogether too young Patricia. And that would have been the end of it, he was sure, if he had not spent two days in the Van Pelt camp in the Adirondacks, where he had met The Rotter, Arnold, and had learned to detest a man more heartily than he had wasted emotion in his twenty-two years; and where, moreover, he found in himself a weakness of which he had not believed a Rosslyn capable.

It had begun disarmingly enough. The Adirondack camp was a group of individual guest houses and cabins about a wide-spreading main building, from which dots and dashes of lake could be seen through trees; and Patricia had told him if he would get up early they could go out on that lake and see the sun rise.

She had greeted him with a new sample of smile, an early morning, dewy variety, which had arrested him and left him thoughtful even in the face of her announcement that there was no breakfast for them so early. The cook was new and Chinese, and she hadn't liked to ask.

Slowly he had come out of his bemused state, and then the smile, and the consciousness that eggs, bacon, coffee were soon to be his; the smell of pines, the swish of waves must have gone to his head, for he became perfectly drunk. There was nothing he would not have done for a

breakfast, nothing he could not accomplish through a Chinaman.

"Lead me to him!" he had roistered.

She had pointed the way to the cookhouse, cautiously followed, almost acted afraid of the scowling demon who lorded it there; but Peter roared through the sacred door like a typhoon and swept Chung before him to the sanctuary of his own fires.

"Breakfast?" Peter boomed invitingly.

Chung, the old bluffer, had fingered his hot poker warningly, stirring up the coals.

"No time blekfus!" he gloomed.

"All time blekfus," ingratiated Peter.

But Chung had remained surly; so Peter turned upon him with a masterly singsong of syllables, incomprehensible to Patricia, and to Chung—for he shook his head—ugly as ever. The linguist considered Chung deeply before making tentative beginning of another song of minor notes, sliding up and down the scale, and that time Chung caved in the middle and answered. His slit eyes had spoken abject thanks for that he heard again his own tongue; and there ensued such clatterings, chortlings and commotion that Peter and Pat had fled from the chaos, but awaited the outcome.

How she admired him! And how he had strutted, reminding her that there were hundreds of their dialects, but boasting that he could generally place their districts; how humbly she had regarded him, asking how many of the dialects he knew; and when he confessed that one was his limit she had been speechless; then how they had laughed! Never was anything so funny! To keep from waking the camp, they had to hold breath, purpled, strangled.

Never was anything so young and silly and ecstatic as that breakfast, until there strolled in upon their hilarity a tall, blond and quite perfect youth with fishy eyes, who was John Templeton Arnold. His manner toward Patricia was possessive; toward Peter, supercilious; so that Peter knew he was expected to consider himself too broad for elegance, too black for civilization, too big of hands and feet for anything aft of the forecastle.

They had left John Templeton with Chung's masterpiece and had hurried down to the lake; Peter feeling, however, not done with him.

Beside the canoe racks Patricia chose a light Peterborough and took a position close beside one end, telling him to rest one end on her shoulder while he lifted down the other. She had rather an abrupt way of giving orders to men, so that Peter had told her he could manage, asking her to move a little away.

For reply she had lifted the bow, and Peter had said, "Drop it!" The weight was too much for her. She had dropped it like a shot, automatically and as if without intention, for she scowled at him. He probably scowled back at her, for he was still black and gusty from meeting The Rotter. She had not answered, though—just walked out on the float, and when he asked her where she wished to sit she had said, softly enough, that she would paddle in the bow.

The lake had been mirror smooth, the air spicy, and the girl had held her paddle well. Her strokes were long and even; and, soothed in spite of himself, Peter had dipped paddle noiselessly, driving the canoe on and watching the pretty play of her shoulders. He hadn't known that a girl could be like that, and she was silent; pleasantest of all, her silence. Talk for four walls' compass is excusable; out of doors, with real things to see and to think about, it is unbearable.

When she pointed to a miniature bay he turned the bow and they brushed up beside a log. She had stepped out and climbed the rise. Staying only to lift the Peterborough out of the water and to fill his pipe, he had followed in a deep content. The hill-girt lake reflected trees and sky, all rose and gold with a rising sun.

Pat perched on the knoll and he had sat below her; and because she was looking away, and not aware, he had studied her at leisure. He knew about slender throats, rounded chins, delicate noses and lips—books were full of them; but actuality as embodied in Patricia was different; for some reason, terrifying. It wasn't conceivable that anything so heartbreakingly young and lovely, so tender, should have only two fools of brothers and an inadequate aunt to take care of her.

Her eyes were sea-blue wells; wells so deep and clear he braced against being submerged. Depths! He had laughed at poets; but it was true; there were depths; eyes deep as the sea. A man could fall in and never come up; a man might like to fall in and never come up.

Her hands were unbelievably small, white, fragile—too fragile for common touch. What had he been doing with them in his own coarse fist?

That was the moment she had chosen to tell him she was going for a walk with Arnold; that he shouldn't be kept waiting. He had leaped to his feet. He had been forgetting to allow for the personal equation. A maxim, too, of his father's came to mind—"Propinquity is the devil's own device for lashing a man to the mast of matrimony." It had been propinquity at its most insidious.

Patricia and Arnold had gone for their walk. But before, in a group purely masculine, The Rotter told just one story. It was not particularly a success; its humor, like Arnold, somehow flaccid; but as a betrayer of a man's mental peculiarity, most enlightening; so that Peter demanded, utterly amazed, when he had gone, "Does your sister know what he is?"

"How in the name of heaven can she?" Ted asked.

"And you trust her with him?"

"She's safe, because John Templeton Arnold is too wise to queer his game. Pat is Pat, and he knows it; and as soon as she is old enough he intends being one of the family."

"You don't forbid him the place?"

"We have, but Pat overruled us. He's her guest."

Their supineness enraged him, but he was in no position to help. By his promise he couldn't marry before he was twenty-six; otherwise, thought the fierce Rosslyn, he would have taken her away then and there; he would have settled the thing out of hand.

However, Arnold had come back from that walk remarkably and viciously sullen. That same afternoon he had gone back to New York; and with the evil of his unwholesome presence no longer troubling, Peter calmed. Nevertheless, the evening had been a nightmare, because he and Win and the girl had been left alone by Ted and Aunt Angela; and then Win had deserted him by going to sleep in his chair; and there was Peter, in front of a fireplace—and what more treacherous influence is there than a fireplace?—while curled on a low stool near was the greatest menace to spacious freedom he could imagine. She was still and quiet, alluringly pensive, so that frantic Peter panted for parental maxims to save his future from jeopardy and his honor from a broken promise; and just as he

(Continued on Page 136)

"I'm Sorry About This, Templeton," Said Patricia. "Don't Move; Don't Try to Talk"

THE UPRIGHT SIX

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

MOSTA the nine holes I has got myselfs into—and they has been a swellegant sufficiency of 'em—has come from trying to be a big-hearted Jim for babies that is down and out. I could throw a perfectly good loaf of bread out on the waters and it would float back in not so many days in the shape of Prussian acid sandwiches garnished with Paris greens. Take, for the examples, what I draws by acting the part of the Good Sanitarium for Tuck Canavan.

This bird, who I used to buzz around with when I was young and car-free, drifts in on me one morning when I ain't feeling so merry ha-ha on the accounts of having fought a few fast rounds of bridge with the old lady the night before. I knows the touch system in all its phrases and I sees the signs writ over Tuck's map, or, at the leastest I thinks I does.

"How much," I asks, "and when am I going to get it back, if never?"

"Drop your arms," comes back Canavan. "This ain't no stick-'em-up. Got a machine yet?"

"Nope," says I; "I'm still dodging 'em."

"Them days is gone forever," grins Tuck. "In about ten minutes, by your watch and chain, you'll be the owner of the classiest honk-cart that ever burned up a boulevard or got bawled by a bull. Sixty horse powers, yellow paint, cord tires, shock ——"

"Whose boat you ballyhooing about, and what is my connections with the same?"

"You gotta take it," says Canavan, talking serious, "for seven hundred and fifty smackers. The gas-eater belongs to me but I need the jack to spring a friend of ourn outta stir—Bill Lacey."

"What's he in for now?" I asks.

"The same turn," explains Tuck. "Doing imitations on a blank check."

"What do you want that I should do," I inquires—"loan you the dough on that yellow peril of yourn?"

"No," he answers; "you get it outrights. The feed bill's getting too strong for me and ——"

"Pick yourselfs another sucker," I interrupts. "Outside of not having no uses for no car, they ain't no good reasons why I should punish the bank roll for that bimbo Lacey. The first thing I knows he'll be working imitations of my monicker into his act."

"Give them struggles the air," says Tuck. "The bus's been knocked down to you. All they is left of the deal is for you to run over to the garbage and haul it home."

"That's nice," I comes back, sarcastic. "They ain't nothing like no check or something that goes with the trade, is they?"

"Just to show you what a good guy I is," replies Canavan, "I even took them putty details outta your hands. Have it a peek." And he passes a slip of paper over to me. I give it the pop-eye and the hanging jaw. "Pretty fair, ain't it," goes on Tuck, "considering that Bill didn't have nothing but a bum fountain pen and the bench in his cell to work with?"

It was a better imitation of my Hancock than I coulda done myself. I has to admire Lacey's stuff but not so much that I don't let out a row of yelps.

"Does it go through?" asks Canavan. "On the square, the boat's easy worth twice the jack I'm asking for it but you're a good feller and I gotta have the cash quick. It's a snappy looking craft and oughta go big with the wife, especial. What say?"

Mention of the bitter half starts me thinking. The old gal's been talking car off or on, and besides they is a chance here for me to square myselfs for the bridge riot I staged. Mostly, I been getting back to speaking terms with the frau, after near every auction game, with the helps of silk stockings and candy and such brick-a-back, but this last fuss was big league stuff and calls for a grand four-flush of trumpets if I is to return into her good gracious.

"Well," says I, "I don't need no car and don't want none and wouldn't be found dead with none on top of me, but to do you a favor, Tuck, I might take the man-killer off your feet. Let's see the oil can."

We Fusses Around for Maybe Half an Hour and It Don't Turn Up

"Come on," answers Canavan, "and I'll show you a wagon that'll knock your eye out."

"I wouldn't be so surprised," says I, "if that shouldn't happen among all the other things. What kinda bus is this?"

"It's a Upright Six," answers Tuck. "You maybe has seen their ads—The Car With a Conscience."

"No, I ain't," I tells him, "but I used to copy off a piece in school which I remembers said something about conscience making cowards of every cuss. It was right across the page from that wheeze about rolling bones not gathering nothing excepting remorse. I got a idea both of them chickens is coming home to the rooster."

"That's the trouble of being one of them bookworms," remarks Canavan. "They is always something in this here deep reading that leaves you with the notion that worrying is the same thing as thinking. You don't need to lose no sleep over this machine. It won't bite you."

"Not me, maybe," I admits, "but I expect it'll chew some holes in the roll."

By this time we is at the dump where the boat is parked and Tuck drives it out in the street where I can get a good look. The car don't insult the eyes none. The Upright's an open job, big enough for five folks to squat uncomfortably in and is all dolled up and shiny like a June bride-gloom.

"From the color of this baby," says I to Canavan, "you musta been using it to run quarantine. Or maybe it's sick with the John dice."

"I guess," comes back Tuck, "you don't keep up with the à la models in paint styles. Yellow's the eel's pompadour this season."

I spends about ten minutes walking around the machine.

Meanwhile Canavan keeps up a line of patter about the insides of the brat which don't mean no more to me than the Constitution of the United States or yours does to a bootlegger. When Tuck lifts up the hood and gets real scientifical I'm the blah-blah black sheep. As a mechanic I'm not nearly so prominent as nix. Every time I turns on the water in the bathtub I'm scared stiff I won't be able to turn it off again. Great guy, ain't I, to be monkeying around with a high-powdered road-scorcher?

"Listen here," says I, finally, "you're turning out a lotta words and expressions but you ain't telling your favorite sucker nothing. So far as I can see, you is just piling up reasons why I shouldn't fall for the bus."

After a while we closes the deal for six hundred iron men and I fixes it with Tuck that he should drive the car up to my house and leave it hitched in front while I goes back to the office. My ideas is to come home as usual in the evening and surprise the wife by telling her the boat's hern, first working up to the grand wow with some deep and subtitle stuff about a present that I brung her and that she should guess, and such likes.

"Don't you wanna know no more about the machine before I takes her out?" asks Canavan.

"No," I comes back. "What I don't know won't hurt me none."

"All right," says Tuck, "but them copy-book rules you is so strong for is gonna set me back for flowers some of these days."

II

SURE enough, the yellow baby's planted out in front of the roost when I arrives, and compared to the other wagons parked on the block it stands out like a black eye in church. The frau's in the living room, doing a sew-sew, and in replies to my jovial greetings she gives me the kinda look Fifth Avenue keeps in the ice box for Sixth.

"Ain't you gonna talk with me?" I asks.

"Not until you apologizes for the ways you acted last night," she comes back.

"I apologize, I'm sorry," says I, me being one of them cuckoos that'll shoot the moon for peace.

"No, you ain't," comes back the anchor. "You is just saying you is. You ain't a bit sorry and I won't never be able to look the Magruders in the faces again after ——"

"I brung you a present," I cuts in.

Kate don't say nothing right away but I can see that she is modified some. She gets gabby and goes in for a rehash of all the stuff I pulled at the bridge game and it looks like the war is gonna start all over again, when I drags her to the window and points out the bus.

"Notice that any today?" I asks.

"Uh-huh," she answers. "It must belong to the health department."

"That's a swell way," I grins, "to talk about your own car."

"Mine?" she gasps.

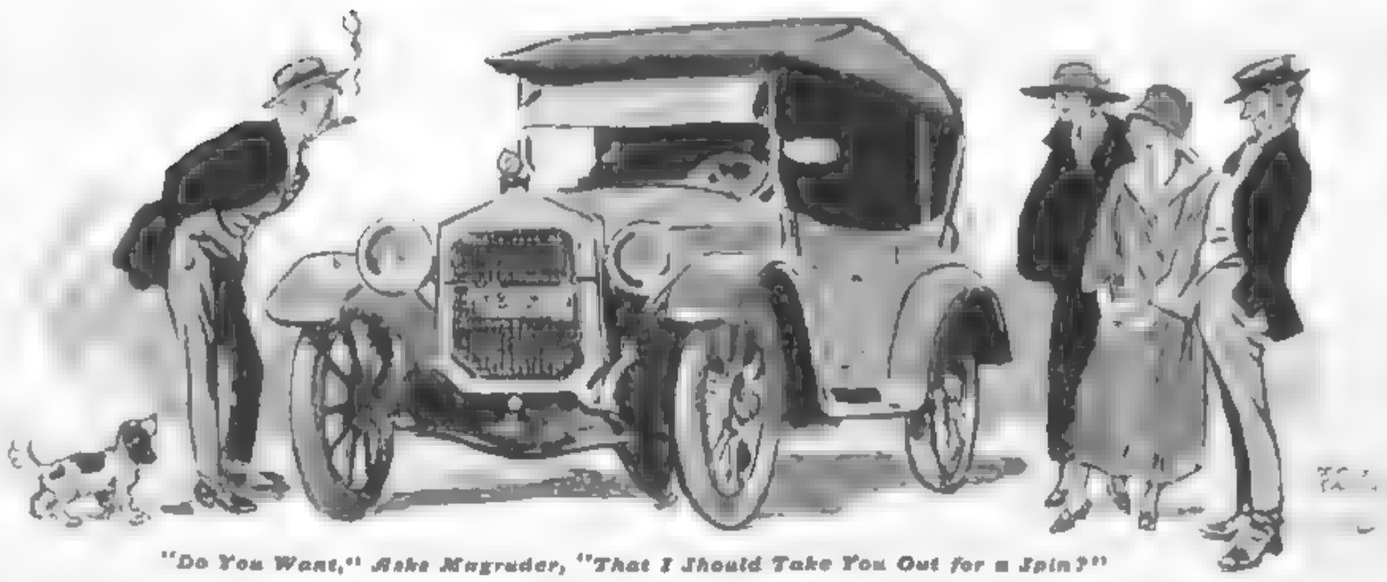
"Here's the bill of the sale," I answers. "It's your own personal chariot and from now and on you won't have to wear your feet out walking all the ways to the corner grocery."

The wife's woozy with joys and acts like a kid with a new sleep-killer. I tries to tell her how I got the machine and such, but she's so deep out in the raves that she don't hardly give me a listen. Pretty soon she busts over to the telephone and slips her special side-kicker, Lizzie Magruder,

He Passes Over a Slip of Paper. I Take a Quick Look, and Get It

a coupla earfuls about the grand surprise I brung home, finishing up by inviting that wren and the minus sign she's hooked for the rent-route to come over for dinner and once-over of the bus.

I guess I've told you lads about that Magruder pair of deuce spots; Jim, which knows everything better than anybody, including the bird that got the patent, and that checkmate of his that's got the idea, if any, that the sun doesn't rise up in the mornings until her husband flashes the high sign. The prospectus of them babies coming over to the shack, after the bridge riot of the night before, gives me the kinda delights a cuckoo has when he falls down a flight of stairs and lands on his favorite hip pocket, but I don't say nothing, figuring that everything's peaceable right now and that I should let lying dogs sleep.



"Do You Want," Asks Magruder, "That I Should Take You Out for a Spin?"

"Jim had a car oncet," says the wife, "and maybe he could learn us how to drive."

"This ain't no fliv like he used to wrap around lamp-posts," I comes back. "The Upright's one of them gear-shifty cars that runs on high, low and the game, and no guy that ain't been in nothing but a tin liz could handle it. I fixed it with a feller downtown to come out here and give you lessons and maybe I'll fall for a couple myselfs."

Well, pretty soon the Magruders drops over and takes a look at the boat, Jim digging under the hood and messing around wise like he built it and was trying to find out what it was that was keeping the machine from going less than ninety-eight miles an hour in the mud.

"How does she stack?" I asks.

"Not so bad," answers Magruder, "but what did you get yourselfs an orphan for?"

"What do you mean, orphan?" I inquires.

"Don't you know," explains Jim, "that they don't make them cars no more? You musta read in the papers where old man Upright beat it with the firm's jack and they had to quit."

"What's the dif?" I wants to know. "The bus is honest, ain't it?"

"Yeh," says Magruder, "but if you should bust a part in it you'd probably have to build a factory and make yourselfs a new one. Outside of that I don't see nothing wrong excepting them things that is always wrong with a secondhand boat and the which is nearly everything."

"Such being the cases," I remarks, "I musta got stang when I forked up fifteen hundred smackers for the baby."

"I wouldn't 'a' given more'n a thousand for it," says he. "Them Uprights is gas hogs."

"Oh, I don't know," I comes back; "it'll make a mile on six gallons."

"Is that why they call it a six?" asks Lizzie.

"Pardon my rough laughs," says Magruder, "but the way you got it doped out it'll cost you two fish to go a mile. You mean six miles to the gallon, don't you?"

"It's in material," I shrugs. "I ain't one of them guys that's got one-way pockets with pennies when I has a swell wagon to look after, and if the chariot should even want ten gallons to travel a mile, I'm not the sorta lad to start no arguments about it."

I pulls this dizzy hop just to get a rise outta Jim. When that bird had his fliv he used to keep it parked out in the street and let the rain wash it for him. They wasn't hardly a week when he didn't have a row at the filling station about being gypped outta coupla drops of gas or one or two mollycules of oil. I think the cuckoo finally got rid of the rattler because it wouldn't save no money for him by coasting uphill.

"Do you want," asks Magruder, "that I should take you out for a spin?"

"Not with this top," I comes back, quick. "You don't know nothing about these engines with cylinders in 'em."

"Jim says," cuts in the burden, "that it takes more brains to drive a flivver than these kinda cars."

"Maybe," I admits, "but handling a craft like the Upright ain't a question of more, but fewer and better brains."

"Well," remarks the wife, at this junction, "we can't let it stay out in front all night, can we?"

"We," I answers, with the insult on the we, "can't. I'm gonna call up that Alley Baby down the street and have him send one of his haughty thieves after the bus."

"It's mine, ain't it?" asks the missis.

"It is," I admits.

"Get in, Jim," says she, "and drive us over to Gilligan's place. Wanna come along?"

I don't, but I does. Peace has come too high for me to take any chances of busting up the intense cordial over such a mere trifle as the dangers of losing my life and limbs. Me and Lizzie climbs in back while Magruder and that best critic and severest pill of mine sits up in front. After fooling around with the works long enough to run the Levi Nathan halfways across the Atlantic, Jim finally kids the car into moving. We don't go so smooth, kinda dragging and bumping, and when I asks the fliv grad what the hell, I get a earful about some university joints that is on the hummer, and other things about the innards of the boat that is on their last lugs.

"The main thing the matter," says Jim after we has been jolted a coupla blocks more, "is that they is a plug missing."

"Yeh," I comes back, sarcastic. "It'd help outta a lot if we had a good nag hitched up in front. It ain't possible, is it, they is something about running this baby that you don't know so perfect?"

The Upright stops about that time and Magruder's too busy getting it started again to throw the rock back so I gets the round on points. Then Lizzie steps into the spot.

"You should get your husband," says she to Kate, "to buy you some seat covers and a heater and all them doo-daddys that goes with these kinda cars. Jim says they ain't no use having one of these spiffy carts unless you is willing to dig and doll 'em. Is they?"

"No, they ain't," agrees the frau. "I'm gonna get ——"

"Not nothing," I cuts in. "I ain't gonna let you two woodenshoe sisters wreck the roll with this bus."

"What do you mean, wooden shoe?" asks the missis.

"You know," I answers. "Woodenshoe buy me this and woodenshoe buy me that and the so ons. You get this craft as she lays and ——"

"Go right on, Lizzie," interrupts the missus, rebuffed by my strong words. "What else should I buy?"

"You might buy a engine," suggests Jim. "The one that's in here now ain't got enough power to run a baby buggy two feet downhill."

"Power!" I yelps. "They is sixty horses under that there hood."

"Yeh," comes back Magruder, "but fifty-nine of them is dead and the other one is got three legs in the bone yard and the fourth in a manhole. You can't step no more than ten miles outta this pile of junk if you was to jam your dogs through the floor."

"What is that I smell?" asks the wife. "Sounds like rubber."

"I get it," I says, sniffing; "tastes like somebody's set fire to the university joint."

We is right in front of Gilligan's car barns and I don't get no time to get Jim's ideas of what the trouble is. He runs the machine into the dump, missing the side of the door by the skin of a snake's teeth and Gilligan's pink toes by lesser than that.

"They is something wrong with this bus," says Magruder right out, "and I guess it oughta to be looked over."

"What's the matter with it?" asks the pitfall proprietor.

"It drags," explains Jim, "and kinda misses and ain't got no pep."

"Well," says Gilligan, taking a look and a sniff, "I ain't surprised. Most cars is like that when you drives 'em with the emergency brake on."

"

THE next day I'm called outta town but before I beats it I got everything fixed for Kate to take them lessons I promised her in running the boat. When I gets back in about a week the wife's at the station with the bus.

"Come on," says she. "I'll drive you home."

"Is you that good already?" I asks.

"Is I?" she comes back. "I been going downtown the last coupla days, and besides I has already been arrested for speeding."

"Fine," I remarks. "That don't leave you nothing to do excepting to cave in some jayhawker or maybe bust into a baby buggy before you gets your degree in manslaughter."

I ain't so keen about driving with the wife, not having no exaltered opinions of the frails as chuffers, in a pinch, especial, but not being in training for no argument, I hops in.

"Let's go," says I, reckless. "The insurance company pays off double if you get bumped off in a moving vehicle."

"Such being the fact," comes back the wife, "what is they for you to be nervous about?"

"Not much," I admits, "only I is worrying a little about how you should invest the money."

The frau fools around some and then cuts loose sudden from the sidewalk, missing a car in front of her by its coat of paint and almost fixing it so's a coupla pedestrials can quit wondering where the next meal's coming from. Before we gets outta that jam around the station I'm, at the leastest, eighty-six years old.

"Don't I drive grand?" asks Kate, after we is clean of the mess.

"You can make a car go," I answers, "but I'm curious about one thing—can you make it stop?"

"You ain't afraid, is you?" she wants to know.

"I could trust you with my life, like I is," says I, "but I've been in the train all day and it would maybe be a good idea for me to get out and walk home for the exercises."

"Why the rush of footwork to the head?" sneers the missis. "You always before used to come home from them trips in a taxi."

"Yeh," says I, "but I'm just beginning to notice I ain't so young like I used to was."

"And your stalling," cuts in the missis, "ain't so good, neither. Not only is you going to ride home with me

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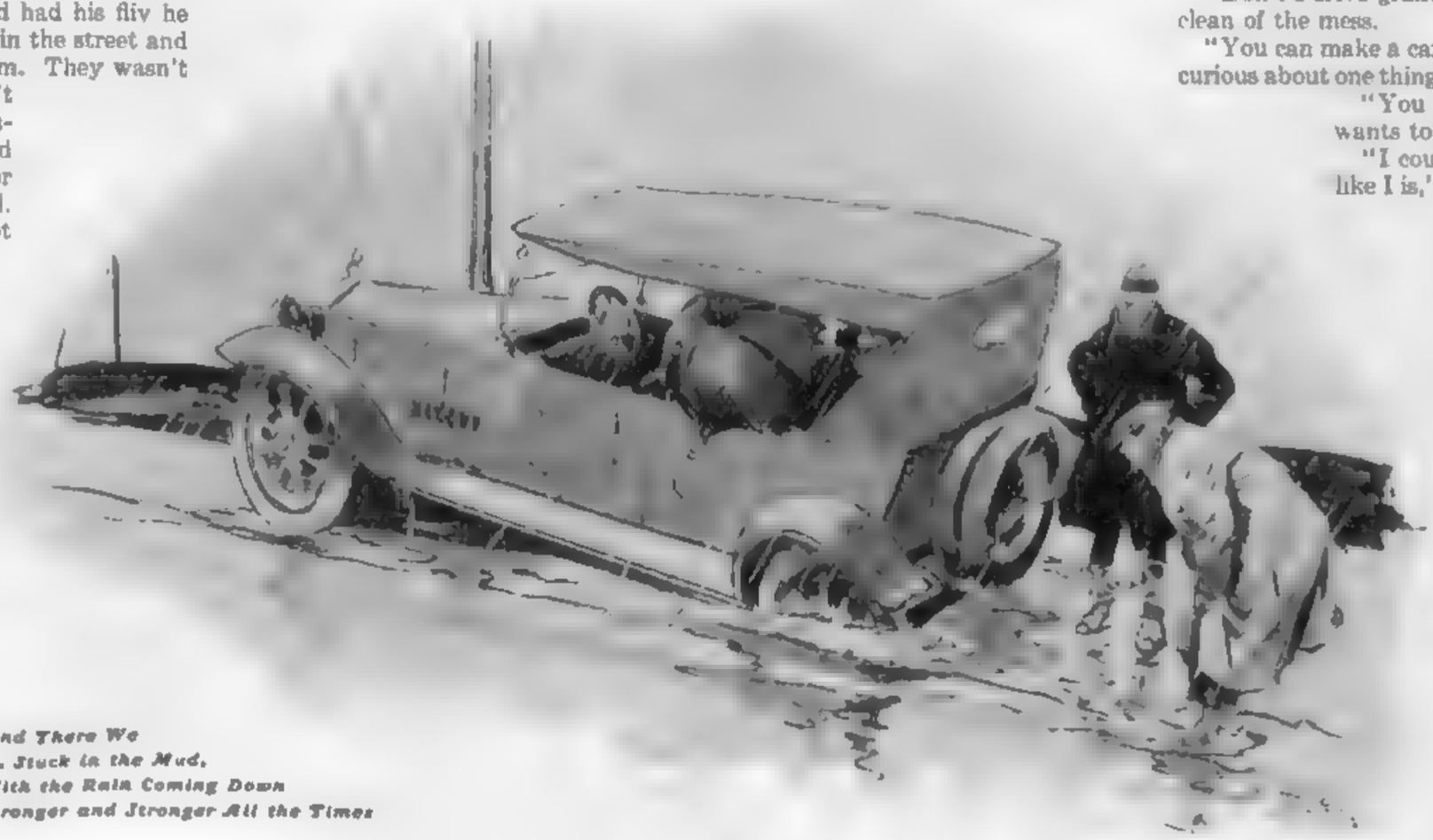

And There We Is, Stuck in the Mud, With the Rain Coming Down Stronger and Stronger All the Time

THE COMMON-SENSE SERUM

Being the Further Ruminations of David Augustus Flack on Various Tiresome Matters

By Kenneth L. Roberts

DAVID AUGUSTUS FLACK, former cabinet officer, diplomat and traveler, emerged from the elevator on the top or dining-room floor of the Cosmos Club, bowed politely to two aged scientists who were being carefully inserted in their seats by skilled attendants, and proceeded in a dignified manner to his favorite corner table, from which the portico of the White House could be seen gleaming in the morning sun through the green-misted tree tops of Lafayette Square.

"The membership of this club," said Mr. Flack, after he had indicated to his pet waiter by several complicated movements of his hands that he would have his regular breakfast of a small black cow, sliced tomatoes, eggs poached on minced chicken livers, a large black cow and a trifle of Camembert cheese; and after the waiter had gone away, muttering anxiously to himself according to his usual custom, after filling one of Mr. Flack's breakfast orders—"the membership of this club probably contains more scientists than any other club in the world.

"In addition to the authors and the diplomats and the editors and the artists and the surgeons and the sculptors and the generals and the admirals and the financiers and the college presidents and the statesmen and what not that may constantly be found softening the springs of the chairs and the couches in the lounge downstairs, there are more varieties of ologists than Mr. Edison himself could think of in a six-hour thinking session. There are biologists and ichthyologists and pomologists and conchologists and volcanologists and paleontologists and psychologists and anthropologists and geologists and ethnologists and Egyptologists and ornithologists and every other variety of an ologist that devotes his time to examining into the habits, customs, nature, value and temperament of bugs, water, air, fire, vegetables, cheese, men, women, animals, books or anything in any way connected with any of these things or with any other things existing on or in this or any other planet, star, universe or element that has been overlooked."

The Approach of a Genius

MR. FLACK paused in his discourse to half rise from his seat in his most diplomatic manner and bow to a venerable personage who was hobbling past with the assistance of two canes and a uniformed servitor.

"That gentleman," said Mr. Flack in a hoarse whisper, "is the man who discovered that the baby codfish protects itself from sunstroke and ultimate death by utilizing the jellyfish as a sunshade, thus proving that Boston is more indebted to the jellyfish for its fish chowder and Sunday morning fish cakes than it is to the sacred cod.

"The club is full of people who have done astonishing things. The gentleman with the chinchillalike eyebrows and whiskers at the corner table is the man who solved the mystery of the ability of the woodpecker to hammer a piece of wood all day without getting a headache, while the elderly party chewing his oatmeal over near the door is the person who invented a method which permits anyone to take the temperature of a volcano without blistering his nose."

The Epidemic of Sloppy Thought

"IN WARTIME, or at a period of great national stress, the people of this country develop a theory that the keen-witted inventors and scientists of the nation only need to get together and work a little harder than usual in order to solve any problem that may be presented to them. If there is anything in this theory, then the great number of inventors and scientists who are members of the Cosmos Club have a wonderful opportunity to perform a notable service for their country.

"All that they need to do is to get together night after night and invent some sort of serum or formula or shock—a shock, for example, like a brisk kick applied to some particular nerve in a kickable portion of the human anatomy—that will free the recipient from the curse of loose, wild and irresponsible ideas and permit him to look at everything from a common-sense viewpoint.

"One of the rarest things in the world at the present moment appears to be common sense. On every side the throbbing atmosphere is constantly set rethrobbing by the passionate outcries of inflamed persons who, for the first time in their lives, are being heard with eager intentness by disgruntled souls who are willing to try anything once, so long as the thing that they try is different from the things that they have been trying.

"Dull, sloppily written and puerile books are acclaimed as the works of genius; peculiar cults are received with loud rejoicing; farmers interest themselves in economic theories only fit for use as poison gas; politicians howl about their progressiveness when their idea of being progressive is to wear overalls for the purpose of catching the workingman's vote; simple-hearted folk fight ardently for the principles of communism while denying indignantly and loudly that they believe in such things; voters and legislators spring up from behind every bush and in deafening tones demand to be given laws that shall restrict, restrain, smother and declare evil certain things which can never be made evil merely because hastily passed laws say that they are evil."

Mr. Flack smiled genially as his waiter placed poached eggs and minced chicken livers on the table and flanked it with a dish of sliced tomatoes and a tall glass containing 50 per cent cream and 50 per cent sarsaparilla, otherwise known in Washington clubs as a black cow.

Mr. Flack elevated his black cow politely, murmured "Here's to the common-sense serum!" and allowed a third of his drink to slip smoothly down his throat. Then, after assaulting the poached eggs and chicken livers with some violence, he resumed his remarks.

"Wherever you look," said Mr. Flack, peering out of the window and down at a motorist who, in the customary Washington manner, was attempting hopefully but fruitlessly to squeeze an automobile with a ten-foot wheel base into a nine-foot parking space against the curb—"wherever you look you see evidences of this peculiar lack of common sense."

He pointed his fork rudely at a dapper young officer in fawn-colored breeches, spurs and all the other attractive regalia of the Army, who was striding briskly toward the State, War and Navy Building.

The Deadly Military Choker

"TAKE that young man's uniform, for instance. Notice the collar of his tunic. It is high and stiff, and at times it makes the young man feel as though he were being garroted. Not every tailor can make a military tunic, because of the tricky way in which the coat has to be cut. Consequently it is expensive. Likewise it is bad for the health; for after a person has worn such a harness around his throat for a long time, his throat becomes delicate and subject to coughs, colds, wheezes, the Australian zing and all sorts of unpleasant affections.

"The surgeon general of the Army has recommended that the Army stop wearing these chokers and turn to tunics that are cut with ordinary collars and lapels like those that every civilian wears. He says that the chokers are unhealthful. The inspector general of the Army has made the same recommendation. He says that the chokers are a nuisance. The chief of the air service has made the same recommendation. He says that they're not safe where aviators are concerned. If the change were effected any tailor could make a uniform tunic, and the price would be lower. And yet the Army goes on wearing the old stiff throat-cutting collar; and one of the leading arguments against changing to a low collar is the statement that the adoption of the low collar would be an imitation of the British uniform.

"This is rather a case of straining at a gnat and swallowing an ostrich. We have already copied the fawn-colored

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Laddie Boy—"If Warren Would Only Let Me Mix in Politics, I Would Not Fall for Every Lame Duck—He Might be a Decoy, You Know. I Would Line Up Those Congressional Birds—They Hiss But They Don't Bite. I Would Keep the Pigs Out of the Corn"

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

South of Panama—By Norval Richardson

The Bay of Valparaiso

ONE of the most stimulating phases of the diplomatic service is the necessity of preparing for arrival in a country which, up to the time of assignment there, has probably existed in one's mind only as a certain colored space on a map. Especially interesting is this preparation when the history of that country, the adventurous tales of its discovery, its settlement, its political development and its relations with our own country unfold a story which has all the novelty of something absolutely new. I spent a fortnight in the State Department cramming on Chile, and felt, when the time came to sail, that I was on the verge of real discovery. When I told my friends I was going there most of them looked rather bored and asked vague questions about how one got there and what my ultimate destination was. They not only knew nothing about my future post but they didn't seem to care to know.

"If I wanted to go to a new country," one of them said, "I'd travel about the United States."

It is amazing how little any of us know about South America.

The difference in the aspect of a steamer on its way to Europe and one bound for South America was the first thing that struck me. There was none of that carefree, happy, relaxed feeling that is so evident on the faces of Americans off for several months in Europe. No one snuggles down in a comfortable steamer chair, pulls a rug about him and picks up a book over the top of which he gazes dreamily at the dipping horizon; there is no group of young girls, fresh from school and rather severely dominated by a courier-chaperon; there are no conspicuous financiers with de-luxe suites, no actresses whose photographs are taken just as they mount the gangplank, no smart dressmakers on their way to Paris to fetch back the latest creations, no singer who has been receiving fabulous sums for singing before New York audiences. None of these picturesque and diverting personalities are present.

The Business Atmosphere at Sea

BEFORE the first day was got through I had reached the conclusion that no one on the boat was making the trip for pleasure. All of them appeared too intense, too preoccupied, too somehow businesslike to be merely on pleasure bent. All of which was rather depressing, for, even though one is making a trip for a special purpose himself, it is pleasant to find others aboard who are doing it solely for recreation; they give a certain element of loafing to a sea trip that is indispensable to make it perfect.

The conversations floating about the dining room made me realize at once that I was in an atmosphere entirely different from that of Europe. People were discussing things I knew nothing about. Nitrate, copper and coffee were the popular subjects. If the war was touched on—which was quite rarely—it was only for the purpose of showing its effect upon the nitrate market. I began to feel somewhat like Henry Adams when he went to the World's Fair at Chicago. I had come straight from the land of the Madonna and was sailing rapidly into the country of the dynamo.

A few days out I began to place my fellow passengers, not by their names but by the American products they were selling or going to introduce on South American markets. The man beside me at the table was representing a harvesting machine that was going to save the Argentine millions in the gathering of crops; another went into long explanations of how keen South Americans had become over self-winding watches. On his former trip he had sold ten thousand; or was it ten million? Another grew eloquent over awakening Latin consciousness to the importance of wearing that world-famous one-piece garment invented by the company he represented; and a fat, comfortable-looking old gentleman with yards of heavy gold watch chain draped over him beamed happily over the prospect of placing in every self-respecting South American family one of his incomparable refrigerators.

"They say they don't use 'em down there. Can you beat that? Now, I'd just like somebody to tell me how they keep butter and milk and fish and meat fresh enough to eat!" And when someone from the benighted land mildly explained that they didn't try to keep their food—they ate it while it was fresh, the old gentleman exclaimed, "Who ever heard of eating fresh food?"

This brought forth another quiet comment from the Latin-American, who suggested that perhaps after the producer of refrigerators had traveled beyond the immediate radius of New York he would find a number of people who actually preferred fresh food to that which had been kept on ice several years.

The ladies on board were either accompanying their husbands or going out to meet them, and most of them had several children with them. To some the trip was a many-times-told tale, to others it was a new experience; and yet, strangely enough—at least it seemed strange to me at that time—none of them appeared to be looking forward with any special pleasure to the end of the journey. Those who knew through experience what they had to expect were oddly lacking in either praise or criticism of the country in which they had resided. The almost invariable impression I got from them was that they were looking forward only to the moment when their husbands had fulfilled a contract which necessitated three years' residence in South America—it seems that all engineers must sign a contract to remain a certain time—and had made enough to return home and live comfortably. Not one of them expressed any love for South America.

This almost unanimous opinion on the part of fellow passengers was a bit disconcerting. None of them seemed to look towards that land south of Panama with any feeling for the romance, the beauty which I felt it must surely offer. Of course, I had to admit that I was going there knowing practically nothing about it; but at least I was going with an open mind and with the expectation of finding the experience interesting.

The first six days of the voyage were uneventful. Distant, rocky, barren bits of land appeared now and then out of a colorless sea—Cuba, Haiti, Salvador. Then a mild interest began to be shown when it was announced that the following day we would land at Colon; but, mind you, none of that enthusiasm and planning of excursions that is so much in evidence on boats approaching Europe. The fact that we were on the point of seeing and passing through one of the most extraordinary feats of construction ever accomplished in the world apparently created no special excitement.

The Marvelous Becomes Commonplace

I BEGAN to resent this wholly indifferent attitude on the part of my countrymen. If those who had passed through the Canal did not look upon it as a thrilling experience, what was the matter with them or with it? But in a way, after it was a past experience, I began to understand why so little enthusiasm was expressed for this wonderful achievement. The passage through the Canal was so simple, one saw so little of the mechanism, the underlying machinery which opened and closed the locks, let in the water, lifted the huge steamer; one saw so few people about—as a matter of fact, the few men who stood on either side of the locks appeared to have nothing to do with what was taking place; even the directing engineer in the observation tower made no sounds and gave no audible orders; everything was done so automatically, so perfectly, so quietly that I had the feeling all the time that it actually amounted to nothing. It was rather like watching an acrobat do a stunt which years of practice had made so perfect that it no longer appeared marvelous.

Colon, with its remnants of De Lesseps' days, its quaint old houses built by the French and still standing in groves of palms and flaming tropical plants, its flights of screaming parrots, its strange assembly of shops filled with merchandise from the Far and Near East, its very modern hotel where one dines in the light of shaded candles and looks out upon the tranquil Caribbean Sea, its picturesque office buildings representing every shipping line in the

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The Battle of Washington Square

The Letter Confused Him. So He Took it to Phil Hyde, Who Owned the Stable. Hyde Glanced at it. "Well, They Got You"

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

HE WORE no collar. If he had, it would have been size 13½. He didn't, because collars cost twenty cents. Twenty cents paid his overhead expenses for a day: two meals of stew and coffee at Emil's Busy Bee Luncheory—music by the Elevated trains—and enough tobacco to make fifty cigarettes.

His collarlessness did not worry him; he gave it no more thought than he gave to the art of poetry, the influence of Confucius on China, or his country's foreign policy, if any. How to get that daily twenty cents—that was what concerned him; that done, he let his brain rest, wrapped in a hazy blanket. Leaning against the wall of Hyde's Stable in West Houston Street, outside in summer, inside in winter, he accepted the universe. Blue smoke, seeping from time to time from his nostrils, was the only sign that he had not mummified.

His name was Joey Pell. He was nineteen years old. As a baby he had had rickets, and as a result he was bowlegged and undersized. His complexion was imperfect. Of the six children born to his parents, he was the last and the only one to survive the hazards of infancy in a two-room flat on Hudson Street. His mother sometimes said that this was enough to drive a person to drink. Her husband, a truckman chronically on strike, would remark, by way of repartee, that it was quite unnecessary to drive her to drink. She would reply, in part, that his own record as a teetotaler was not unimpeachable. At this point in the conflict little Joey knew it to be an act of prudence to slip out of the room that served as kitchen, living room and his bedroom. He was a timid, easily frightened child, and had apparently inherited none of his parents' bellicose corpuscles.

One day he went out and never came back, and his parents thereafter quarreled in peace, while he attached himself to the stable as an unofficial valet and general assistant.

He was afraid of horses, and he never conquered that fear entirely, but the stable was warm, and the men gave him dimes for helping with the harness, so he stayed there; his was not a soul for high adventure. They let him hang about the stable because he tried to be useful. There was only one sort of job he'd balk at—he would not go near mules. Of mules he stood in deathly fear, for when he was six he had seen a man trampled to death by an angry mule, and the look of fright that had come to Joey's face on that occasion had never entirely left it. His haddock-like, watery blue-gray eyes were still slightly apprehensive; his lips always seemed on the verge of a quiver. When he approached a person he sidled. He seemed to expect to be kicked, and not infrequently he was. When someone kicked him Joey Pell did not kick back. He just melted away from the vicinity of the kicker, with a look, hurt, and yet resigned, as if a certain amount of kicking were his lot in life.

He harbored no grudges and hated no one.

For one thing, his memory was not good enough for him to be a good hater; and, besides, it took venom and energy to hate, and he had neither. His lack of pugnacity barred him from the society of the other boys of that part of the city, for they all aspired to be pugilists or, failing that, competent members of the Hudson Dusters, the Whyo Boys, the Gophers, or other gangs; their evenings were full of fisticuffs. Joey would have liked to be one of them, but, since they did not appear to want him, he accepted the fact.

Joey Pell had learned to read much later than the other boys, and reading was still somewhat of a labor for him. He rarely got beyond the comic strips in the newspapers; these he pored over with knit and sober brow.

What went on in the world outside his stable mattered little to him. Kings might be hurled into the dust, the dogs of war might growl and gnaw their leashes, black calamity might threaten the land—it was all one to Joey Pell. His stew, his coffee, his tobacco, his sleep—these filled his brain; it was not a large one, and he had room for little else. It may have been that the rumbling of events in the world reached his ear, but they never penetrated into his head.

The men in the stable had been growing more and more excited about something—a war of some sort, Joey concluded. It was much too remote an affair to concern him, anyhow.

Then, one day, something exciting happened to Joey Pell. He received a letter. It was the first letter he had ever received in his life, and he stood in front of the stable, fingering it gingerly with dirty hands. He was a little alarmed. Why should anyone write to him? Probably it was a mistake. He stared at the address again:

JOSEPH PELL
℅ HYDE'S STABLE
W. HOUSTON ST.
NEW YORK CITY

Himself beyond question. He wondered what he had done. He tore open the envelope and pored over the printed letter inside. He wondered why he should be called upon to present himself at a certain place and time. The letter confused him. So he took it to Phil Hyde, who owned the stable. Hyde glanced at it.

"Well, they got you," Hyde said with a grin.

"Got me?"

"Yeah—you gotta fight."

"Me fight? Fight who?"

"Say, stupid, don't you know there's a war on? This here means you're drafted."

Joey liked camp. For the first week he was in a daze; the officers who examined him seemed blurred and enormous. He was lanced by a fear that he must immediately shed blood, or have his own shed. It seemed a poor choice to Joey Pell. When he found that the day he must engage in actual combat was remote he began to enjoy the military life. Never before had he been so well fed, had he had such a clean, warm place to sleep, had he had such trim new clothes. He realized this, and he did what he was told to do, whole-heartedly; he was afraid that he might be put out of the Army.

The regular life suited him. It was pleasant to have someone else do all the thinking. He liked to do things by

the numbers—one, two, three, four. He liked to march along, hep, hep, hep, hep, in step, shoulder to shoulder with the other soldiers. He belonged with them; they were his gang; it was a fine new feeling. They accepted him as one of them. He began to take trouble about his hair and finger nails, to take an interest in baths. His chest grew an inch, his biceps grew firmer.

Joey Pell learned many things at camp. One of them was bayonet fighting. At first it made him tremble and turn sick inside; but he got over that.

"Hey, you, with the pasty face!" the sergeant barked. "Put some life into it. It'll make a man of you."

Joey tried to do so. But he found it hard to be enthusiastic about stabbing even a dummy.

"Get mad!" roared the sergeant. "Hate 'em! Drive it into their guts! Curse 'em as you thrust. Give it to 'em—one, two, three!"

Joey was a good soldier; he was told to hate; he hated. He learned to drive the keen point of his bayonet into the straw intestines of the dummies; as he did so he gritted his teeth and sharply cursed. He came to hate each of the dummies with a personal hate.

The other soldiers in his squad did not talk much about the war. Mostly they talked of girls, and baseball, and prize fighting, and the bartenders they knew, and of what the lieutenant said to them and their own daring retorts to him. Sometimes, in sentimental moments, they showed one another pictures of wives, sweethearts or babies. When they did talk of the war they cursed the men they were to fight against, and told stories of their savagery.

As Joey listened he felt inside very much as he had felt that day when he saw the mule trampling the life from a man. His fear bred hate. These people were devils; it was a virtue to hate them, a good deed to kill them.

Grim monsters peopled his dreams. They were in gray, and were twice the size of ordinary men, and fiendish of face. In his dreams he fought them. As they bore down on him he drove his bayonet into their throats. The sergeant had no occasion to criticize his bayonet drill now.

Joey Pell was a one-idea man. Once his mind had been filled to capacity with the problem of keeping alive; now that problem was happily solved for him; so he had space for another idea. That idea was to be a good soldier, and, it followed, a sincere hater of the enemy. This became Joey's obsession. He won an approving grunt from the sergeant by the ferocity of his attack in the bayonet drill.

Another fine new feeling came to Joey Pell on his first leave of absence in New York City. He realized that he was a hero. He saw that he was a person of importance. His had been a life without color, a humble life. Back in the stable he was less important than one of the horses; not the faintest beam of limelight had ever fallen on his small figure in that manure-scented obscurity. Men had treated him curtly; no woman had ever smiled at him. He had been unwanted. But now it was different. He was a soldier.

He had taken the three days' leave of absence because his turn had come, not because he wanted it; he'd no idea what use he could make of it.

He was trudging along Fifth Avenue, bound for his stable below Washington Square, when he heard a voice calling, "Oh, soldier boy! Oh, soldier boy!"

He looked about; there was no other soldier in sight; so the lady in the limousine must be calling to him. Her car had come quite close to the curb; it was a magnificent car, huge and glittering with polished nickel. Inside, it was heavily upholstered, and so was the richly dressed lady who sat there, and who had called to Joey. She was smiling. Joey eyed her suspiciously.

"Can't I take you where you are going?" she asked.

"Ain't goin' nowhere," he mumbled. He felt suddenly hot; awkward, conscious of his complexion.

"Ah, then let me take you to the Home Trench," said the lady. Joey looked dubious; he wondered what her game was. "Don't you know about the Home Trench?" she asked. Her voice partly reassured him. "It's for soldier boys like you. It's in my own house on Fifth Avenue. I'm Mrs. J. Goodhue Wilmerding, you know. Come, get in."

She held open the limousine's door invitingly. Joey stumbled in. He sat, uncomfortable, bolt upright on the edge of the fat seat. The roses in the silver vase overawed him; he associated flowers only with funerals. From the corner of his eye he watched the lady. Perhaps, he thought, she was a spy who would try by honeyed words to get important military information from him. He resolved to kick her roundly in the shins and leap from the car if she tried any funny business on him, Private Joseph Pell.

"It is just wonderful," he heard her say, "of you boys to do what you are doing."

"Yes'm," said Joey Pell.

"Ah, if I were only a man"—she expelled a sigh—"but, since I'm not, I'm doing my bit as best I can. Last week at the Home Trench we entertained seven hundred and sixty-one soldier boys."

"Yes'm," said Joey Pell.

"I hope you'll like the Home Trench," she went on. "All the waitresses there are Junior League girls. They dance with the boys." Then she added, "With all the boys. Isn't it wonderful how this terrible war has brought us all closer together?"

"Yes'm," said Joey Pell.

"I wonder," she said, "if you know my son at your camp—Major Sears Wilmerding, on the general's staff?"

"No'm," said Joey Pell.

"You must introduce yourself to him when you go back."

"Yes'm," said Joey Pell, with mental reservations.

"You see, I consider all soldier boys my sons," she said. "Ah, here we are—at the Home Trench."

The motor car purred up to the curb before an opulent brownstone house on lower Fifth Avenue. Over the door was a sign, decorated with flags:

THE HOME TRENCH
ALL SOLDIERS WELCOME

Joey followed Mrs. Wilmerding into the house. Inside, a pretty girl pounced on Joey, asked his name, and pinned a tag on his coat bearing the words "I am Private Pell."

Blinking, he stepped from the hallway into the large front room. It was filled with soldiers and girls. In one corner a phonograph was grinding out brassily Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile. Some of the girls and soldiers were dancing the soldiers for the most part stiff and self-conscious, the girls bright-eyed and putting much spirit into the task of making the soldiers enjoy themselves

A little bobbed-haired girl captured Joey.

"I'm Peggy Sturgis," she announced, taking his hand, which hung limply by his side, and shaking it violently. "You're Private Pell, aren't you?"

Joey gulped, and nodded.

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He Jumped From Behind His Tree. His Voice, High and Shrill, Sounded Through the Square. "I'll Show You, You Devils; I'll Show You!"

MODERNS

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

"Harebells and Crab-Apple Blossoms," He Said. It Was What Jim Had Said in a Letter to Her—That She Was Like a Bouquet of Them

THE telephone in the adjoining apartment rang only once, and was quickly answered by a woman's excitedly welcoming voice: "Hello there! How are you! Well, bless your old soul, Jim Daniels, you hustle right along up here!"

Mrs. Brown's heart trembled. What would the sound of that name awaken in Olivia's terrible brain?

"That poor silly old creature!" murmured Olivia, with a greater degree of disgust for her fellow man than she usually permitted to touch her well-modulated voice. "I can't see what her children are thinking of, to let her come way out here by herself. She's evidently found another man now. Disgusting! I want you to promise me, mother, that you won't have anything to do with her while I'm in Los Angeles."

Mrs. Brown, sitting in the sunny south window that framed a masterpiece of San Diego Bay and Mexico's mountains, adjusted the toe of Olivia's stocking to her darner and replied at unusual length:

"She seems a right cheerful sort of person and she seems to follow her natural inclinations, spite of what anybody thinks. If the desire's in her heart to do like she does, you believe she oughtn't to repress it, don't you?"

Olivia straightened from the suitcase she was packing and scrutinized her mother with black, startled eyes whose surprise, after a moment, gave way to her accustomed tolerance of a small, uncomprehending mind.

"I'm not judging the poor simple soul; I'm only pitying her because she has no one to direct her natural tendencies into the proper channels. You hear only words, mother, and not the vibratory verities that underlie them."

During the last six months Olivia's vocabulary had quite outstripped her mother's comprehension. She had spent the six months investigating the cults and the occults of Southern California, which flourish as indigenously as the yellow poppy, and much of her conversation defied even the power of her mother's normal little old-fashioned dictionary. She was now continuing:

"And I think it would really be a kindness to inform her children of her revolting conduct with these horrid old men."

"Oh, I think she's perfectly respectable, Olivia. She's engaged to marry Mr. Smith. They're very, very old friends."

"Ugh!" shivered Olivia. "How excessively—common! If she's going to marry Mr. Smith, why is she imploring someone named Jim Daniels to come to see her?"

Mrs. Brown lost her breath. Of course Olivia had noticed the name. Her hands picked at her throat and then hid themselves under the stockings on her lap. What a scourge that name was—on Olivia's lips! Surely there was satanic magic in Olivia's mental processes; now, with that name to weld together her scattered suppositions, she might be able to wrest the secret from her mother—the secret she had searched through all the years—the only knowledge her father had ever denied her.

Annie Brown tried desperately to swerve Olivia's attention from Jim Daniels to Mr. Smith.

"I'm—I'm certain she's going to marry Mr. Smith. He has such a funny name. It's Ebenezer. Isn't that a funny name? They're only waiting until her son in Texas can leave his business and come to their wedding."

"And where, mother, have you learned all this, may I ask?"

"Why, it's all right to speak to her in the halls or out at the vegetable wagon, mornings, isn't it? I kind of like to talk to folks my own age once in a while."

"But Mrs. Winters talks like a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl."

Mrs. Brown folded the mended stockings and took up another pair. Laughter, young in its pleasure, drifted in from Mrs. Winters' apartment. Olivia's eyes narrowed.

"I'm waiting to have you promise me, mother."

"You mean promise that I won't answer if she speaks to me?"

"Certainly not. Nothing ever warrants discourtesy, as father always said. But to stop and talk—and laugh, the way I found you yesterday in the entrance. Mere pride, if you had any, ought to keep you from acting like that—with father so recently passed on. Mrs. Winters is the very worst sort of companion for you. I know father disapproves of her and I want you to avoid her."

"All right, I will," said Mrs. Brown hastily, chilled by Olivia's use of the present tense in speaking of the dead man who had made them mother and daughter. "Now—now what else is there for me to mend?"

"Just my glove. How much money have you?"

"Ninety-seven cents." The answer was immediate and certain.

"W-why, I thought you had more than that."

"I did have, but I bought your veil and some ripe figs."

"Oh, yes; I forgot. You won't need more than five dollars, will you? I'll be back Friday."

"Why, no. Five or—or ten."

"Ten? Whatever will you need ten for?"

"I just thought I'd like to have a little on hand, case anything unforeseen happens. Sometimes it kind of seems to me, Olivia, I oughtn't to have to act so begging-like, about my own money."

Olivia quieted this unprecedented insurrection without looking up from her suitcase.

"You can be assured, mother, that father had your own best interests at heart when he chose me as administratrix. Of course, however, I will leave you ten dollars, though not at all because of your implied criticism of his judgment."

She continued her packing, silently reproachful. She was going to Los Angeles to a series of lectures on Do the Dead Die? They were a part of her course in astral economics. She was tall and solemn in her black tailored suit.

"I c-cannot understand natures that have no element of pride in them," she said in subdued tones, as if asking aid from unseen places.

Mrs. Brown offered no suggestions. There was a time when she had been very proud. Of course Olivia could not understand; her very birth and being had been nurtured on her mother's heartbreak and dying pride.

After a time Mrs. Brown began rocking in the sunny window. The outdoors was gay with bird song and flowers and children's laughter. An old Chinese vegetable man went through the streets below on a rickety wagon, ringing a glad little bell. Some small boys threw red geranium blossoms at him. Mrs. Brown's slender, sensitive little face, with its tight-drawn skin, relaxed restfully as she watched and rocked, and an old song hummed its way through her lips:

"—— if a body kiss a body, need a body cry?
Oh, if a body ——"

Olivia stopped by the table and looked at her with pained, condemning eyes.

"Mother, is that the way you feel?"

"Oh! Why, Olivia, I was just watching some little boys—and they were so cute ——"

After that she sat, tense, waiting for Olivia to go. Olivia's recent researches brought out emphatically the danger of repressed emotions. Olivia was constantly warning people against them.

Finally Mrs. Brown said, timidly sincere, "When I hide what I feel, isn't that a repressed emotion, dear?"

Olivia paused, very tall and straight; she looked exactly like her father in the pause that he always gave the court to admire him before he sat down behind his desk.

"Do you mean that you have in your heart—at this time—the repressed emotion of exuberant happiness?" she asked in a voice that frosted her mother's very finger tips.

"Oh, no, Olivia; no. I only meant that if those little boys made me—I mean ——"

"Please say nothing further. I understand," said Olivia, and continued her packing while her mother began mending the black glove. Oh, indeed, Olivia did understand. She understood that her mother was not mourning her father's death. She understood that her mother was glad he was dead—glad! She even understood, now, that her father had known it would be this way. The terrible part, to Olivia, was that her father had not told her the reason for it; that there should have been any knowledge between him and her mother which she had not shared. For six months she had wrestled with her mother's mind to tear the secret from its long hiding place. And she was slowly succeeding.

It seemed to Mrs. Brown that if Olivia did not soon get started to Los Angeles she would either jump out the window or stand up and shriek out the truth.

Finally Olivia closed the suitcase and came to the table in the center of the room; she put both her hands, palms down, upon it, and drew a long, trembling breath. Mrs. Brown glanced up furtively and shivered a little, so that her needle slipped and brought a drop of blood from her finger. Olivia walked to the window and drew the dark green shades.

"Draw that shade, please, mother. I'll try once more to speak to father."

"Can't we do it with the shades up?"

"Please, mother. I have only a few minutes."

Mrs. Brown slowly pulled down the green shade, and while Olivia was getting the folding table on which they always spoke she slipped out into the kitchenette, hastily seized the teakettle, filled it with water, and clattered it down on the gas stove. With a hunted look in her eyes she picked up a tablespoon and let it fall into the sink; she closed the window noisily, and rattled the silverware in its box—the discordant sounds making harmonies in her ears, harmonies of good earthly realities that she must try to remember. Then she stood in the doorway for a last instant to let her devouring eyes feed on the actualities of the kitchenette before she joined Olivia, who was waiting in the small darkened bedroom, seated on a low chair before a square table, her long white fingers poised over a three-legged board that stood in the center of an alphabetic orbit. Her head was thrown back, and her long, pale face gleamed like a luminous pool. Her mother, without looking at her, perched on the extreme edge of the other chair and extended her crumpled fingers like unwilling feelers to a companionship with Olivia's.

She was trying, horribly, so that her brain actually hurt, to think of how that tablespoon had looked in the sink; to hear the water running into the teakettle; to smell the warm fragrance that had drifted in with the sunshine. But these things failed her. Olivia's brain routed them with its passionate determination to pull the mystery from her mother's mind. Obeying Olivia's mental mastery she could see only the long, flabby face of her husband—Judge John Brown; his dying face against her best pillow slips, the ones with both tatting and embroidery on them. He was dying, just as he had lived—in the pleasure of the pretense he demanded from her, watching her complacently with his shrewd satisfied eyes as she knelt by his bed waiting for him to die. For three days he had not spoken.

Now he said, from his patronizing heights of hypocrisy, "Poor little—Annie—lost the crab-apple blossoms and harebells; but you'll always have—Olivia. Don't—don't grieve." And he had reached out his heavy, life-ebbing hand and put it lovingly on her gray head, which bent under his touch so that her face was hidden in the covers. "Olivia"—his supreme retaliation.

And then he laughed. He would have lived all day if he had not laughed. Olivia gave a stricken, smothered cry at the sound of it. The laughter ran down into the hand that rested on his wife's head. It was like an electric current. She raised her head and let him see the gladness, the glory of release in her eyes, for an instant their faded weariness took on the beauty of harebells again.

"I promise you I won't grieve," she said very slowly.

And in her face was something of her girlhood. Perhaps, after all, she was not entirely old and worn and withered and broken, as he had so long considered her to be. A certain fear, a certain fury added themselves to the dimness of death which was filming his eyes. He tried, too late, to tell Olivia.

"Olivia—your mother—don't let ——"

His hand dropped from his wife's head; his eyes stared at her, no longer seeing. Olivia hung over his pillow, imploring his recognition, but she was never to hear the belated message he would have left with her.

Now, as from far distances, her daughter's voice became a part of the stillness.

"Father! Fa-ther! Come. Come. Help me to find the barrier that hampers our communication. Come, father. Direct me. Help me."

Her voice dwindled into silence, yet remained alive in its compelling demand. Her mother's limp fingers stiffened. Annie Brown tried to pray, and finally her mind by sheer frenzy escaped its passivity and she besought of God desperately, "Oh, dear God; don't let him tell her! Don't let him! Don't! Don't!"

She felt the three-legged instrument of torture begin to creep under her fingers. God's ears were deaf to her petitions. She tried to pull her fingers away, but the board held them like a magnet. It crept on—faster and faster. It was going toward the letter *j*. A hot mist covered her eyes and a chill clutched her trembling body. After *j* would come the letter *i*. She could not control her betraying fingers. The board would spell Jim, Jim Daniels; and Olivia's terrible brain would soon know all the rest. She would never go to Los Angeles.

"*J*," whispered Olivia.

But a new sound established itself over their intense breathing. The board ceased moving. A queer noise came from Olivia's throat. Through the thin apartment partition a gay phonographic melody insisted on being heard, assisted by Mrs. Winters' starchy soprano:

"I'm forever blowing bubbles—pretty bubbles in the air.
They fly so high, nearly reach the sky,
Then like my dreams they fade and—die-ie!"

Olivia rose, a tall, black fury.

"That woman!" she said. "When I come back we'll move to another apartment. There's no use trying any longer."

She went out to raise the shades, and her mother began folding the little square card table, moving boneless, all tenseness gone, like a stiffly starched garment dipped in hot water. Never had come a more welcome sound to her ears than the shrill whistle announcing Olivia's taxi, and she hurried over into the sunshine of the window. When Olivia came out of the bedroom, hatted and veiled and unsmiling, Annie Brown opened the door for her, lifting her tired, pale face to be kissed.

"Good-by, Olivia. I hope—I hope"—she could not say "I hope you'll have a good time" when Olivia was leaving expressly to visit with the dead, so she ventured unsurely into Olivia's vocabulary—"I hope you'll find the true vibrations."

She had made a mistake. Olivia's kiss was a reproof. "Don't be absurd, mother!" At the head of the stairs she turned to say in a low tone, "Remember about keeping away from that woman. Now do have a little pride about yourself."

Mrs. Brown nodded. She felt certain that Sally Winters' ear was very close to that neighboring door, hearing herself called "that woman," so she shut the door hastily lest Olivia think best to admonish her further. On her way back to the sunny window she stopped at the built-in bookcase and took down a large framed photograph of her husband. Not looking at it she put it face down, in the top drawer.

"Pride!" Olivia was always urging her to act with a little pride. Annie Brown knew in an indefinite, unformulated way that it was pride that had directed the destiny of her life—paradoxical pride that, having broken her, gave her strength; that, having made her a puppet of pretense, endowed her with power to endure reality. But nothing of this could ever be explained to Olivia.

She was still standing in front of the bookcase, her white head bent against the closed drawer, when came a hearty knock at the door, and a plump but disciplined figure in black-and-white sport clothes enlivened the room. It was not an elderly costume, but neither was the accompanying spirit an elderly one. The blackness of Mrs. Winters' hair was surrendering reluctantly to white, but the gay curl of it frolicked about a face that age would never conquer. She whisked Mrs. Brown over to the window by an encircling arm and surveyed her with critical eyes.

"I just thought that old ouija board was out again," she diagnosed serenely. "That's why I thought we'd have a vibration or two on the phonograph. Good thing I did. Here you look as if you'd been drawn through a knot hole." Mrs. Winters had found a cult of her own; its principles did not coincide with Olivia's.

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It Made Her Act Seem Murder Indeed. She Shuddered, and Stood Staring at It Stupidly When Jim Daniels' Slow Voice Broke Into Her Consciousness

MAY ALL YOUR CHILDREN BE ACROBATS!

IF YOU have any connection, however remote, with the stage, or if you are a frequent theatergoer, you are probably familiar with the famous actor's curse, half contemptuous, half jocular—"May all your children be acrobats!"

I have been an acrobat—or, to be perfectly accurate, a gymnast—for more years than I care to remember; and I have been waiting a long time for someone to come along and tell the world that acrobats are human beings. I remember during the early part of the suffrage campaign one of the newspapers ran a series of articles called Are Women People? I've often wished someone would do the same thing for us; but nobody seems so inclined, so I have decided to abandon tumbling and leaping long enough to take a fling at it myself.

Are acrobats people? Yes, they are.

Does their vocabulary extend beyond an occasional "Gr-r-rump" and a more frequent "Allez up?" Yes, it does.

Do they exist at all aside from the few minutes during which they open or close a vaudeville show? Yes, they do.

Acrobats are classified officially by vaudeville managers as dumb acts, meaning that they perform silently. That is the reason they are put on either at the beginning or the end of a show, so that the act will not be interfered with by people walking in or out of the theater. But the "dumb" has come to take on a double edge, meaning not only silent but stupid.

People in the show business regard acrobats as beyond the social pale, coarse, illiterate, uncouth. Hence the sneering curse, "May all your children be acrobats."

As far as audiences are concerned, acrobats seem to be nothing more or less than animated figures endowed with an unusual amount of brute strength—husky animals without anything remotely resembling human intelligence.

Now that, if you happen to be an acrobat, is rather annoying. As a matter of fact, acrobatics and gymnastics of all sorts, including balancing, casting, trapeze and ring work, wire walking, teeth acts, and the like, require a considerable amount of native intelligence and a tremendous amount of mental as well as physical training.

Where to Look for Acrobats

I AM thirty years old, and with the exception of the year my baby was born, I have worked as an acrobat ever since I was seven years old. I came from a family of famous gymnasts, a family that is known for its mastery of every branch of gymnastic work.

I was born and reared in a town that has turned out more acrobats than any other single city in America—perhaps in the world.

That town is Reading, Pennsylvania. Just as the principal product of Kansas City is beef and the principal product of Grand Rapids is furniture, just so a product of Reading is acrobats. Funny, isn't it? Well, there's a reason, of course.

Reading, as everybody knows, is in the heart of the section settled by the Pennsylvania Dutch, who are not Dutch at all, but German; and Germany in former years supplied the great majority of gymnastic acts seen in this country. Acrobatic families started coming over from Germany and settling in Reading. First, there were only a few, but they formed a nucleus for a constantly growing group. Acrobats, like other birds of a feather, flock together.

Today there are scores of acrobats being trained in Reading. There are no less than a dozen gymnasiums, run as clubs, where every style of dumb act, with the single exception of riding, is taught. These clubs have day and evening sessions, with the best possible people in their various branches acting as instructors.

The real start of this club-school idea was made in 1893 by James Bard, also of a prominent gymnastic family, who now heads a fine troupe of acrobats known in vaudeville as The Four Readings. Mr. Bard, thirty years ago, returned to Reading after a long tour of South America and founded an acrobatic class in the carpenter shop of his father, who had just died. That was, I think, the first organized school, and in it a great many acrobats were developed. Gradually, in the intervening years, other people opened schools in Reading; and now the town is studded with gymnasiums for training and practice purposes.

A really good gymnast is taught every branch of the profession. I was only five years old when I began to practice. I was taught at first by my father, who made me learn all the work. I am equally at home on the rings, on the trapeze, on the back of a horse, on the slack wire or on the shoulders of my husband, with whom I now work.

The Three Armenes

I can do everything except teeth stuff. That is the type of act in which the performer, almost always a woman, is suspended from a leather or rubber mouthpiece into which her teeth are sunk. You have no doubt seen such acts in the circus or vaudeville, in which the women wear flowing robes on which colored lights are thrown, and which usually end with their spinning violently on a swivel. They are also known as iron-jaw acts. To me it is the only kind of gymnastic work that is disagreeable and dangerous. I have known many people who have loosened their front teeth from the strain.

My husband and I are ground, or carpet, workers, which means that at least one of us stays on the floor all the time. He is what is known as the understander, while I am the topmounter. These terms explain themselves. The understander is the one who holds the topmounter on his hands or shoulders and catches him in leaps and somersaults. Every somersault, of which there are many varieties, has its own special name; but they wouldn't mean anything to the uneducated public. At least, it's nice to know that there are a lot of things we acrobats know that people who look down upon us do not. For instance, I'm sure there aren't many people outside the profession who know the difference between a pirouette and a flip-flop, or between a curvet and a rondade. There are dozens of others I could mention, but they would mean nothing to the uninitiated.

All these things we practiced when I was a little girl. I have three brothers and two sisters, all in the profession, and as youngsters we used to have a fine time practicing. We had a barn behind the house, rigged up with all the apparatus necessary for every type of work. The barn was very high and wide, and we used to go out there for half an hour every morning and afternoon and practice.

The only difference between us and the ordinary boys and girls who played circus was that we had all the real equipment, while they had to be satisfied with whatever makeshift they could get. In fact, they used to come over to our barn and fool around on our apparatus whenever they could. I've never known a child, at least a child brought up in the country or a small town, who didn't love to do acrobatic stunts. Peep into the barns in your town just before or after a circus has been there and see if I'm not right.

If people have the impression that we acrobats never got a chance to go to school they are mistaken. When I was a little girl I went to school all winter every winter, just as all the other children did. I worked only through the summer months, in the circus. By fall I was back home and in school. I went through grade school and a part of high school. The reason I didn't finish was not because of being with the circus but because I got married. I met my husband when I was sixteen and we were married a year later.

The Sense of Balance

THERE is one thing I should like to emphasize, and that is the importance of a mathematical instinct in acrobatics. You people who sit out front and watch, with a more or less bored air, the tricks we do for you probably never stop to consider how much care and thought and practice go into each one of those tricks before it is perfected. Everything has to be worked out with a mathematical precision. When you see an acrobat go flying from the hands of one man to those of another high up in the circus tent, turning a somersault or two on the way, you do not realize that the path of his flight through the air, the swing of the trapeze, the exact fraction of a second when he starts and when he is caught, all have been worked out as carefully as a problem in geometry or algebra.

The same is true of the more lowly ground workers. The distance between the understander and the topmounter is always very carefully calculated. If A, standing on B's shoulders, at a fixed spot on the stage, jumps upon a springboard and is caught by C, everything is all right. But let A jump with just a little too much force, or turn a little too suddenly in the air, or let C be too near or too far by the fraction of an inch, and instead of A receiving some perfunctory applause from the audience, he may receive a nasty fall on the floor.

When you remember that such tricks are sometimes done with one or both of the performers blindfolded so they are solely dependent on their sense of distance for its success, then you will get some idea of how carefully worked out these feats must be. It is my firm belief that every acrobat is an embryonic Einstein, or there would be many times the number of accidents, which are really very few. I suppose it's a great shock to you that an acrobat should even have heard of Einstein, isn't it?

Our nerves become very sensitive, too; and, of course, our sense of balance is abnormally developed. My husband can tell in a moment if I am the slightest hairbreadth off center when I stand on his shoulders, and that makes all the difference in the world in doing the trick. After all these years we naturally work together in perfect time, but even now there are occasional moments when some little thing goes wrong. He has a way of letting me know, and I can shift my weight or position without attracting attention.

As might be expected in a profession that had its beginnings far back in the Middle Ages, when the court jesters were acrobats of a sort, and wandering mountebanks performed tricks for the gaping crowds, our people have their legends. One of these illustrates what a little thing can make an ordinarily safe trick dangerous. This story is about two girls in one of the old European circuses who did a flying act on a pair of high trapezes. One did the swings and leaps and the other caught her. It seems that the one who did the more spectacular part got more of the applause, and after a while the sister got so jealous that she became filled with an almost insane hatred.

One night they made their appearance as usual, and the smaller, lighter girl was greeted with her usual share of handclapping, while the other was hardly noticed. Their act began. Everything went smoothly until one of the last tricks, when the one girl swung from a trapeze to the other's waiting hands. The jealous one held out her arms as she had always done, but purposely shifted them the least bit out of line. The other girl's hands met hers, but not squarely. She lost her grip and plunged toward the ground. By a miracle she fell against the rope by which they climbed to their rigging and caught it. When the other heard the shout of relief from the crowd and knew that her partner was alive, and realized what she had done, she threw herself from the bar and was killed.

What truth there is in it I don't know, but it must have had some foundation in fact At any rate, it shows the care that must be put into every moment of our work. Fortunately there aren't any acrobats nowadays so jealous as the girl in the story. It has been my experience that the understander, or the one in any act who does the hard, unappreciated work, is happy in the applause that goes to his companions who have the showier things to do. If that wasn't the case, and there wasn't the most perfect coöperation between the various members of a troupe, that troupe wouldn't go far in competition with those whose members work together.

I have seen understanders whose ears had been partly torn loose by a topmounter's feet when landing on their shoulders accept the punishment as part of the game and make only a passing complaint to the man who had done it. If the professional boxer can be recognized by his cauliflower ears, the understander of such an organization can sometimes be told by the same sign. Only in many cases his ears look more like those of a bull terrier that has just come off second best in a bad fight. Lots of the men wear skullcaps for protection, but some prefer to take a chance.

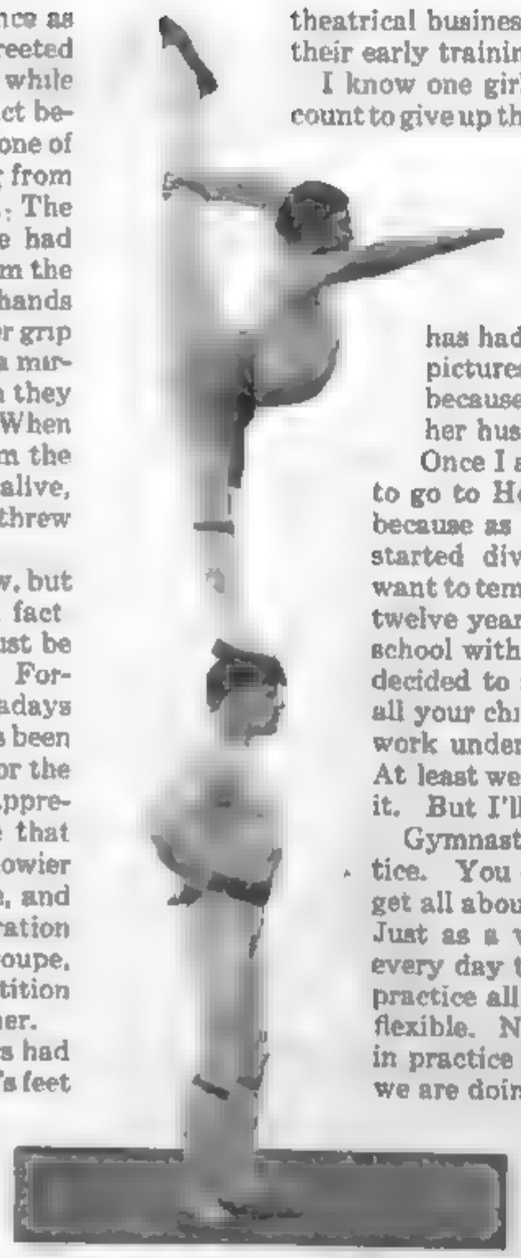
When we first work out a new trick in which there is danger of injury we use what is known as a mechanic. This is not a man, but a device designed to prevent accidents. It consists of a leather belt which fastens around the waist, with an iron ring on each side. To these rings are fastened ropes running through a pulley in the ceiling Someone stands to one side holding these ropes, and if the person doing the trick should miscalculate and start to fall it is an easy matter to hold him or her suspended in the air.

The Endless Round of Practice

THE same sort of device is used by equestrians, who of course are one branch of the acrobatic family. In the center of the ring is a post with an arm extending to the edge of the ring. This arm revolves and can be kept over the horse's back as it gallops around. Ropes and a pulley are fitted to the arm and the rider can be lifted free of the horse whenever there is any danger of a fall. There is an act in vaudeville now that makes use of this traveling mechanic in handing out volunteer riders from the audience, and many a laugh comes from the ridiculous postures these beginners involuntarily take on, near and above the horses.

There are so many points in the education of a gymnast that the spectator never dreams of. For instance, it is not considered enough just to learn the tricks, to perfect ourselves in the mere physical accomplishment of a stunt. We—and this applies more strictly to the women than it does to the men have to spend a great deal of time learning to do the tricks gracefully. During the two years I was in training, before I began to work professionally, I went to dancing school twice a week and practiced before a long mirror every day; and all the girls I knew did the same things. We were not considered turned out and ready for work until we could look as well standing on our heads as on our feet.

There is scarcely a woman in the business who could not get an engagement as a dancer if she wanted to give up the work. As a matter of fact, a number of the best acrobatic dancers in the theatrical business were once acrobats, or at least received their early training in that line.



Walter Layton and Partner

I know one girl who has had more offers than she can count to give up the trapeze act she does and go into a show as a dancer. She dances better than many people who are earning big salaries that way. She is remarkably pretty, petite, graceful and clever. Her name is Jennie Rooney, and she divides her time between the circus and vaudeville. She has had offers to go into the movies and do stunt pictures, but she has always turned them down, because she doesn't want to be separated from her husband, who works with her.

Once I asked her why she didn't accept an offer to go to Hollywood and she said she was afraid to, because as soon as people got into the movies they started divorcing their husbands, and she didn't want to tempt Providence. She's been married about twelve years and has a seven-year-old son who is at school with my youngster. Both Jennie and I have decided to avoid if we can the actor's curse, "May all your children be acrobats!" Our kids will never work under the big top or in a vaudeville theater. At least we'll do our best to influence them against it. But I'll come back to that later.

Gymnastic work, like music, needs constant practice. You can't just learn your tricks and then forget all about 'em. You have to practice all the time. Just as a violinist or a pianist has to do exercises every day to keep his fingers nimble, so we have to practice all the time to keep our muscles nimble and flexible. Not only do we keep in practice for the tricks that we are doing all the time, but those of us who are ambitious—and that means all the acrobats who amount to anything—are always trying to work up new tricks. The famous acrobats of the past long ago covered the whole field of gymnastics so thoroughly that all there is left for us to do is to think up new variations and combinations of old feats. Once in a while, though, somebody hits upon something that has never been done before, and that moment his reputation is made.

Every year it becomes harder and harder to get something new, and if the acrobats of today contented themselves with doing the same things that previous generations did they would soon be out of jobs. Of course, we profit from the experience of those who have gone before us, and with their repertoire as a starting point we try to go as far beyond their accomplishments as we can.

There is one thing you will find about practically all those who are at the top of the profession. They started very young, they belong to a gymnastic family and they practice a great deal, some of them an almost unbelievable amount

A good example of the truth of this is Enrico Rastelli, a young Italian, only twenty-six, who has just recently come over to this country and who has one of the most extraordinary acts I have ever seen. He combines gymnastics, balancing and juggling in his tricks, and the perfection he has attained is amazing.

His story is the usual one, only more so. He comes from a family of gymnasts, his father having been one of the finest jugglers in Europe. He started practicing when he was four years old and has been at it ever since. Even now, after being recognized as one of the most skillful performers in the world, he practices eight hours a day, besides giving two performances. He practically lives in the theater, even taking his meals there to save time.

A Star of Aërial Acrobatics

STARTING children at such an early age is not uncommon, especially in Europe. Only with wire walkers must the training be postponed much longer. As the strength required for feats on the wire lies almost entirely in the back and in the rigidity of the legs, it is impossible to start children in that work much before they are ten years old. They can get the ground work in simpler forms of gymnastics, however, much earlier, and usually do.

It might interest you to know that the girl who is considered the greatest feminine gymnast in the world was originally destined for the concert stage. That girl is Lillian Leitzel, the beautiful little star of aerial acrobatics. Lillian, who was born in Bohemia, showed a marked talent for the piano when she was very young. Her parents were delighted, and as soon as she was old enough to travel they sent her to Germany to study under the finest teachers. It was all settled that she was to become a concert pianist.

But as a side line, to develop her sense of rhythm, she studied dancing She liked the dancing far better than the piano. Then when she went home for holidays she used to watch her mother work. Her mother, I forgot to say, was one of the most noted aërial acrobats in Europe. As Lillian watched her mother, she decided that she didn't care so very much about the piano. She loved to dance, and it seemed to her that dancing would be a mild sensation compared to what swinging high up in the air over a huge crowd would be. So she pleaded with her mother to teach her. She learned quickly, and was soon touring, working in the act. After that, of course, the piano seemed tame, so she gave it up altogether—as a profession, I mean—and worked until she became what she is today, the most highly paid and most sought after woman in the world of gymnastics.

If there are any who feel contemptuous about the mentality of us acrobats, Lillian Leitzel is a contradiction of their theories. I would stack that girl's mind and her accomplishments up against those of any girl her age of any profession or any stratum of society

Laurie De Vine. Above—Mlle. Leitzel

(Continued on Page 154)

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"For Instance, a Trivial Event Like Your Calling Here Tonight May Blast My Whole Life, While a War in Europe Would Comparatively be a Blessing"

MISS PETUNIA NANCY GUNK, professional organizer of the Woman's Party of America, was intolerant, dogmatic, argumentative and gifted as to the number and violence of her prejudices. She was perpetually in opposition, and had naturally taken to politics because, marriage being denied her—in which we are told there are more possibilities of opposition and rebellion than in any other known institution—politics presented itself to her as only second in its opportunities.

Miss Gunk was neither an old maid nor—more courteously—a spinster. She was unique. One never thought of her as an unmarried person; nor, indeed, as a married person, but rather as some new species of creature for whom the holy state of matrimony was nonexistent. You cannot deprive a dog of feathers; and nobody wastes sympathy on a dog for not having feathers, because feathers do not enter the economy of a dog. So with Petunia Gunk and husbands. Certain people have mistakenly referred to her as masculine. She was not masculine any more than she was feminine. She was, so far as has been discovered, the only member of the genus Gunk, and there you have the sum total of it. In speech she was succinct, and blunt as a whale's nose. She jerked along conversationally. When she talked you were reminded of a small boy trying to drag a trunk—a jerk and then another jerk. Physically she was not lovely; nor, on the other hand, was she so unsightly as to inspire with terror. It is true she was given to angles; but they were not acute, spinsterly angles. You could not imagine her concealing a curve anywhere about her; but she did impress one as having notable weight and substance. No gentleman would apply the adjective "brawny" to a lady, but if it were possible for a gentleman to do so the temptation would arise. Intellectually she was not nimble, but tenacious; and, owing to this whole-hearted tenacity, she could harbor not more than a single idea at a sitting.

It was a joy to Jerry McKellar to watch Miss Gunk thundering upon the portals of Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's intelligence and never becoming aware that there were no doors there at all, but merely painted doors upon a solid wall. Because Miss Gunk never could smash open those doors, she came to have a regard for Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt that was almost reverence. On her part Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt was fond of Miss Gunk, because, being a kindly and sociable soul, she loved the sound of human voices. It pleased her to have people talk to, or near, her—as one is fond of the sound of a cat purring. Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt made no more effort to grasp conversation than she did to translate the purring of her Maltese.

Jerry—which is short for Geraldine—McKellar, in her capacity as volunteer and unpaid secretary to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, titular head of the Woman's Party in Corinth, felt sometimes that association with her principal and with Miss Gunk—and especially with them in conjunction—was a privilege too rich to be appraised in terms of money.

Being who and what she was, Miss Gunk was not at all nonplused to find herself calling upon Jerry one evening when she had been preceded by Marshall Tree. Miss Gunk came on political business; Marshall Tree presented himself purely for purposes of courtship. Had she found Marshall on his knees before Jerry, Miss Gunk would have taken no notice of the peculiarity, but would have discharged her conversational salvo inexorably, unmoved, probably not grasping that she might be, in some small measure, *de trop*.

As it was, she entered the drawing-room heels first to the floor and with enormous strides. She wasted no time on greetings, but plunged into her subject.

"I've been thinking," she exploded, and let that statement lie bare and unadorned while she selected the most angular chair in the room as being best calculated to fit her figure.

"Indeed!" said Jerry, with just the right inflection to make the word pleasant and sociable and interested. Marshall Tree said something under his breath that Miss Gunk would have resented.

"Events," said Miss Gunk, "are not comparable."

Having thus carefully dispensed with all context and shot off her major premise in one broadside, she sat back satisfied that she was finished with that subject for all time. She had considered it, reached her conclusion, announced it, and the thing was final and irrevocable. Events were not comparable, and if anybody tried to go comparing them they'd better look out. Miss Gunk would stand for no such nonsense. But Jerry was not satisfied. On the contrary, she was rather curious about these events Miss Gunk mentioned, and before that excellent woman could blast out another bare and naked major premise she asked a question:

"What events?"

Miss Gunk, thus snatched back from her second announcement, frowned.

"Any events," she said.

That seemed clear, and covered ample ground to satisfy anybody; but such was Jerry's abounding curiosity that she had to find out what it was all about.

"I don't understand you," she said sweetly. "Won't you please explain?"

"Two events," jerked out Miss Gunk. "Pick 'em out yourself. Can't compare 'em."

"I'll bet," said Jerry, "that I can."

"Do it," said Miss Gunk.

"I will," said Jerry. "Here you go: An earthquake is a worse calamity than a stomach ache."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Gunk.

"But it is," said Jerry.

"Earthquake may do no damage," said Miss Gunk. "Napoleon's stomach ache lost the Battle of Waterloo."

"Oh," said Jerry, "I see what you mean!"

"Took long enough," observed Miss Gunk.

"What you mean," said Jerry, "is that an event which appears to be great and important may not amount to a darn, really; and that some piking little thing—like dropping a pin—may raise the very dickens."

"Exactly!"

"And that you can't tell what an event amounts to until you know what it stirs up."

"For instance," said Marshall Tree in his most acid manner, "that a trivial event like your calling here tonight may blast my whole life, while a war in Europe would, comparatively, be a blessing."

"Precisely!" said Miss Gunk.

Miss Gunk remained until ten o'clock. In the intervening hour and a half she spoke three times, pulling the lanyard of her conversational cannon, listening to the explosion and then sitting back to reload.

Her first remark, uttered in the middle of a low-voiced sentence of Marshall's, and having nothing in the world to do with what he was saying, was: "Bananas cause indigestion."

Her second observation, some forty minutes later, and apropos of what it was difficult to determine, ran as follows: "Barber shops should be prohibited."

And the third, delivered as she stood up to take her leave, informed Marshall and Jerry that "Goldfish are useless."

When she was gone, Marshall sank back in his chair and groaned.

"Suffering cats!" he exclaimed. "And is that what you have to spend your days with?"

"She's an old peach," said Jerry.

"Huh!"

"You," said Jerry, "are very young, and therefore intolerant. Do you know, what she said was pretty nifty just the same. You can't tell about events. Wouldn't it be fun to watch some little happening through to the end and see exactly what resulted from it?"

"The only event I'm interested in right now is our wedding," said Marshall sulkily.

Jerry grimaced.

"Listen here, stranger youth," she said. "When you lure me to the altar it'll have to be with inducements you've never thought of offering to the present hour of writing. When I marry I'm going to get a hundred cents on the dollar of my investment. You'll have to squeeze the water out of your stock."

"Now listen, Jerry ——"

"Let's talk about comparative events," she said. "That interested me a lot. I'm going to catch me a pet event and then shadow it."

Though Jerry did not know it, and though she realized what had happened only after the matter was over and done with, she was about to have demonstrated to her how far-reaching can be a happening of apparent slight importance; she was to be shown into what queer and unexpected places it could reach, and how, by its mere happening, it was able to bring about results absurdly out of keeping with itself. In the end, after considering what had happened, she was willing to argue that, conceivably, the sneeze of a baby could overturn the British Empire.

II

THE event occurred in Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's kitchen. It was a very minor event, an insignificant event, yet it altered the career of a very noteworthy man, changed the current of politics in a wealthy and populous commonwealth, and in no small degree affected the destiny of a state. Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt was in the drawing-room at the moment, peaceful, placid, listening with vague contentment to the spasmodic utterances of Petunia Nancy Gunk.

A cry that mingled grief and rage penetrated to their ears from the rear of the house; there followed a brief, pregnant silence, and then the door of the drawing-room was thrust open violently to disclose the ample person of Mrs. Ethel Kelly, cook. Mrs. Kelly grasped her mouth with two frenzied hands and wailed incoherently through interlaced fingers.

"Swallowed something," said Miss Gunk.

Mrs. Kelly withdrew one hand and said hollowly, with a faulty enunciation that made her difficult to follow, "I've lose my upper set."

At this point she withdrew her other hand, disclosing a round and ruddy countenance that seemed to have got itself out of scale in its lower portion. The chin had moved upward toward the nose; the upper lip was crowded outward in a pout. In short, the whole expanse from point of chin to nostrils was drolly foreshortened, giving to Mrs. Kelly an expression well worthy of study and preservation.

"It's puttin' coal in the range I was," she said gummily, "when they popped outa me mout' and fell in the fire and ye may depend upon it I'll not be showin' me face in pooblic till I kin look loike a human crature instid av a plate av mush and me nephew is that clever he makes fa-alse teeth av a whiteness and gineral appearance nobody could mistake thim for real so whin I pack me satchel I'll be goin' to him in the city for it's no stranger I'll have meddlin' wid the insides av me mout' and befoore a week's past I'll be back wit' me new teet' and I'll say to him, 'Tim make them teet' so they won't schlip if ye have to equip thim wit skid chains.'" This came in a breath, without punctuation or pause.

"But," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt mildly, "what shall I do? Who will cook?"

"In the meanwhile av me bein' gone," said Mrs. Kelly, "I will indooce me friend Mrs. Harrigan to take me place."

Now there is your event in its entirety: Mrs. Kelly dropped her teeth in the kitchen range. As a first result of this, she abandoned her post for a week; as a second result, Mrs. Harrigan came to substitute for her. Take it by and large, it was not an event to earn long space in the papers. Yet in the long run, as events go, few have occurred in Corinth so pregnant with far-reaching consequences. Mrs. Kelly's teeth should take historical rank with Mrs. O'Leary's lantern.

III

BEING astute, Alderman Tomlet realized that though administrations may come and go, politics is always a bird in the hand. Therefore, when Piety Hill arose in its might, as it has a way of doing every nine or ten years, and elected a reform ticket over the ruins of the alderman's machine, he did not face the prospect with complete hopelessness. He knew the administration would be incompetent; he knew the new mayor was a perfect gentleman, a good churchman, a fair business man and a pompous ass. He was the sort of man, so the alderman believed, who required very little rope, indeed, to hang himself. Mr. Tomlet rejoiced in the mayor's pig-headedness and prepared to profit thereby. But the most fatuous of political accidents is bound to make some mistakes—mistakes from Alderman Tomlet's point of view. The mayor made one such mistake. He appointed Abner Wells commissioner of police and persuaded him to tackle the job.

In a short year of administering the police department Abner Wells emerged from obscurity. He became a public character. Not only did he give Corinth a police force so efficient that Corinth hardly knew what to do with it, but he impressed the town and the state with his executive genius; and, what was more important and more dangerous, with his personality. In short, he developed all the finer indications of a popular leader who might go far.

Now this annoyed and alarmed Alderman Tomlet, whose word had been law in Corinth's politics for so long a time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. For nothing is more dreaded by your professional politician than a fortuitous figure able to catch and hold the affection and esteem of the crowd. Nothing but death or luck will dispose of such a man, and he is a constant thorn in the side of the organization. Alderman Tomlet greatly desired the abolishment of Police Commissioner Wells.

Consequently the alderman sought conference with certain powerful financial gentlemen of the commonwealth—men whose preferences ran in the direction of railroads, of public utilities, of franchises—whose accumulations depended in great measure upon the complaisance of city or state. These gentlemen agreed perfectly with Alderman Tomlet that Abner Wells would not be complaisant, but on the contrary was likely to be found to be exceedingly stiff-necked, intelligently curious and most disagreeably bent upon seeing that no private individual exploited public assets to the detriment of the citizenry. The conferences were of extreme privacy, and what happened therein is only to be deduced from subsequently apparent facts. It may be taken for granted, however, that no measure was advocated tending to Abner Wells' advancement.

It was at this time that Mrs. Ethel Kelly suffered the loss of her store teeth.

Every man has his small private vanity. It is doubtful if the best results may be achieved when it is lacking. Therefore, the fact that Abner Wells achieved fine results would seem to indicate that it was present in his make-up. Therefore, when the Corinth Construction Company, a going and profitable business, sent to him a representative offering a proposition couched in terms that could be offensive to no man, he listened with some gratification.

"Mr. Wells," said this emissary, "I am empowered by my company to lay before you a proposition for our common benefit. Your ability as a business man is well known. Your ability as an executive and a go-getter has been demonstrated in this job you hold. We need a man like you, and are willing to offer inducements to secure you."

"In what capacity?" asked Mr. Wells.

"Both as stockholder and as officer. In fact we are asking you to head our company, to fill the vacancy about to be left by the resignation of our president. You will investigate, of course, and will have ample demonstration of the efficiency of the business and of its financial success. Our stock is closely held and is not to be obtained. However, to make this thing attractive to you, we propose to sell you a reasonable amount of stock now held in the treasury—say, to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars—at par. That, as you will see, is a bargain; but we think you are worth it."

"But I am pledged to remain in this job."

"And, I am sure, may look forward with certainty to higher office. We do not propose to deprive this city or state of your services, but to insure that they will belong to us when you tire of public life. We want your name, in short, which will be of great value to us—and eventually we want you. Therefore, until you feel you have had enough of politics, your duties as president will be only to preside at directors' meetings and offer such assistance as

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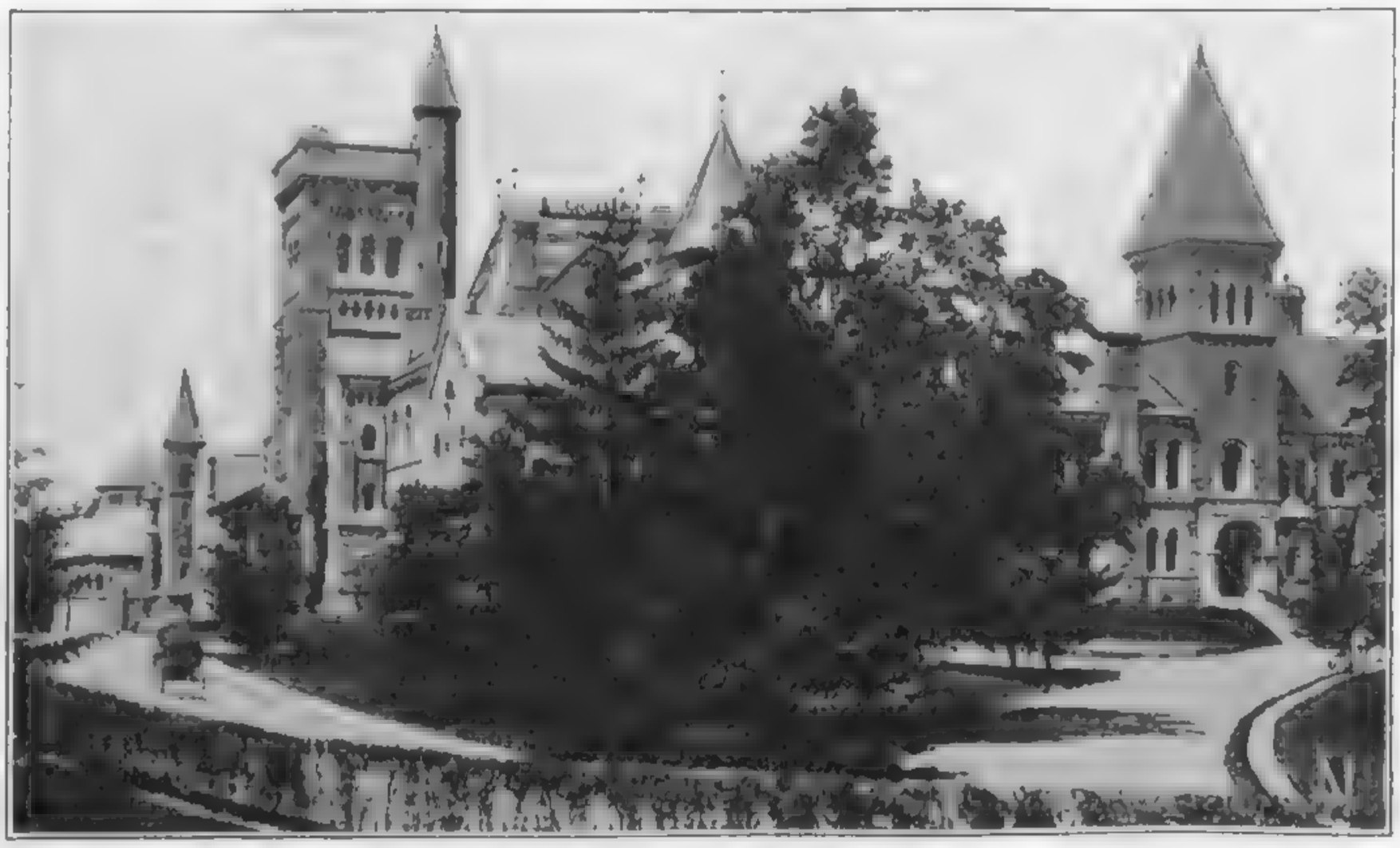
"The Sphere of Woman," Said Jerry With Mock Gravity, "is in the Home — Telling Her Husband Where to Get Off"

Clearing the Skies for the Sugar-Poisoned—By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.



The University of Toronto

IS THERE no treacle in Gilead; is there no physician there?" eagerly queried the dying warrior of Israel, and for tens of centuries the diabetic has echoed his tragic cry.

Later and more polished versions of Scripture changed the word "treacle" to "balm"; but this, though smoother and more poetic, lost the grip of the uncouth ancient word. A treacle, or theriacal, was a cross between an extract of menagerie and an elixir of botanical garden; half hash, half compote; but every "ingridiment" in it a sure cure for some evil that humanity is heir to. And as its ingredients were numbered by the dozen, the confidence reposed in it by both doctor and patient was something profound. It wasn't a shotgun, but a blunderbuss, and simply couldn't miss!

The famous Theriaca Magna had over five dozen ingredients, and such a hodgepodge! More like Macbeth's witches' caldron, with its

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

than a respectable apothecary's gallipot.

As we look back at such remedies now we smile in a superior manner at the childish credulity of our ancestors. But medical history strangely repeats itself; and when modern medicine is casting about for new and desperate remedies it flings its nets as wide and far as ever did the ancients, and all's fish that comes to them. It comes with something of a shock to find that our latest and most splendidly organized scientific search for a treacle against the deadly sugar sickness, diabetes, is actually trying out in its laboratory caldrons such extraordinary and widely scattered, such utterly unrelated sources or mother ores as sweetbreads, yeast cakes, codfish, sharks, sculpins, skates, dogfish and clams.

Sweet Poison

CERTAINLY there is no very evident family connection between them; yet they are being tested out for possible combination in a species of scientific haggis of the highest potency. For it bids fair to repair this most baffling of our internal breakdowns, where a physiological gear shift has somehow slipped into reverse and a vital fuel has been turned into a deadly poison. When our life stream changes from a balanced food mixture into a supersaturated sirup, trouble begins at once.

Could anything more unlikely, more monstrous, be well imagined than that sugar, our priceless fuel, the chief source of all our energy and heat, should suddenly refuse to burn in our body furnace as if it were slate instead of anthracite—indeed, well-nigh smudge out the vital spark itself? Yet this is literally what happens in this strange malady, diabetes; and the splendid sweetness of our food, instead of keeping the flame of life burning bright becomes as gall and wormwood to our system, filling the blood and brain with acids and flooding the muscle motors with sticky, unburnable sirup.

Nor can we follow Marie Antoinette's naïve advice when told that the poor of Paris were starving for lack of bread—"Why, how foolish of them! If they can't get bread, why don't they eat cake?" If we can't digest sugar it's no use to eat starch, because all the starch we eat—bread, rice, cereals, puddings, potatoes—has to be turned into sugar—glucose—before we can burn it in our muscles. Our body engine is a sugar motor.

Professor J. J. R. MacLeod, Associate Dean, Faculty of Medicine and Professor of Physiology, University of Toronto

In fact, there is scarcely a food that comes on our tables which doesn't contain starch or sugar in some form or trace. Of course, all these innumerable and priceless starches and sugars of our food are simple combinations of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, as their name carbohydrates implies, and we might in despair try some other form of carbon outside of the usual food lists—coal, for instance, or diamonds, both of which are pure carbon in different forms. But we should find them both a trifle gritty as well as indigestible, and the latter rather expensive. Starch and sugar are literally sweet diamonds in the stomach of the diabetic. As everything King Midas touched turned into gold, so his staff of life turns into diamonds in point of digestibility. It is a case of sugar, sugar everywhere, but never a scrap to burn, with the luckless diabetic. His problem is a distressing and difficult one—how safely to cut out of his diet the one fuel which normally gives him nearly two-thirds of his energy for work and for life. And to make matters worse, all the nonstarchy foods which can be substituted, chiefly meats and fats, with green vegetables for filling bulk, are much more expensive than the great white coal of our normal body engines.

But Nature is a wise and resourceful old mother. And partly by speeding up the draft of the body furnace, partly by draining away the surplus sugar through the kidneys, aided by reasonable regulation of the diet, a sort of tight-rope balance is caught and held, in spite of much swaying, which enables the term of the malady to be counted in decades and half decades instead of years and months. And there the matter has hung for centuries, for diabetes is by no means one of the so-called penalties of modern civilization. It is not even in the class of recently discovered research diseases, so termed by some cynic, who declares that research workers are doctors whose business is to invent new diseases for the other doctors to treat. It was recognized and given its graphic name—which means "siphon" or "pouring through" in Greek—from its most striking symptom, quarts and even gallons a day of liquid waste, more than fifteen hundred years ago.

Groping Toward the Light

SINCE then every conceivable change has been rung upon modifications of diet and drink; but without much success, except in delaying the chronic course of the disease and making the patient's condition more comfortable. We had cut down the starch supply with some benefit. We had even, with childlike directness and *naïveté* of logic, tried to cut down the water supply, with most disastrous results, piling up the irritating unburnable sugar and poisonous wastes bred by it still higher in the blood, and making the poor patient utterly wretched. We had apparently determined that the disease was not communicable to others, nor due to an external infection. The attack from without had failed.

But a few decades ago our knowledge of the chemistry of our bodies and of that marvelously efficient and ingenious stream of backward and forward interchanges between our food and our body stuffs, our work and our wastes, our buildings up and our breakings down, which we term metabolism, had become sufficiently accurate to enable us to attack the disease from the other end of the line, so to speak. By peaceful penetration from within, we strove to discover the internal cause of the trouble, to put our finger upon the weak spot in our body chemistry, the warped cog in the body machine. And although the processes concerned were extremely complicated and progress correspondingly slow, we are now happily able to announce the first positive step toward the answer of the fateful riddle, one that bids fair to give new hope to all diabetics.

This is no less than the discovery of the hormone—Greek for stimulator—or spark juice, which enables our bodies to burn sugar and whose absence makes us diabetic. And what is of vital practical value, this hormone, or

internal secretion, procured from the bodies of animals and injected into the veins of diabetics, will clear their blood of surplus sugar, enable them to digest an almost normal amount of starch and sugar in their diet, and greatly improve their condition in any respect for a period of some months at least. Some patients, in fact, have already regained their full normal weight and strength and gone back to work on ordinary diet.

It is, of course, far too soon even to mention the word "cure" in a long-lasting and obstinate disease like diabetes. All that can be claimed is marked temporary improvement, and to raise false hopes of anything further in the bosoms of our quarter of a million diabetics in the United States would be deplorable. But we can fairly say that this improvement is of a different type from any won before, and that, whatever its permanent effects, the new remedy, as will be explained later, is almost sure to be a great practical addition to our methods of treating the malady.

The story of the new finding and the events which led up to it is a fascinating one. Following our age-old habit of blaming everything that we couldn't understand upon the liver, our earliest suspicions fastened upon that large and long-suffering organ. But as long ago as the late '50's and '60's the brilliant work of the famous French physiologist, Claude Bernard, showed that although a great storer and distributor of sugar, the liver was not the prime cause of diabetes.

It would take the sugar—glucose—from the food of the diabetic, change it into glycogen, or animal starch, for storage, turn it back again into the blood as sugar again, when the muscles were hungry. But when the sugar reached the muscles it wouldn't burn! Either something had happened to it before it reached the liver or something was wrong with the muscles.

The Islands of Langerhans

SUSPICION next gathered round the pancreas, or sweetbread, the great gland behind the stomach, about the size and shape of the outthrust tongue. This manufactures and pours into the intestine the powerful digestive juice which deals with nearly three-quarters of our food, especially the starches and fats. What more probable than that some defect in it caused that inability to burn starch sugars, which is the hall-mark of diabetes? A careful series of post-mortem examinations showed the gland to be diseased in a certain per cent of diabetics, and we eagerly hastened to supply our patients with various forms of its digestive extract, known as pancreatin. But the results were utterly disappointing. The excess of sugar in the blood was lowered for a brief time in some cases, and the digestion improved in others; but no radical or lasting relief was given.

The problem was attacked more intensively by experimental methods, and about thirty years ago a brilliant Polish investigator, Minkowsky, showed that if the pancreas was removed—under ether and the strictest surgical antiseptic precautions—from dogs, the animals recovered, but quickly developed all the symptoms of diabetes; not only high surplus sugar in blood and kidneys, thirst, weakness and wasting, but also great susceptibility to infections of all sorts. If only a part of the pancreas were removed, the animals showed a much milder form of the disease, and could hold their own after a sort, even if half the gland had been excised.

Evidently the pancreas poured into the blood an internal secretion which enabled the body to burn sugar, in addition to pouring its digestive secretions into the intestines. The question was, what part of the pancreas does this come from, and how can we collect it separately for use? It had long been known that scattered through the mass of the pancreas, like raisins in a cake, were little masses or islets of tissue quite different from the rest of the gland and not connected with any of its ducts. These were known as the islands of Langerhans, after the anatomist who first described them. What could be more likely than that these were the sources of the internal secretion? But they were so small and so scattered that for nearly twenty years it baffled the ingenuity of all the researchers to isolate or separate their precious juice for trial. Various attempts were partially successful, and it was found that if the duct, or discharge tube, of the pancreas was tied in an animal the great mass of the gland—the digestive part—wasted away, leaving only a small shriveled remnant, consisting solely of islands.

Finally, to make a long story short, in 1920 it occurred to a young Canadian scientist, Doctor Banting, that if enough of these island remnants were collected, and an extract made from them, perhaps a sufficient amount of the long-sought missing-link internal secretion could be secured. Work was begun at once, with the coöperation of Professor MacLeod, Professor Best and others of his colleagues in the University of Toronto, and in July, 1921, to everyone's delight, an extract was secured strong enough promptly to clear of excess sugar the blood of several diabetic dogs. The ferment, or hormone, was given the appropriate name insulin, from the Latin *insula*, an island, after the islands of Langerhans, from which it was extracted.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.
Dr. F. G. Banting, of the University of Toronto

But why could not these results, even in the weakest degree, be secured from extracts of the entire pancreas?

Another idea occurred to the investigators. They mixed a dose of their strongest insulin with pancreatin and found that its value was utterly destroyed. The powerful digestive ferments had digested the insulin and spoiled it completely, and the puzzle of three decades was cleared up.

All that was needed now was to treat a fresh-taken pancreas with some reagent like alcohol which checked the activity of pancreatin without injuring the islands, and the insulin could be separated out alive and active. It was a case of "Against mine enemies I can defend myself, but who will protect me from my friends?"

The complex and delicately balanced insulin had formerly been attacked and literally eaten alive by its at least twenty times bigger and stronger relative, pancreatin, the moment the animal pancreas was removed from the body. So that unless guarded by alcohol to paralyze the pancreatin, every trace of insulin disappears long before any extract can be completed, and its place is taken by greedy pancreatin, licking its lips over the cannibal meal that it has made.

Incidentally, it may be said that this is not an unusual or exceptional process. All the digestive organs—stomach, salivary glands, liver—begin to digest themselves the minute that the blood ceases to circulate through them; and one of the standing puzzles of physiology is, why they don't do it during life.

Even the muscles partially digest themselves after death, which is why beef and mutton and chicken become tenderer and more palatable by hanging, or ripening, for a few days before cooking. Only the mysterious influence of life, of the vital spark, keeps three-quarters of the cell citizens of our body state from eating each other—binds them over to keep the peace, as it were—if, indeed, what we call life does not precisely consist in this gentlemen's agreement to live and let live, to coöperate instead of ruthlessly competing. And when this pact is broken comes the anarchy which we term death.

The Test

ONCE it had been discovered how to rescue the wonder child insulin from the clutch of its wicked uncle, the cannibal pancreatin, the way was open for direct action. A regular supply of fresh pancreases was arranged for from a great packing company. These were extracted with alcohol and the insulin tested and graded upon rabbits. After seven months more of hard work the investigators felt sufficiently sure of its value and familiar enough with its possible risks to venture a trial in the hospital wards.

Finally, in February, 1922, ten cases of severe diabetes were selected from a pitifully eager throng of patients, and the hopes and fears of two years of tireless teamwork were put into the fiery crucible of actual results. The test was a brilliant success; every patient was distinctly improved, and the new magic worked like clockwork, as hoped for, in almost every detail. All the changes for the better produced by insulin in diabetic animals were reproduced with extraordinary fidelity in human diabetics, even including the unpleasant symptoms caused by too large or too active a dose.

The excess of sugar first disappeared from the blood, usually within a few hours; then it ceased to leak out through the kidneys; then the acid poisons—called ketones—vanished out of the blood and fluids of the body. More gratifying still, the patients soon began to give vocal and delighted testimony to their joyous sense of

(Continued on Page 146)

Two of the Mammalian Research Rooms, Department of Physiology, University of Toronto

Marriage by the Underground Route

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

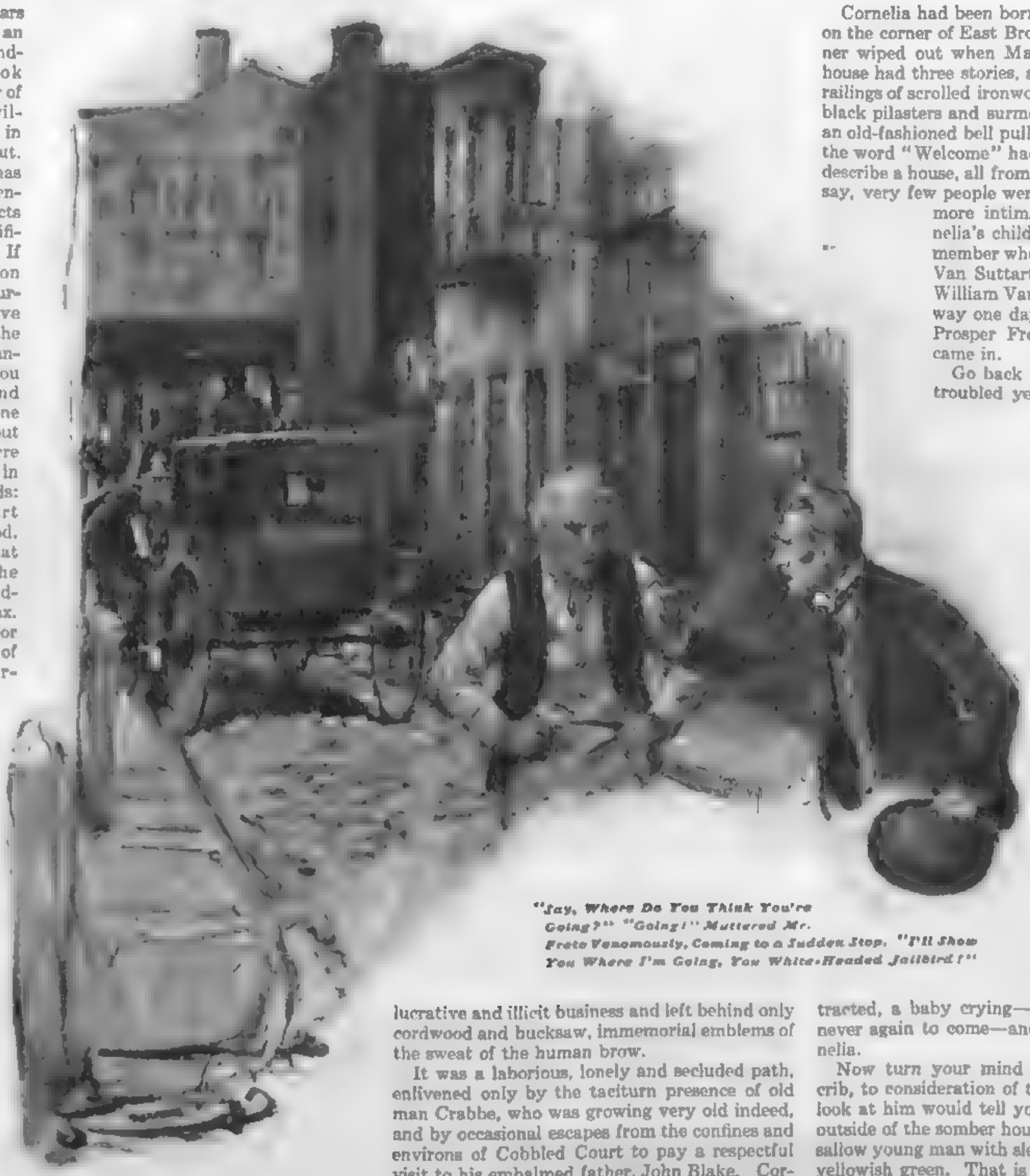
BETWEEN the years 1886 and 1890 an event of transcendent importance took place jointly in the city of New York and the village of Barmingdale, in the state of Connecticut. That the said event has never before been mentioned in print detracts nothing from its significance. Far from it. If anything, the omission adds allure to the occurrence. Why? To save space and time, let the answer be packed into another question. Can you think of publicity and dried rose leaves at one and the same time without a jolt? Can you? Here is the event, recorded in exactly half a dozen words: Cornelia Van Suttart budded into womanhood.

It is conceivable that some will carp at the above paragraph, considering it a species of hoax. Let all such substitute for the phrase "an event of transcendent importance" the word "miracle." If the turning of water into wine is conceded to be miraculous, how much more so the metamorphosis of Cornelia! Yesterday, all spindling legs, thin arms, thin chest, pale cheeks, dropped eyelids and two long pigtails; in short, a bit of loose-jointed animation to which men were wont lightly to call out, "Hey, kid! Watch your step or something will snap!"

But today—ah, today! Oh, the lift of her chin and neck, the proud burden of her glossy hair, the petal tints beneath her breathing pallor, the slim roundness of her blue-eyed beauty, striding along, sublimely unconscious, a dream within a dream. Catch your breath. Groan. Send up your silent prayer: "How I wish I knew that girl!" Swift-fingered Time did it, and has since done it to another generation; but if you should meet Cornelia even in this youngster year of 1923 dried rose leaves would recall the rose.

Life is full of injustices, and it seems peculiarly unfair that Miad Blake, who at the age of eight years and five months had fought Harold Grimble for attempting to kiss Cornelia forcibly and had been her matter-of-fact champion ever since, should have been deprived by circumstances of the joy of witnessing her blooming. Soon after the day when the two as children had discovered the lost, strayed or stolen remains of the perpetuated John Blake, established as within a hall of fame amid the waxworks of a dime museum, Cornelia had been removed from the plebeian atmosphere of Public School No. 112. She had gone away; far, far away from Roosevelt Street and the ken of Miad Blake.

The removal marked a long divergence in their orbits from the point of their conjunction at one and the same school back in the nebulous days of childhood. Miad's feet had continued in the path in which they were set from the moment when his honesty blew up a highly lucrative and illicit business and left behind only cordwood and bucksaw, immemorial emblems of the sweat of the human brow.



"Say, Where Do You Think You're Going?" "Going!" Muttered Mr. Frete Venomously, Coming to a Sudden Stop. "I'll Show You Where I'm Going, You White-Headed Jailbird!"

It was a laborious, lonely and secluded path, enlivened only by the taciturn presence of old man Crabbe, who was growing very old indeed, and by occasional escapes from the confines and environs of Cobbled Court to pay a respectful visit to his embalmed father, John Blake. Cornelia, playmate and ally, was gone to a place called Barmingdale, beyond the confines of the known world of Cobbled Court.

Evidence as to what Barmingdale happens to be doing today is not at hand, but what it did to previous generations is on record in many of the sweetest drawing-rooms and at many of the coziest afternoon tea tables of the civilized world.

If you meet a woman from fifty to ninety years old and are in doubt as to which—a woman whose serenity is peppered with wit, whose manners are both easy and restrained and whose mind is as daring as her standards are secure—interrupt; say, "Pardon me, madam, but when were you at Barmingdale?" She will flush a delicate shell pink—such a pale pink as is rapidly going out of fashion—her eyes will twinkle, and to your surprise and confusion she will rap out the exact date.

Figuratively speaking, it was as long a cry from East Broadway and the public school in Roosevelt Street to Barmingdale in 1886 as it was from a ranch in Montana or from the governess' room in the White House in Washington, and yet various little girls made the various journeys to a single end successfully, among them Cornelia. Considering the extreme simplicity, not to say skimpiness, of her clothing and the nonexistence of her pin money between the ages of seven and fourteen, this assertion calls for elucidation.

Cornelia had been born and lived all her life in a house on the corner of East Broadway and Market Street, a corner wiped out when Manhattan Bridge was built. The house had three stories, a high stoop of stone steps within railings of scrolled ironwork, a broad front door flanked by black pilasters and surmounted by an enormous fanlight, an old-fashioned bell pull and a worn doormat from which the word "Welcome" had been omitted. A queer way to describe a house, all from across the street; but, strange to say, very few people were in a position to picture it any more intimately during the years of Cornelia's childhood. She herself could not remember when the elder Van Suttart, William Van Suttart and her mother, Mary Malone William Van Suttart, vanished from its doorway one day, never again to enter, and Mr. Prosper Frete, accompanied by his sister, came in.

Go back in your mind, away back to the troubled years immediately succeeding the Civil War. Forget for a moment the gloomy abode in East Broadway and enter the no less gloomy counting-house and warerooms of the ancient firm of Hendricks, Jacob Hendricks, Van Suttart and Partners, on Front Street. Remember that all the Hendrickses were long dead and that the old skinflint, the elder Van Suttart, was virtually the whole works, except for a single silent partner, Prosper Frete by name.

Consider the consternation when the Van Suttarts, father and son, failed to come back from their noontime dinner. Never—never in the long history of the firm—had such an unheralded absence occurred. Picture the sending of a messenger, posthaste, to the dwelling in East Broadway. Consternation heaped on consternation! The dinner untouched upon the table, the cook distracted, a baby crying—crying for the mother who was never again to come—and that baby no other than Cornelia.

Now turn your mind from Cornelia, weeping in her crib, to consideration of the person of Prosper Frete. To look at him would tell you no more than a glance at the outside of the somber house in East Broadway. He was a sallow young man with sleek black hair and eyes of a pale, yellowish green. That is all you would see, but here are the inside facts: He had paid two hundred dollars for a substitute in the Civil War and he was the unrecognizable, commonplace, everyday continuation of the caricature immortalized under the name of Uriah Heep. In other words, he was born with an old heart in one of those smooth, young-looking bodies which never seem to wither.

Mr. Frete knew a sure thing and the right move even before he saw them; and that is saying a great deal, for he was gifted with the foresight of a vulture and the cunning premonition of a weasel waiting for a hen to lay an egg. But do not let your imagination run away with you. He was neither so repulsive nor so obvious as his famous prototype. To his business associates he was a man of his word, of meticulous manners in spite of a cold exterior, and of a sure and tenacious grasp of affairs; a man to be respected, perhaps to be feared, but in no way out of the ordinary in appearance.

To Cornelia, as far back as she could remember, he was merely one of a world of dark shadows. He was like the chairs, the pictures and the unchanging carpets and hangings of the gloomy house in East Broadway, only he moved, he came and went with the rhythmic regularity of a swinging pendulum. Even his sister, Miss Amantha Frete, was slightly more real, although almost as wordless. She had tiny, deep-set eyes and a thin face which ran all to a single point at the tip of her long nose, making her resemble one of Mr. Crabbe's short-handled bradawls.

In due course the cook who had been so distracted on the day of the vanishing of the entire Van Suttart family, barring the baby Cornelia, passed away. She had not been one of the shadows. Cornelia recollected her as a vague, indefinable blotch of light—a pale moon striving to break through the mist of childhood's clouds. The cook had had something to tell. Indeed, she had told it over and over again, only Cornelia could not remember it all. When she thought of the cook her brows would gather in a puzzled frown, but, try as she might, nothing more would come to mind beyond the oft-repeated admonition, "Believe me, my lone darling, your dear mother would never have left her baby of her own free will."

For many years after the good cook died Cornelia pondered over the hidden meaning in these words and finally was rewarded by a great light. The revelation came about in the following manner: School age and surreptitious wanderings in company with her playmate, Miad Blake, had made her familiar with many things, incidentally with the numerous pawnshops of the Bowery. Drawn by the fascination of their windows, she gradually absorbed their purpose. Here people, hard-pressed, gave up their treasures for money. Had not the cook called her, over and over, a loan darling? Presto! Her parents had left her in pawn with the Fretes, against her dear mother's will!

Absurd? Not at all. Nothing but the incipient workings of an intelligent and logically sound mind, leading to just such a sane yet laughable conclusion as lurks in the memory of every one of us. Whose youth has not confounded "God's free grace" with Godfrey's Grace, or looked in vain for the colored sergeant? Be that as it may, Cornelia grew up in the belief that she was a loan child, and as a consequence was on her guard from babyhood to mind her *p*'s and *q*'s. Thus she herself became one of the three shadows which flitted in and out of the gloom of the house in East Broadway. Only three, for subsequent to the death of the cook Miss Frete undertook the entire housework.

So quiet and docile was Cornelia as a little girl that it is doubtful if anyone could have thought of ways to subject her to persecution, but, as it happens, there was no intent to abuse her. She was simply left to her own meager devices in a household that was by no means parsimonious, in spite of the inexplicably arduous labors of its mistress. The food was of the best that money could buy, and so were the materials in which Cornelia was clothed. If her appearance was skimpy and forlorn it was due to the shortcomings of Miss Frete's hasty and inexpert needlework.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, can you imagine a stranger childhood? Cornelia, returning from school, jerks the bell pull. Miss Frete in apron and mobcap opens the door. No word is spoken. Cornelia goes to her room on the third floor, lays away her books and bonnet, and returns to help Miss Frete. No word is spoken.

The first floor, all but one room, is immaculately dusted daily, in silence. There is the wide hall of entrance, narrowing by half where the stairs go up. On the right of the hall, three large rooms, en suite; in front, the sitting room with windows on East Broadway; in the middle, the dining room, lighted by a single window on Market Street and connected with the kitchen below by a huge dumb-waiter, large enough to handle logs of wood for the open fires. At the back, a room which Cornelia has rarely glimpsed through the crack of great sliding doors, perennially closed except for the swift, smooth passage of Mr. Frete in and out. By the shelves upon shelves of books, centering on a large flat desk, a reading lamp and a deep worn chair, Cornelia knows it to be a library. After supper the three shadows gather for a time in the sitting room. No word is spoken. Cornelia studies her lessons. Once in a while, with an instantaneous lift of her long lashes, she seizes the vision of the two Fretes, male and female, and then, holding it within her hidden eyes, ponders upon it. They are silent, yet in communion. Miss Frete, sallow-faced, sharp-nosed, lightning-fingered; Mr. Frete, sallow-faced, black-haired, smoothly sleek, pale-eyed. No word is spoken, yet Cornelia feels that these two commune. She dares not interrupt; she is too young to surmise. Hold your breath, little girl, while pale eye says to pale eye, "All is well; all will be well. Silence, for I know what you are thinking. Silence, and let the mills of the gods grind for us." Then, always quite suddenly, Mr. Frete arises and passes through the dining room into the library, noiselessly closing the sliding doors behind him. No word has been spoken.

"I Think," She Said Gently, "Perhaps I'll Marry Harold, If You Don't Mind, Miad"

Apparently his green-yellow eyes never saw Cornelia at all—that is, never until a certain day when at the age of fifteen the surging life in her healthy little body sent her flying down the stairs into the front hall with such momentum that she could not stop at seeing the street door open to Mr. Frete's latchkey and swing wide. Giddy with the effort to halt her mad career, she went whirling into his arms. He caught her with characteristically quick decision, even before his mind yielded to a natural feeling of surprise. The instant during which he held her close was sufficient to awaken him to a totally different sort of surprise. He stood her away from him and swept his eyes up and down her person with a sudden, seeing concentration which brought a stain of dusky blood to the pallor of her cheeks. She dropped her eyelids and drew a long quivering breath. She felt terribly ashamed under his deliberate inspection and thought it was because Mr. Frete had discovered her in the reprehensible act of flying down the stairs Presently he began to speak and she was amazed at the fullness of the tones of his voice and at the ease with which the silence of years expressed itself.

"Cornelia," he said, "I have been so engaged with affairs that you have stolen a march on me and grown into a big girl without my knowing it. That dress is too tight, my dear, and the skirt is too short. You have acquired an ankle for which the decree of fashion demands a more discreet veil, and soon your braids must be piled upon your head. This house has become, for a time, too small a place to contain you."

At those words Cornelia felt a shiver of dread. Was she not but a loan child? Had she by a single act of exuberant indiscretion forfeited her right to asylum in that house? If she were driven from it, where would she go? What could she do? Would it avail to plead with Mr. Frete? She raised her head and opened her deep eyes of Irish blue. He stared into them with what seemed an answering quiver of his whole frame, but before she could find words with which to plead he smiled and continued:

"You must go away to a genteel academy, the finest in the land. I shall speak to Amantha and instruct her to see that you are supplied with frocks bought at the stores and with all such things as the young ladies of a select school may require. In the meantime, will you avoid running unattended about the streets? I ask it as a personal favor to myself."

Oh, adolescence! Oh, breath of summer air! Oh, clothes, new clothes, bandbox in the lap and trunks to follow; and girls, new girls, strange girls, all atop of the ancient, the institutional Barmingdale stagecoach! Memory, help me. Tradition, come to my aid. Time, hold steady thy pellucid crystal globe. Behold

(Continued on Page 69)

He Did Not Rush at Her; He Came Slowly, and as He Moved, Cornelia Knew Fear. Her Eyes Opened Wider and Wider. A Lump Surged Into Her Throat

BARBRY

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"All This Cultch," Observed Their Owner, "I Learnt to Play on Long Voyages, or Most Part of 'Em. I Don't Undertake to Say What My Crew Suffered"

XXII

THE next morning came darkly, and brought rain. Working fast in early drizzle, Barbara covered the haycocks with old squares of blackened sailcloth, torn tarpaulin, remnants of carpet. Every wisp, every stalk in mound after mound recalled him. Rain and the need of hurry were blessings, for another sunlit field like yesterday's, but without him, might have been hard to bear. The change of weather drifted in over the hills from his direction, from the sea which had brought him to her and taken him again. Out there he would know what she was doing up here, alone.

"This rag bag," she thought, when her motley covers were all spread, "would make him laugh."

The vapor lifted, streaming over black fir points; great drops fell; and these by the time she had run into shelter became a downpour. The darkness in the barn, warm-scented with new hay, was crammed so full of yesterday's reminders that once Barbara left work for a moment, entered the harness room, groped there till she had found a card of Oddy Mowle's brimstone matches, and lighting a greasy splinter from it admired the dim little ring drawn in pencil on the wall. A glimpse of this was company and proof. He had gone, but had been there. She returned to the chores, content. It was all true.

Thus, in hurry of body and rapt if lonesome preoccupation of spirit, the morning work flew by. She had her noonday meal ready before one happy thought, among the thousand or more she now owned, took form to be dwelt on.

"What was he doing in the house? He left his mark here too. What did he mean?"

It would be fun to search for this in spare time. Meanwhile the table had a stripped and deserted look.

"Of course. It needs our blue jug—always, now. But what could he mean?"

She went to the fireplace, and as promptly as if he had spoken got an answer. The blue jug had moved along the mantel and stood propping open a large book, set upright—the dead soldier's first book, her torn litter of Shakspere. It leaned back, the eaves of the clock case holding its main bulk, while the jug kept a few last pages from closing or falling apart.

In a margin of the double columns his pencil had drawn his ring, with "A.P." and what Oddy called the China whales. Moreover, it had set a bracket against four lines there:

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

That, then, was the mischief he had done, the surprise put away for her. His forethought, taken in the midst and height of their day together, had seen her here at this moment, left behind with rain.

"No one but a sailor," she thought proudly, "could have understood so well."

A knock sounded at the front door, like two thumps on a slack drum. Barbara turned with a start.

"I do believe ——"

Nonsense! It could not be Andrew, for he was miles away, going to join his vessel, the Bugle Horn, as he had told her. But what if a change now brought him back? She glanced about the kitchen to see all tidy, patted her hair before the dark glass of the clock and went through the passage with quickened step and heartbeat.

Farming single-handed, Barbara could not do all things, however she tried. Since last winter there had been no time to unscrew and take down the storm door. It now put her to shame.

"He will think I'm lazy."

The white-painted strip of deal on dry hinges creaked out into the rain, while a man dodged it by backing downstairs.

"How do ye do, Barbry?" drawled a hollow voice of commiseration.

Wrapped in a long, dripping gray coat, with dripping green orchard and rainy river below him, stood Ransom Hill.

"Oh! Come in; come out of the wet!"

To hide her disappointment, and the fact that here at the same storm door in moonlight she had gashed his cheek with a skate blade, Barbara spoke warmly.

"Thank ye," said Ransom, and came up again. "I will. I got somethin' to tell you that—that will take time."

He laid aside the wet coat and hat, but following her into the parlor seemed to wear still a garment of gloom that bore down his narrow shoulders. When offered food and drink he sighed.

"No; I've et," said he, and remained on foot, playing awkwardly with his chair. "When you saw me jest now, Barbry, your face fell."

She could not deny this lapse. Fortunately he went on without pause.

"A premonition, I dessay. Folks do think such can happen, and why not between us two, Barbry? It makes it easier."

His eyes drifted round to meet hers, then slid away. The man's air, lugubrious yet calculating, puzzled her beyond endurance.

"What ails you, Ransom?"

He blinked and cleared his throat.

"I'm the bearer of bad news."

"Father?"

"Him?" cried Ransom in surprise. "Lord, no!"

The contempt stung her. It gave mortal offense. His next words, however, sank all that.

"No; her—Mis' Savory."

Barbara stared.

"What? Her? What's happened? Is she dead?"

Ransom corrected the language.

"She passed away," he replied, "on Friday evening. Very sudden and peaceful, setting on a sofy."

Barbara continued to stare. The blow left her numb.

"Poor woman! Oh, poor thing!"

She turned to the window, the same little panes where during Bion's last days the witch fire had burned in snow, under the shadow of the crab-apple trunk.

"Her funeral took place Monday," recited Ransom in a decorous modulation, "from her brother's residence."

Barbara held the crosspieces of the window in her finger tips as for support. Jen was dead. It seemed a disappearance unheard of, a mountain moved by a breath, something eternal gone; and yet all the while she had felt,

what she was now told, that Jen would never come home. Beyond the glass, rain beat steadily down, leaves of the crab apple quivered with its pelting and shone wet, while among them the tiny throngs, double and triple stemmed bunches of pale green fruit no larger than buckshot, amazed her with their abundance like a sight no one had ever seen before.

She did not see them now, or the rain; but inwardly watched a boat row off into Indian summer, with a widow's veil hanging down black, astern, nearly touching the water. Jen was dead, buried away off there; Bion lay on the hill with his fathers; and though doubtless the parting of man and wife had no significance, it came like another stroke of Jen's destiny throughout, cold, unnecessary, forlorn.

She had lost Ransom out of mind. He waited, still playing knuckle bones on the back of the chair, as if he had not already said everything.

"I come here to tender you my sym—I-gorry, Barbry, never dremp' you cared about her so much as all that!"

Barbara waved at him to sit down, and faced the rain once more, for he had no right to spy and measure. His chair squeaked.

"Barbry!"

She did not move. His call sounded woeful and untrue.

"Death makes a big change in folks' affairs."

It seemed wrong to remember, and hug so warmly the remembrance, that out where the rain slanted from, Andrew Pagan was alive.

"I made you an offer, Barbry, not long ago. 'Twan't much, but the best I hed—an hon'able proposal of marriage."

Her arms were crossed on the window, supporting her forehead.

"No, don't go back to that, Ransom. Not now; nor any time."

He sighed. "Let it hang on then. But I'm speaking as a trained lawyer. Death does upset the whole apple cart, Barbry. Did I hear you say—did you look on the late Mis' Bine Savory as being poor?"

"Yes." Barbara drummed on the panes. "Yes, yes!"

"Well, she wan't."

Rain splashed, overrunning the gutter along the house front.

"I tell ye she wan't!" cried Ransom in anger. "Jen Savory died well-to-do. She's left a good estate. Bine, she kep' him on a check rein so's they lived pov'ty-struck, and you with 'em. But she died fust rate, well off, bein' prudent and clos'."

Barbara turned toward him, no longer caring if tears ran or not. Was this all the good anyone could speak of Jen?

"The poor woman!" What a pity, she thought, to live so long, so hard, missing the only godsend, a simple matter like yesterday's which came, took you and bore it out with you even to the edge of doom. "Oh, Ransom, do be quiet! Think of her, the poor woman!"

He sat relaxed, with his thin legs crossed, but one large flat boot slowly beating time in air like the motion of a cat's tail when the cat begins to lose its temper

(Continued on Page 85)

Beside Her, Yet Miles Off, Sounded the Talk of the Two Old Men. They Used Andrew's Tongue, the Language of the Sea, Incomprehensible to Her. Surely It Was a Dream

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 9, 1925

Great Oaks From Little Acorns

THIS is an age of great projects and great undertakings. We attend big schools or universities, live in large cities and work for corporations or belong to unions of immense proportions. The growth of population, the progress of invention and the multiplication of human wants—these have made the existence of mere magnitude a rather commonplace and unimportant fact. Newspapers and periodicals with space to fill can always turn to feature articles on the wonders of big figures in any one of many fields of activity; but why should there be any more thrill for the modern reader in such old stuff than in the sight of an electric light or a telephone?

Million-dollar incomes, movie-star salaries, bank deposits, railroad earnings—all such financial phenomena must be very large, indeed, to stir the jaded appetite of an overfed public. Indeed, there is nothing so very momentous about all these and many other manifestations of magnitude. Size is apparently an inevitable accompaniment of modern civilization; in all probability one of its superficial concomitants. Offhand, it does not seem a cause either for boasting or for alarm.

But unfortunately, as magnitude becomes a more frequent attribute of industrial and financial operations, its real nature is less understood. Large corporations and fortunes may have become trite to those who seek journalistic novelties; but the constant discussion of them has had a peculiar, an unwarranted and, in one respect at least, a detrimental effect.

The laws of Nature are for all practical purposes everlasting and immutable. Yet the same young man who studies them diligently in the physical, the chemical and above all in the biological laboratory, ignores them in the grand manner when he enters the marts of trade.

Nature never planted and, as far as we know, never will plant a giant redwood, although she has put into the ground many a seed from which they have grown. It is the same with an insect, a fish, a toad, an infant, an adult man, a brokerage firm, a bank, a school, a business of any kind; if the laws of growth do not apply to each and every one of them, then there is no law or order in the universe, and all is chaos.

The size of modern institutions blinds men to the hard facts of Nature. They believe too often, to take only one illustration, that large marble columns on the outside and many mahogany desks on the inside make a bank. Anything real, anything successful, anything entitled to be big, must grow, cell upon cell, like a living organism. It cannot be suddenly drawn out of the air and set up in full operation with a few stage properties, as a magician pulls grown rabbits out of a hat.

There are many great and imposing institutions, but those which are sound in their greatness started in a small way. They, or rather their organizers, served in practically all cases an apprenticeship of hardship and striving. But today there are so many shining examples of success, so many completed products of earlier struggles, that many people see only the result and do not reason back along the line of achievement to the small and humble beginning.

Screen-smitten maidens are cognizant of the fame and fortune of movie stars, and hope by some lucky accident to spring full grown into like positions, although the personal narratives of most successful actors and actresses have always followed the parallel of Nature's law of growth. Those whose names are now on every tongue knocked about the theaters in their childhood and youth in almost menial capacities.

Thousands of young men and women with literary ambitions wonder why they cannot break into the columns of some envied medium, forgetful and often contemptuous of the long, hard and humble apprenticeship served by those who have broken in.

With all the recipes given the young on how to succeed, it is strange they are not told more often that an essential is willingness, indeed eagerness to be a good soldier, to perform enthusiastically the duties that lie immediately before them, rather than to exhale discontent because the actual summits have not been reached.

Many a little stockbroker would like to become a great financier whose utterances and movements are followed with bated breath by the speculative and investing public. But little brokers never do become great financiers unless they execute little orders exceedingly well. The cashier of a small neighborhood country bank dreams of heading the most powerful of city institutions, but he might as well give up such dreams unless he serves his neighborhood customers well. The manager of a little factory has visions of becoming another Gary or Schwab, but he must make a record for ability in the small plant first.

Then, too, the consumer has some rights. In any sort of boom condition there spring up countless so-called banking, investment and brokerage concerns—in bonds, stocks, real-estate and other lines. But they are such only in name. Their promoters are really opportunists, and not brokers or bankers. It takes experience and knowledge to be a banker or a broker in any line, to weather the storms as well as to profit by prosperity. It takes more than a letterhead, an office and a lot of furniture.

Indeed, for that matter, the one great distinction in all lines of business is between the real and the unreal, between the honest-to-goodness oil or mining company, for instance, which expects to stay in business and produce oil or minerals, and those which rush in to make a quick killing. It takes time, of course, to acquire experience and wisdom, and the young man is impatient of time. He would like to head a business of his own before he is eighty. But there is such a thing as starting in business at the bottom as well as at the top. There is such a thing as learning to do one branch of a particular line of business well before attempting to cover all branches poorly.

The scourge that afflicts the body economic and social today is one of men and women ready to do great things on paper. Plans are all very well; there must be a measure of plans and vision in all successful undertakings. But the country is overrun with a veritable grasshopper plague of people whose only equipment consists of vision, plans on paper and sheer nerve.

The great idea in business with far too many is to open the largest possible office and skim off the cream, whereas it will always remain true that the only enduring success in any line of endeavor comes to those who march steadily from stage to stage of growth and development.

When foreign trade was booming during and just after the war, great numbers of new organizations were formed to engage in what looked to be very profitable business. In several cases whole buildings or floors of buildings were taken and operations were launched on the most elaborate scale. Old-timers in the trade were shoved aside, their customers taken away by extravagant and unreasonable offers, and their names and reputations overshadowed by the newcomers. But the old-timers are still doing business at the same old stand, and the newcomers have never really found out what hit them when the slump came.

Whether it be the conduct of a bank or of a school for boys, the really successful man is he who starts in a small way with his own money and goes through the mill.

"Our deposits fluctuate now a million dollars a day one way or the other without making the slightest difference," said one of the organizers of a leading bank. "But when two of us started twenty-five years ago we struggled for five years to get a million dollars in deposits."

Those who would have the state enter industry too often suffer from delusions of grandeur. As a first bite, they usually think in terms of half-billion-dollar bond issues. They forget that such functions as the state performs at present to the general satisfaction were first undertaken in a small way. London and New York administer police forces which number tens of thousands of men; but the original force in each city consisted of one man. If London or New York were to enter the banking business tomorrow, with twenty thousand bank clerks employed at the start, does anyone doubt that graft, waste and inefficiency would result?

One of the Latin-American countries which has gone through many recent revolutions set up, as the result of its last overturn, a very elaborate scheme for night schools for the education of its large body of illiterates. But although education is successfully carried on by governments where a fair opportunity is given for normal development, education stands no more chance than banking or retailing if the whole blooming works is adopted at once. The plans were beautiful, but somehow the wheels failed to go round to any notable extent.

Meanwhile a young lawyer who had previously taught in country schools became interested in the many half-starved orphan boys who infested the streets of one of the smaller cities. He started a small school for them and it grew to considerable proportions. He then moved to the capital and metropolis, where he naturally found a larger field of work. At last accounts he was carrying on an industrial school where thousands of boys were being helped toward useful citizenship, all of which has been accomplished by the efforts of an individual equipped for work which developed along normal lines as it proved its value and success.

Parlor socialists are always drawing up plans for organized labor to take over industry, or to reform the social and economic order. Meanwhile a few unions start in a small way to engage in the banking business. If soundly conducted and developed, labor-union banking may prove to be a new factor of major importance in the social and economic order, or it may not. No one knows. But any sane gambling man would be more likely to bet upon its future importance therein than upon that of the paper plans for an immediate revamping of the entire existing order.

There is always room for the development of new enterprises and new institutions, whether conducted by individuals for private profit or by governments for the general welfare, provided the development takes place along the lines of normal growth. But trees must have roots. Governments cannot produce new institutions by decree or fiat any more than individuals can produce them by boldness, nerve and the issuance of prospectuses.

Whatever value Couéism and other similar faiths may have in therapeutics, they are being greatly overworked in the fields of economic and sociological operation. Private business enterprises and government schemes alike never have been able and never will be able to lift themselves by their boot straps. Just as the unfolding of the plant is and must be a gradual cellular development, so must be that of every other organism and organization.

The way to acquire wisdom is not to swallow an encyclopedia in one gulp, but to gain understanding line upon line and precept upon precept.

AMERICA AND TOMORROW

By Isaac F. Marcosson

THESE papers were projected with a view of finding out just what is in the back of the heads of the American people, to the end that some definite program might be formulated for tomorrow. Obviously, if our present prosperity is to continue, and if we are to be the balance wheel in the much-needed readjustment for world normalcy, we must coördinate ourselves, and through a clearly defined program at home point a constructive precedent for progress abroad.

Week after week we have been tapping the reservoir of public opinion. Individuals of every social, political and economic status have had their say about immigration, railroads, taxation, labor, capital, the farmer, the tariff and Europe. Through the devious obstructions reared by ignorant emotion, sectionalism, class and self-interest, and plain, unadulterated indifference, we have made our way. Now we come to the closing chapter, to make what lawyers call the summing up.

A democracy does not operate itself. Its success depends upon the public opinion, not upon the politics that it reflects. Hence leadership is as much vested in the idea as in the individual. Unfortunately big vision and petty politics are utter strangers. If there ever was a time when we needed a stalwart sentiment to galvanize our national conscience it is the present hour, so packed with perilous possibilities, not only for ourselves but for all mankind.

Bars to Progress

BEFORE we go into the final diagnosis of opinion let me indicate two more reasons for the prevailing indecision, not hitherto dealt with in these articles. They round out the approach to recapitulation, and can be easily comprehended even amid the noisy clamor and passion of these crowded times.

The first is that the country as a whole is living beyond its means. In 1920 and 1921 we liquidated in nearly everything but personal extravagance. Not long ago I asked a distinguished Frenchman on his first visit to the United States to tell me his impressions. His answer was:

"During the past eight months I have been entirely round the world, and I have never seen any community where money is spent so lavishly as in New York. I find the same condition to a lesser degree wherever I go in America."

It was not this Frenchman's instinct for thrift that prompted his astonishment. He happened to be a man of wealth and accustomed to more or less lavish expenditure. Yet the reckless outpouring of money for luxuries that he saw in our big cities horrified him. His reaction is the same as that on nearly every foreigner. We seem to be losing the sense for saving.

The truth of the matter is that our whole economic perspective is distorted. Extravagance is only one aspect. Another is the extraordinary discrepancy between the wage of the man who works with his hands and the salary of the man who uses his brain. The plasterer and carpenter get much more than the trained law clerk. It is all part of the phenomena of an age that has lost the normal step.

The second reason is that we have made a fetish of hokum. Many people in public, and particularly in political life, espouse no cause that lacks pyrotechnics or that fails to guarantee emotional delight for their audiences. They hesitate to speak until they know what others are likely to say and how their utterances will be received by the multitude. It is a case of plaudits first.

It means that to a degree greater than has existed for years we are living in a period of bunk and demagogy, instead of an age of vital thought and constructive argument. Everywhere the eloquent side-stepper with a bag of popular tricks gets away with the goods. Like the get-rich-quick artist, he works on cupidity, but of a different kind. The growing dissatisfaction over this pussyfooting naturally makes for an unrest not unmixed with disgust. Just as the present era demands a fixed policy, so does it also require real men to combat the cheap emotionalism that is pervading nearly every important issue.

In the two weaknesses that I have just pointed out lies a distinct menace to our progress. The acute need, therefore, is not only for political and economic statesmanship, but for a revival of that essential to personal and national integrity which is faith—a deep and abiding reverence for ideal and duty. If any program for tomorrow is to succeed it must have this moral impetus.

A Matter of Biology

WHAT then do the American people want? Since one of the chief dangers to Americanism lies primarily in an unassimilated immigration, let us first see how opinion sums up with regard to it. The most outstanding fact perhaps is that the old sentimentality about the immigrant is giving way before a practical conception of the problem. The great mass of Americans favor a restrictive and selective system. The 3 per cent quota such as is now in vogue is considered adequate, but there is a tendency for a reduction to 2 per cent. Everywhere is the feeling that immigration is primarily a matter of biology, pure and simple, and the task is to get a racial stock that can best be absorbed in the vast laboratory which is our democracy.

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"I'm Glad That Feller Don't Manage My Dairy Herd"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

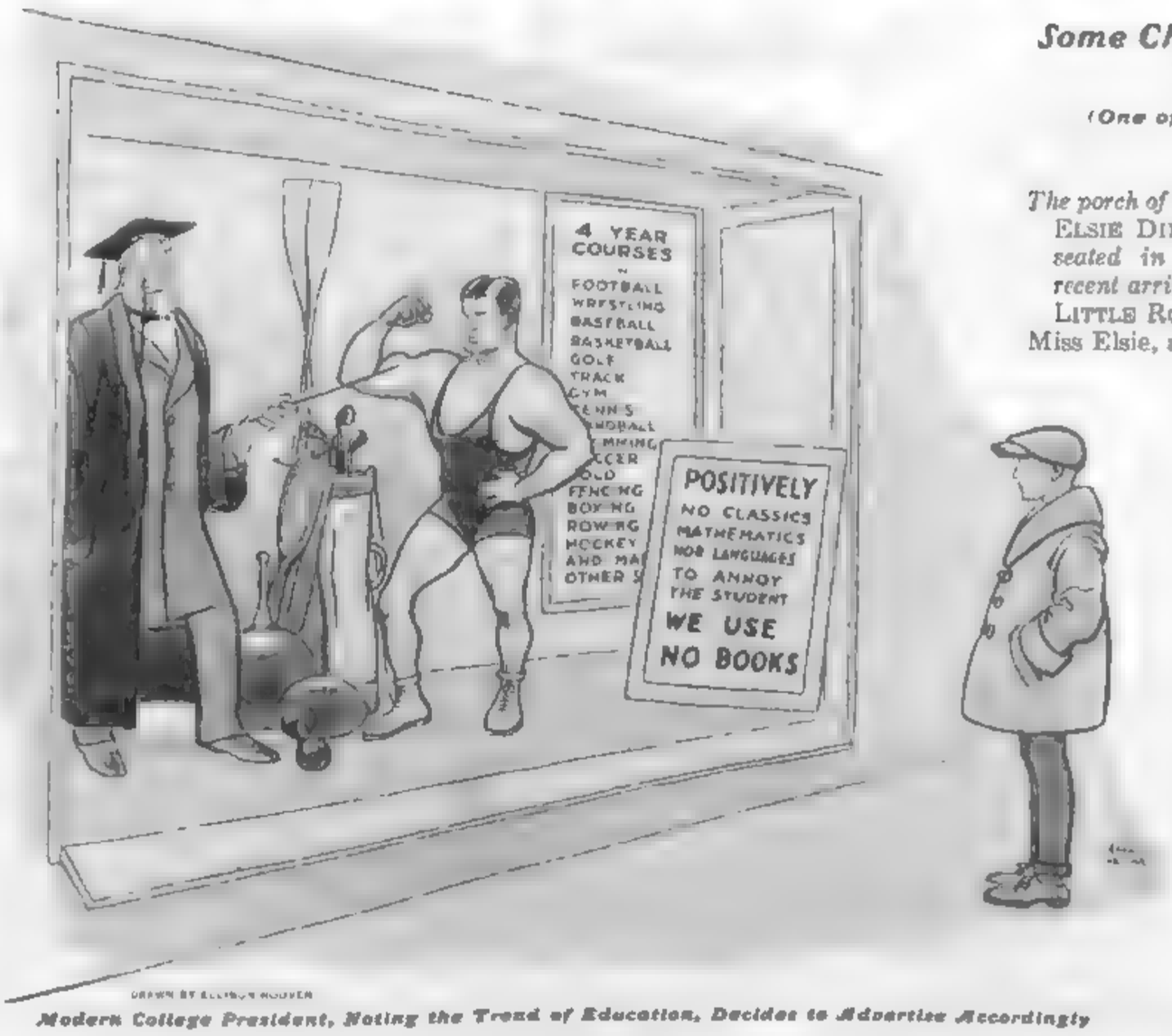
And Oblige

WHEN I've made a million dollars—
it may take a year or two
At the present rate of speed that things are going—
There are various little matters that are somewhat overdue,
And the prospect, at the moment, isn't glowing;
But as soon as I've a million, as I started in to say,
Life will be, I take it, gloriously happy;
For already I am planning to expend it in a way
That will be, if I may say it, rather snappy.

I will charter me a taxicab of cheery white and brown,
And you'll never catch me glancing at the meter!
And I'll make a little tour of all the milliners in town;
And the question is, Could anything be sweeter?
Just for stamps and lunch and cigarettes, each morn I'll draw a check
For a thousand dollars, payable to bearer,
And you'll hear the pearls a-clanking, as I drape them on my neck.
It occurs to me that little could be fairer.

It is true a modest million doesn't take you very far,
And it's hard to find another when you've shot it;
But I'll blow it like the widely known inebriated tar,
For I want to be a good one while I've got it.
So the minute I've a million, I'll go right ahead and spend,
Though it doesn't last me more than over Sunday.
In the meantime, though, I wonder, as a favor to a friend,
Could you let me have a dollar—say, till Monday?

—Dorothy Parker.



DRAWN BY ELLISON HOOVER

Modern College President, Noting the Trend of Education, Decides to Advertise Accordingly

Condensed Drama

THE LIGHT SOCIETY COMEDY. Mabel Henderson has been devoting all her time to her home and children, while her husband, Tom, has been carrying on a flirtation with Mrs. De Costa, the fascinating widow next door. Mabel goes to New York, buys a swell line of Paris clothes, rouge and jewelry, and dresses herself up like a vamp. Tom fails to recognize her and falls desperately in love with her.

THE JOLLY OLD RUSSIAN PLAY. Olga Petruchka Popotinoff learns that both of her parents have died in an insane asylum. She feels the family curse coming on, so she kills her husband, Ivan Barolsky, and her two children with a hatchet, and after setting fire to her house goes forth to devote the remainder of her life to making the world a finer place to live in.

THE CROOK PLAY. Hiram Dunwoodie, the banker, is found on the floor of his library stabbed through the heart with a paper cutter. All the doors and windows are locked. Bill Kelly, the chief of police, arrests Jack Dunwoodie, Hiram's disinherited son, and puts him through the third degree. But Myrtle, Old Man Dunwoodie's secretary, who is engaged to Jack, disguises herself as a lady crook and goes to Kelly's bachelor apartment at midnight. She plies the chief of police with champagne, and when he is intoxicated he confesses that it was he who entered Dunwoodie's library through a secret panel in the wall and murdered the banker, because Dunwoodie knew that Kelly had been in the penitentiary thirty years before.

THE HISTORICAL COSTUME PLAY. Louis IX of France has been carrying on an intrigue with Marie, the daughter of Pierre Lafarge, the tavern keeper. She does not know his identity. But Cardinal Mazarin, who is plotting to put the Young Pretender on the throne, kidnaps Marie and takes her to the palace. Louis returns from the War of the Roses.

Lafarge enters and announces that Marie is the long-lost daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. Louis removes the crown from his head and crowns her Queen of France.

THE MUSICAL REVUE. Seventy-five girls in very little clothing.

—Newman Levy.

Binks, the Young Zoölogist, Discovers a Specimen of an Almost Extinct Species

Some Characters Besmirching Their Authors

(One of Those Paregorical Plays)

SCENE

The porch of the Old Fiction-Characters' Home. ELSIE DINSMORE *and* LITTLE ROLLO *are seated in rocking-chairs discussing some recent arrivals.*

LITTLE ROLLO: Do they not impress you, Miss Elsie, as shockingly vulgar?

ELSIE: *(her eyes filling with tears):* I try not to judge too harshly, dear Rollo; but they do, indeed, appear—well, hardly our sort. And yet I am told they come from the very best sellers.

ROLLO: It is—forgive my mentioning it, Miss Elsie—quite evident that the majority of them come from some sort of cellars!

Several arrived in a decidedly—if you will pardon the word—inebriated condition. For my part, I do not care to mix with any of them.

ELSIE: Ah, but you must remember, dear Rollo, we characters are only what our authors make us! Would it not be kinder to suspend judgment until we have heard their stories? Perhaps times have changed since our day.

ROLLO: Indeed, I am sure Characters have, if one may judge by those one meets here. Such coarseness, such lack of refinement! From the very minute they let in those dirty Russian peasants the tone has never been the same. Do you remember that dreadful Young Girl who arrived here with a diary and seventeen trunks of inhibitions—whatever they may be? Thank heaven she was put in quarantine immediately!

ELSIE: Ah, yes! Dear little Pollyanna was the last to come who could rightly be considered one of us. But none of these new people seem happy, dear Rollo. Goodness knows, I always enjoyed a good cry, but I never looked like that. Look, here they come now! Let us strive to learn what ails them. *(Several* CHARACTERS, *familiar to the reader, approach slowly and dejectedly.* ELSIE *rises, introduces herself and* ROLLO, *and says, "I'm sure we must have mutual friends," and begs them to be seated. After a pause she speaks again.)* You seem unhappy. May I not lend you one of my pocket handkerchiefs?

CHARACTERS *(gloomily):* Thanks, no.

ROLLO: You appear to have had a hard journey, my friends. *(The* CHARACTERS, *suddenly stung to action, cry, "Hard!" "Curse him!" "There ought to be a law!" "A lamp-post for every author!" and the like.* ELSIE, *terrified, puts her fingers in her ears.*

PROSPEROUS-LOOKING MAN CHARACTER: Cut it out, boys and girls! Don't you see the lady's nervous? Excuse us, Miss Dinsmore, but we're all pretty sore at the way we've been treated, and we just naturally bust loose.

ROLLO: My good man, though I do not understand your language, I am indeed filled with regret that you have been ill treated. May I ask by whom?

ALL CHARACTERS: By our authors! They made us what we are today—we hope they're satisfied! *(They utter angry cries as before.)*

ROLLO: Dear me, how distressing! Only fancy, dear Elsie, they have been ill treated by their authors. Can you imagine it?

(Continued on Page 133)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Ready for your hunger!

A steaming, fragrant dish of Campbell's Beans with their tempting tomato sauce is just about as welcome a sight as ever greeted a hungry man! Real food that "sticks to the ribs" and tastes mighty good down to the last bean on your plate! You will digest these beans easily because they are slow-cooked—wholesome, inviting, satisfying.

12 cents a can

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Campbell's BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

SANDOVAL

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

VIII

WE ALL pushed and the piano rolled up ten joined planks. Then it shot from our hands and slid down the incline to wander on the deck, shedding burlaps until its blackness took a thousand sparks under the mighty noon. Lads on the dock gave a patronizing cheer and stevedores swore harmoniously, pleased by this end to so much sweat. A piano was hell's job to get aboard a ship and no mistake! There ought to be a drink in this for everybody. I stood panting, and was pleased, too, with my hair in my eyes. The piano was absurd, with webs from the rigging printed on the foul deck and a cook inspecting it from the galley's smoking door. A girl in blue walked to the misplaced box and ran dark fingers along keys. She stood with her black hair momently smoothed by puffs of wind that struck this curve of docks, these sulking ships. Then notes went quaintly mounting in the blaze; she played some bars of a Haydn march, tapped a bugle call.

The hot men grunted as if this was too marvelous, fingering shirts of damp, checked wool, and a man on the deck house said, "Now you've tore up the whole universe to get that thing on ship, Ellie, maybe you'll go home and tell your mamma to spank you."

She did not heed, but lingered, and more notes rose. A thought of music held her to the keys.

At last she said, "Dad, this ought to be tuned. It'll be just dreadful before we get to San Francisco."

"Ain't that feller next door in Bank Street a piano tuner? Send him over. Get along home now."

They lived in Bank Street. He must be Captain Hoe, who would take the white ship out on Sunday. They lived in Bank Street, and the black-haired, dark girl was going to San Francisco in one of the neat cabins painted pale green. I had walked clear from Third Avenue after the dray and the robed piano. To get the piano aboard the Pernambuco had stripped me of all thinking; a harsh guilt raged up now, and I stumbled over the gulf to my blue jacket on the stringpiece, watched by a degraded cat whose left ear had no tip. A gaunt negro's jet glisten showed through slashes in his shirt while he stroked the cat's tail; boys swam in the ferry's slip, and their heads were balls among brassy welts of the peacock water. I must notice all these things when my heart was broken, and I had yelled at the prize fight last night when the hairy, plain lightweight knocked down the handsome Irish boy on whom all the dandies had bet! And now this piano had come along when my shallow nature was getting to its duty of woe in the tramp from Desbrosses Street. Mother and the globular Mrs. Braithwaite, with their gallants and lunch baskets, were skimming New Jersey now, and mother's bracelets would be flashing while she spoke bitterness of May—red flashes against silver. It should make me angry to think of that, but the Haydn march tripped in my head.

"Father wanted you to have this for helping with the piano."

The girl's hand dropped, after a stare.

She said, "Oh! . . . Well, thank you anyhow." The wide parasol put a blue dimple on her brown chin, dark as mine, and her black eyes raked me. She wondered who I was and why I had helped. "Thank you. . . . Such a nuisance to get on board."

I Was in the Tumbling Sound of Applause, Aware of Hissing Laughter, While She Set Slim Hands on Hips and Minced to the Rim of the Platform

"You're goin' to San Francisco?"

"Yes, father's taking us out. Brother lives there."

"I used to live at 5 Bank Street."

"We've been living at 8, but it's so crowded. Rod's seventeen now, and the twins are ten."

We walked along the mannerless dock and pretended not to see an Irishwoman suckling one child and scolding another, or a heap of offal boiling with flies, and I must wonder if she was more than twenty and if Rod liked her.

"I suppose you've never been to San Francisco before."

"I don't remember it, but I got born there. Father took mamma out in the gold rush," she said, as if to mention being born was a trifle; and she brutally went on: "But they came right back in 1850. Golly! Mamma says it was dreadful then. Lots of the women were just awful, and she had to pay twenty dollars gold for a chemise! But now it's real civilized. I'm going to give piano lessons."

This street stretched into society, but she was an outlaw; she spoke of chemises and birth and giving piano lessons. Well, I was society's enemy.

I grunted, "Wish I could get to San Francisco!" Why shouldn't Christian take me to San Francisco in a green cabin of the ship? Why should we hang around and be wept on by Mrs. Worth? "How much does it cost?"

"Two hundred dollars. . . . There's still two cabins."

I watched her blue gown's edge cavort, and thought of playing her piano to soothe Christian while the ship tilted and whales romped on green waves. She nodded thanks, and I sat on the steps to think; but thought died off as a dray filled with potted plants turned into Gouverneur Street. Who wanted potted plants south of society? Then Mrs. Worth's baby came to bite my elbow. Everything warred on woe; life rattled higher with the bells of noon, and workmen went in wedges toward the ferry's pink turtle at the docks. If I went upstairs to grieve, Christian would joke about mother's flight to Buford Springs in Pennsylvania, where rich folk from Pittsburgh were so vulgar, and he would set me problems in definition: What was vulgarity? What was elegance? He would talk and I would forget about May Almy. I was hungry on the step, and Mrs. Worth came to capture her child.

"Christian's just derisive about my writing Miss Almy! But I'm sure she must have seen in a paper that he had me at Daly's the other night! Oh," she said, shedding two pins, "society just ought to be arranged so the most intelligent people would be the most respected! Then things like this wouldn't happen!"

"Why? Anyhow," I pondered, "bein' in love hasn't got a thing to do with bein' intelligent. There were three women wrote mother yesterday to ask where Mr. Sandoval lives. He's a lunkhead. He ain't even polite. But he's kind of good-lookin'."

"Who is he?"

I yawned, "He's from New Orleans. He came to look for a man named Ross, but Ross died in '66. . . . Well, if one of those women falls in love with him what's it got to do with intelligence?" I yawned, "It's just accidental; everything's accidental. I ——"

Fright stopped me; something crackled in my pocket. But it was the bill of the prize fight at Tierney's Garden, not the letter that Christian had written to Sandoval about Ross. Yes, I'd posted that. I remembered the scratching iron of the box as I thrust the letter into its slit day before yesterday. But now I forgot what I was talking about, and brooded on my own mind's accidents while I tramped into the house and up the curving stairs.

Sun smashed down in a columnar stroke from the skylight's hexagon, and music wandered the white hall with a hard little hurry of notes as the violin told some trivial story far above me. Yet I must listen, and no silver came in the glow so solid beyond the turning handrail. Accidental! I had been talking of accidents. Everything was accidental. Suppose that father hadn't built a house at Dobbs Ferry, why, Christian and I would have never seen her silver gowns. Was this worth thinking? I grew old, watching the light's unmoving shape, and all thought was stale in my blankness. The music hurried down, ceased and released me. I stood indifferent against the wall and looked at Sandoval.

"Who was playing?"

"He's a Russian. On the third floor."

The voice tapped, "Russians—I met some in Paris. It is a silly nation. One half sits at home in Russia and pities

(Continued on Page 32)

When another car would have outlived its usefulness, the Hupmobile goes serenely on, giving the same faithful, steady service that characterized the first days of its ownership.

—A Recent Hupmobile Advertisement

We know this statement to be true; and Hupmobile owners by the hundreds and the thousands know it to be true.

But at intervals its truth is borne in upon us anew by direct evidence from some Hupmobile owner, so forceful that it is worthy of public record.

Such an instance is a letter from Dr. J. G. Cutliff, of Albany, Ga., who informs us that he is driving a Model 20 Hupmobile, No. 5982.

He inquires as to the year of its manufacture, and desires to know whether he can obtain oversize pistons. He goes on to say:—

"It has been on the job ten years for me, and was second hand when I got it. It is the wonder of this town."

The factory records show that this particular car—one of the original Hupmobile runabouts—was built in 1910. Moreover, the service department informed Dr. Cutliff that he could be supplied with any and all parts necessary to the operation of his car—one of the earliest we built.

From another section, comes an inquiry equally interesting. L. Woner, of Rock, Kansas, asks for specifications of our latest product. His Hupmobile is a model H—the famous "32"—and he has been using it since 1912.

"The speedometer has been worn out for three years," his letter says. "I don't know how many miles the car has gone. The motor has had one set of new rings—all that has ever been replaced."

Anywhere in the country—probably in your own locality—you can find evidence of the extraordinary long-life of the Hupmobile.

It is such usefulness—coupled with yearly maintenance costs that are almost unbelievably low—that makes the Hupmobile pay so handsomely, and its owners hesitate, when they buy a new car, to change from the Hupmobile.

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 30

itself. The rest are drunk in Paris. Your brother? Tell me, is it the custom up here to print on the front of all the newspapers when an engagement is broken? That—you see? seems painful to me." He pulled smooth a singular red cravat that blazed in the fold of his white linen coat: red and white—the Confederate colors? He wore, too, a broad hat of limber straw, and was wholly the Southern planter of sketches before the war. People must have stared on dingy streets. Well, he liked to be admired.

He asked, "Miss Almy lives in this Tarrytown—I am right?"

"Yes; they've a house in Tarrytown. . . . You got Christian's letter about this Mr. Ross being dead in '66? I mailed it day before yesterday."

He said, in French, "It came. . . . Rupert, the fellow who owns the hotel, gave me a card to the police and I verified that Edward Ross died in 1866—October. Yes, I know that."

Then he was still and almost graceless, leaning on the handrail, his eyes lured to the trunk of light.

So he had not trusted Christian's letter, but had gone to the records to find out if Christian was lying. And now what would he do? The thief of his group's present to the people in Paris was dead. He might as well go home to Sandoval and lounge in this white costume on some horse and watch the hot black of his negroes cutting sugar cane.

"I was presented to Mrs. Almy at your ball. She is an invalid, she says."

"Kind of. She's nervous."

"Ah, Miss Almy is the—the manager of the family? There is no other child of Robert Almy? I am right?"

"Well, my father manages the bank for 'em. . . . Why?"

"I was much impressed by Miss Almy. She appeared to me very frank and intelligent. Yes," he said, "very pleasant." He gave her his approval in a little gesture, a quick smile, and his grace commenced. "And now is your brother in his apartment? I have kept you standing here. . . . He is at home?"

Christian's black dressing gown was open over his white nightshirt, and he turned from the green glasses of the mantel with a frown. Then, in a sort of relief, he said, "Ho, Sandoval! . . . Mother get off all right, Blacky?"

"Yes."

"Bully blue! . . . Well, Sandoval, thought you might have started for New Orleans. So Edward Ross is dead. My father knew him."

He spoke over a whispering: balls of crushed paper rolled on the gray planks about his slippers as a breeze came, passed

"I don't derange you?"

"Not a bit. Just waitin' for Thor to come in. . . . Now what'll we do about that present to Paris that didn't get there?"

"Your brother he knows of all this?"

Christian said "All of it," and slumped into the chair beside his desk. Sandoval walked slowly to the hearth and was at once pure, unshadowed white in the sheen from one window. He took the light and a posture, his hands spread on the shelf behind him widely.

"I do not give up you see. . . . Ross is dead. Very well, I will now say that Ross acted for another—a man of great eminence in your commercial circles here." He made his sudden abolishing sound of disapproval, and went on: "That, I suppose, surprises you. You do not believe that an eminent person would have dealings with the wicked rebels?"

My brother grinned and scrubbed the amber hair over both temples. His eyes measured the white shape and settled on Sandoval's face with a beaming pleasure.

He drawled, "Oh, so Ross wasn't the real feller? He was actin' for somebody else? You didn't say that before, Sandoval."

"No; it would have been better to have found Ross and taken him to this other thief's family, and have said 'Here!' I should have liked to do that."

Christian said, crossing his bare ankles, "Yes, you'd have liked that," and then beamed. The man on the hearth was to his frankness a kind of irritating joy, a cheap puzzle that just eluded him. Nothing made him like Sandoval; honor whipped him on to help the man. He said, "All right! Ross is under the daisies. Who's the other feller? Who ——"

One tawny hand swung from the shelf. Sandoval commanded silence, and my brother's rough drawl gave way to the ceremonious tapping of that translated speech: "You are not surprised that a man, well rich, respected in this city, would have stolen "

"Sandoval, wait a jiffy! I'm near twenty-five. I live here. You tell me some rich man did business with your set—and stole this money you people were sendin' to ——"

"I, of course, was with my regiment in Virginia."

Oh, we must know that he had been on the line of battle! We must be sure that Chrétien Coty de Sandoval was not skulking in conquered New Orleans! He, shrugging, assured us of that, and stroked the scarlet cravat. His vanity and his flesh were one; he was I. There was something coarse and dull in the swift assertion of his own courage.

"All right! Some big feller up here had this Englishman for his agent. It don't surprise me to hear that he stole! A hog named Tweed runs our politics. The feller Rupert who runs the hotel you're livin' in has got more influence than any gentleman in town. . . . No, this don't surprise me. I ain't a baby. Who did steal the present, then?"

"You admit that it was a Yankee trick—dishonorable?"

"Sure as fire! A stinkin' trick!"

Sandoval nodded. Then he began to perform, with the sunlit hearth for his stage. We must understand that his poor uncle and the other gentlemen did not at once believe that Ross was really agent for this monster. No; they demanded proofs. Well, no proofs were given, no writings. But letters sent to friends—what we would call rebels—were honorably delivered in Boston and New York. And then small sums of money were intrusted to Ross. The release of an ailing lad in Elmira Prison was secured. "They were led on to believe—led on, so!" He led along the mantel a green wineglass until it trembled in his brown fingers on the white edge. He smiled at this image with his eyes wet, pitying the illusion of his poor uncle and these gentlemen, now ruined by their loyalty to a cause.

"Sandoval, no sane man's ever thought of denyin' that you folks were loyal. All right! This feller did little jobs

(Continued on Page 34

"Well, What Happened, Then? What's His Name?" "I Will Spell It: C. C. de—That is d-e—French, You See? S-a-n-d-o-v-a-l, of New Orleans"

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Christian Was Talking to Our Uncle. "Pretty Good-Lookin', Pat. Must Have Cost a Penny"

(Continued from Page 32)

up North for 'em, and then they handed over this that you call a present—money, really ——"

"I have never said that it wasn't money!"

Christian drawled, "I'll die of it! How much money was it, by the way?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in big bills. Fifty thousand dollars and a little more in American and French gold. Rash! Insane! When my poor uncle came through the armies to Richmond and told me this I sobbed!" He whirled a white arm in a vast gesture that shook him. Sandoval almost fell, and the limp hat jumped from his curls. He became a pulsing tube that shot up words in flares; posture was so fixed in him that he did sob, twice. I was ashamed to watch and stared at the floor. "Imbecile! But they believed! Yes, they believed that this low creature in Paris would force Napoleon to aid the South! . . . And when, this April, I made my way to her and demanded if she knew of this she laughed in my face!"

A shimmering woman in Paris had laughed at Sandoval, and it was too much. He had degraded himself in Paris. He had forced the cousin of his father, a lady almost a nun, to introduce him to certain persons—the abominable harpies about Louis Napoleon—low creatures with made-up titles! He had put to his service old school fellows of his days at a French college before the war had brought him back from France to risk all for a cause! He stood and shook white arms.

"I ran about Paris like a dog! If I had not promised these ruined—these unhappy gentlemen! If ——"

"Oh," said Christian, "I see! You've promised your friends to get this three hundred thousand back?"

Another swirl of the arm brought Sandoval from the hearth. These gestures made his whole tall person reel.

"The loss of my family—that does not count! But two hundred thousand! Yes, I must get two hundred thousand—bring back to them—you see?"

He had bragged that he, Sandoval, would do this for a group of shadows in the South; for the ghosts of a cause. It was piteous, terrific. The man himself was a ghost that took on violence and swayed. The assertion of his being scared me

"All right! Well, Ross is dead. This money was hustled up to St. Louis and "

"At the last my uncle thought that he was being spied on. My aunt was followed as she went in the markets, changing French gold for bills. All—the money and the gold—was wrapped in waxed paper and stuffed with much cotton into a statue, a big Hercules of bronze from the house of one of the group. This Monsieur Bar—his name does not matter. Well, he had permission of your General Banks to go to St. Louis on affairs. He passed for a Union man. The statue was not once looked at on a Union transport boat. . . . Ross signed the receipt."

"Pretty smart! The cotton'd keep the money from bumpin' in the statue. . . . Now, who's your man here in town?"

Sandoval picked up his hat; the brown face shivered into a stiffness. Then his voice tapped out, "I wish to be courteous and considerate. The relatives of this fellow—it now becomes—you see?—a question of honor. I do not wish to be cruel—to seem cruel. Let your father make the arrangements with them. He is president of Almy & Co. Let them give me a check and it will all be over. Yes, let them write checks to these gentlemen directly. I will give your father a list of names—ten. . . . Mrs. Almy, she says is invalid. Miss Almy, then, might write the checks and give them to your father. It will all be forgotten, then. Robert Almy is dead and ——" Both white arms rose and drooped in a sort of benediction. Sandoval said, "To have had such a father! Poor girl!"

My brother lay in the chair with his ankles crossed and wound the black cord of his robe around an arm. Nothing changed in his face, and he said, "Yes, better let father handle this for you, Sandoval. . . . You'll be at the hotel after dinner?"

"Certainly."

"I see now why you came to me in this muss—wondered."

Sandoval tossed the wonder to the ceiling on one palm.

"Oh, but my memory is good! Gaar—you see?—that is a queer name. Funnily, it was but a month after you were in my poor uncle's house that Almy's fellow first came down river to New Orleans. Queer that the son of Almy's secretary should have been in our house—ironic."

"Ironic? What's that mean?"

"A—hard to say. You see, I think in French. A twisted-up joke. . . . You will see your father?" He went on simply, "And you will come to see me after dinner? About nine? So. . . . Good-by."

There was a picture working in my head. The map wriggled with gray men and blue men and a statue came sliding up a river through the war to Mr. Almy, whose pointed beard twitched under his pale mouth. This statue walked on the tangled war. I saw Sandoval go out, but my mind shook this great map and the dancing warriors while I said, "He's crazy!"

"Oh, no! Ross just took this crowd of men in. They were so worked up they'd believe anything. They wanted to believe this rubbish and they got bit, Blacky. It sounded fine to 'em. Robert Almy, big banker, born in Virginia. Southerners always know all about each other. No, this feller Ross used Mr. Almy's name and hogged the statue and the money. All those foreign shipping agents and cotton buyers played both sides of the game in the war. Ross could have made it sound pretty probable. . . . I never saw a feller like this Sandoval! He near fell down, he was so sorry for himself!" Christian tinkled the glasses on the shelf for a minute and drawled, "Funny that May never listens to music. . . . Hungry? Wait till I get dressed and we'll get some grub."

"Christy, what are you goin' to tell father?"

"Dunno. He'd better talk to Sandoval though."

He spoke softly, still tinkling two glasses, and weariness rode in his voice. It seemed that he was sleepy, and his slippers dragged off through the curtains of the bedroom. The picture rose in my mind again. Here was the sliding statue and a shadow named Ross, waiting in St. Louis on the map. The statue came to St. Louis in August of 1864. Next month my mother's red bracelets began to shine, and I went to school at Wallingford, and father was Mr. Almy's partner. Rounds of ice pressed on my temples. Father came back from the West one Sunday evening, and on Monday he sent up a young clerk with a note to mother. He was Mr. Almy's partner. September, 1864—"during the late war he secured raw cotton in such quantity for Mr. Almy's clients." No! But here was this picture in my head of the statue filled with money coming from shadows on the map. Statue of Hercule—French for Hercules—the naked man with great muscles and a club that whirled up. Where did Uncle Pat get such a statue?

"Christy!"

"I'll be ready in a minute. Wish you'd put your valise under your bed, sonny."

"Uncle Pat's got a statue of Hercules up at his place, and it's hollow!"

I spoke because I must speak. Christian was a statue in white underclothes between the curtains of his bedroom, with a black comb in his hand. He said, "Pa ain't Ross, sonny. I just remember this Ross. He'd come into the bank and gas at pa about credits in Liverpool for stuff goin' over. Pa ain't Ross. Ross is dead."

"We got rich in 1864."

"Pa'd worked pretty hard for Almy. It was time. . . . I know it looks funny, Thor. He bought in cotton out West for Almy, and—go slow. Don't get scared. Don't" he was talking softly, as though we might be heard—"don't get to thinkin' things"

"Father was out West buyin' cotton for Mr. Almy to sell to Liverpool, and this Hercules came from St. Louis. Then we got rich! Where'd Uncle Pat get this statue?"

"We've got to get lunch," said Christian.

Lunch was a smoky eating place in Water Street, with a red sign over the desk—"Gents will keep on their shirts at tables"—and many sailors hunching big shoulders down to their plates. Two men in visored caps rose to howl in gibberish at each other, and then they wept and drank out of the same glass.

"Rooshans," said our waiter. "It's a country in Europe. They eat herrin' mostly, and get married without no priest. It's a shame what goes on!"

He strode among the tables to which leaden castors were chained, and a dance of steam from some tug on the river showed through a window between spars. Why shouldn't Christian take me abroad? My mind went sailing, and Russia seemed the best place. Or London, where a fat flower seller had sold me a lock of Queen Victoria's horse's tail tied in red string, and fair girls walked in clumps behind their mothers

"Wouldn't you like to go abroad, Christy?"

"Kind of. But I'm stoopid about foreign languages, Blacky."

"You ain't stupid!"

He said "You're foolish about me, son," crossly and drank chilled beer. "No, I'd better stay where I can make people understand what I'm tryin' to say. Sandoval don't talk like most Lou'siana men. It's different. The funny thing is that I bet he was a fine soldier, Blacktop. Lassiter thinks he's cheap. He dresses up too much. Awful sorry for himself. . . . Drink your coffee, son."

Father hadn't come back from a great luncheon somewhere when we asked for him in the bank's waiting room on Chambers Street, where Robert Almy's picture was kept draped in black velvet on a mahogany slab of the wall by father's glazed door. I had seen Mr. Almy only twice. He was burly and handsome, with May's sapphire eyes, and a pointed beard that curled a little. He had laughed very loudly, called me old fellow, and I thought of him while we tramped hot Broadway. Gowns were silver, though, in carriages blackly rolling on the pavement, and I had to think about May.

It was queer that she didn't like music. She could prattle an air on the piano though, and her mother always praised her playing. Now the black cat could fondle the silver gowns forever in society without Christian to come between them. Well, if May liked that better! I hated her for six blocks, and my feet began to ache. Christian was echoing into me his fear of the truth. He talked and I answered. We were both striding firmly up the flagstones

(Continued on Page 99)

Cream of Tomato Soup

½ cup Libby's Evaporated Milk
1½ cups water
1 tablespoon flour
1 can tomato soup
soda

Blend flour with a small amount of cold water, add remaining water and Libby's Milk. Heat to boiling and cook one minute, then add the tomato soup and a pinch of soda. Heat quickly and serve at once

7½ *teaspoons of butter fat in every 16 oz. can*

A better way to cream canned soup

—at a third less cost than even ordinary milk!

WITH the pride that good home cooks always have in finding economical ways to improve the foods they serve, scores of women have told us this:

Libby's Milk is especially fine for creaming canned soups.

Thousands of other Libby Milk users have probably "discovered" the same thing, for when a woman once tries this milk she uses it for *all* her regular cooking. You'll see why when you try the Cream of Tomato recipe above.

Instead of equal amounts of ordinary milk or cream, as the canned soup labels read, you use only one-half cup of Libby's Milk, and water. That's a saving of practically 33⅓% over the cost of common milk—a cost only one-seventh that of the cream.

Yet your soup, you'll find, is wonderfully rich and creamy, with a delightful body and flavor.

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every can

Libby's Milk gives greater richness to cooking for the same reason that cream and butter do: it is rich in butter fat. There are, in fact, 7½ teaspoons of this enriching substance in every 16 oz. can of Libby's Milk!

"From famous pasture lands"

For, unlike ordinary milk, Libby's Milk comes only from selected herds in the finest dairy sections of the country—those favored localities where nature has made of shady hills and green, well watered meadows ideal pasture lands, and where men *specialize* in raising cows that give exceptionally rich milk.

Not only that. At our condenseries in the heart of these famous dairy sections, we remove more than half the moisture from this fine milk, *making it double rich.*

Nothing is added to it; none of its food values taken away. We just seal it in air-tight cans and sterilize it, for only thus can we bring it safely to you who live, perhaps, many hundreds of miles away.

The milk that good cooks use

Order a can of this richer milk from your grocer today. Try it tonight in place of ordinary milk—in the Cream of Tomato recipe given above, in a gravy or sauce, or in your favorite dessert.

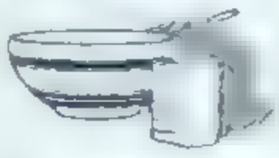
You'll see at once why Libby's Milk has become the regular choice of good cooks everywhere. You'll want it for *all* your cooking, not only because it gives greater richness and finer flavor but because it's so convenient and economical to use.

Write for free recipe folders

Upon request we'll gladly send you copies of some new folders containing many excellent recipes sent us by good cooks who use Libby's Milk. Write today.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
506 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby's MILK



The milk that good cooks use

PAINLESS TAXES

By Forrest Crissey

WHILE Uncle Sam isn't exactly hard pressed for funds with which to keep his establishment going, he has a lively and growing family of high-speed spenders whose demands appear to be decidedly progressive. In other words, although he is rather comfortably fixed as to current income, he is in no position to relax his grip on the family purse-strings or to overlook the likelihood that certain whopping big expenses are imminent. He considers it an act of the simplest prudence to see that his income of the morrow is not only protected from shrinkage but that he has in reserve an emergency leverage capable of quickly expanding it without starting a family riot.

He has a mighty expensive establishment to keep up. It's a fright, really, when you come to face it! Before the war its cost was over $1,000,000,000 a year—a sum that scandalized his people. They considered that he was hitting a mighty swift pace. Now, if he doesn't dig up about $4,000,000,000 he's going to run behind.

True, he has adopted the budget system of expenditures, thereby saving about $250,000,000 a year, according to the director of the budget; but that has not been equal to the task of stopping the gap caused by declining income. From July 1, 1921, to June 17, 1922, the Government's income was $3,871,981,369 as against $5,227,368,742 for the same period of 1920–21. This means a decline in income of $1,355,387,373. A billion and a third is quite some drop!

True, income is on the up-grade just now and Representative Madden, of the House Appropriations Committee, is reported to have informed the President that for the current fiscal year the Government will probably come out even and in the next year show a surplus. All very cheering—but it isn't easy to forget that sudden shrinkage of income already referred to or the fact that it has always been a heap easier for Uncle Sam to spend than to save, to run behind instead of get ahead.

It's no secret that the backbone of his income is the Federal income tax. He's in the business of furnishing national and international police protection—not to mention various other lines of personal service—to his large and growing family, and this income tax is the toll he collects for that service.

In the language of the street that tax was framed upon the slogan "Soak the rich"; on the principle of ability to pay. At the outset it seemed to work fairly well. Anyhow it brought in a power of money and didn't start a riot.

Of course the war profiteers who made a big killing squealed when Uncle Sam came along with a club and took anywhere from 40 to 73 per cent of it away from them. But who cared about that? The profiteers only!

Then precious few ordinary citizens were moved to tears because multimillionaires and great corporations had to shell out into Uncle Sam's hand the lion's share of untainted profits. Altogether things were looking decidedly safe for the great mass of small-income folks. Apparently they were getting out from under and the rich were holding the bag! And it looked rather soft for Uncle Sam too. His board of directors—the members of Congress—had no objection whatever to seeing the rich soaked and the workers let off easy. A very natural and human sentiment!

Unexpected Consequences

ALL together the income tax seemed quite a happy arrangement—until something happened! In the net, this something was a shocking shrinkage of Uncle Sam's tax income. Also it involved an alarming epidemic of unemployment and a consequent falling off in buying.

Out of the grand mess Uncle Sam was able to extract very little satisfaction, a conviction that something must be done immediately to get in more money, and a strong suspicion that the income tax, as applied, does not possess all the virtues it seemed to embody in the honeymoon period of its existence. For one thing, there seem to be grounds for believing that the pleasant practice of soaking the rich is likely to develop very unpleasant kick-backs. Apparently it is a sport that can be overdone—and has been!

The reaction was the withdrawing from creative industry of a vast volume of capital. This not only nicked Uncle Sam out of a big block of taxes but it also held the ether cone to the face of business. Up to this period, starting things had become a confirmed habit on the part of American capitalists. Any enterprise with a fair chance for success could get the money for a tryout. It was the American thing, the American spirit, to adventure in the field of enterprise.

But after the tax hound had driven capital into the exemption holes this spirit of enterprise seemed to ooze away and it became difficult to get enough capital into industries already established to keep the wheels turning. The pep went out of industry at an alarming rate and many wheels and many pay rolls came to a dead stop. The constructive genius of American enterprise became virtually paralyzed.

Here was a kick-back from the taxation principle, soak the rich, which the man of small or moderate income had not expected. Relatively few of them now realize what happened or that there is any connection between an empty or half-filled pay envelope and the taxation principle known to them as soaking the rich.

But Uncle Sam knows it—and no mistake! He's plumb sure that it is a game that may easily be overplayed. So are various other countries that were poorer and harder pushed for money than this country—countries too shrewd, even under the pressure of dire necessity, to hit the rich quite as hard as they are hit by the surtax rates of the United States. They realized that even the best of taxation principles are easily overworked, and they have modified their treatment of great incomes to a point calculated to leave a reasonable incentive for investment in productive enterprise.

The latest estimates of the British Exchequer published indicate that a material reduction in the English levy will be more readily productive of the desired revenue than will the present very high rates of the British levy.

How the Rich Run to Cover

HERE is a glance at the shrinkage of taxable income coming under our high surtax rates since they began to bite in 1917. In that year 141 persons paid tax on incomes of $1,000,000 and over, or on a total of $306,836,914. In 1920 only 33 individuals were taxed on the $1,000,000-income basis, the total taxable income shrinking to $77,078,139. Here is the story of incomes of over $300,000 as told in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury for 1922:

	Returns Over $300,000			All Returns
	Surtax Rates Applicable Per Cent	No. of Returns	Taxable Income	Taxable Income
1916	9 to 13	1296	$992,972,986	$ 6,298,577,620
1917	37 to 50	1015	731,372,153	13,652,383,207
1918	63 to 65	627	401,107,868	15,924,639,355
1919	63 to 65	679	440,011,589	19,859,491,448
1920	63 to 65	395	246,354,585	23,735,629,183

As the surtax rates went up the number of individuals and the total of their incomes subject to the high rates declined to one-third; and this in spite of the fact that the total taxable income of the nation is increased over three times.

Take a simple illustration of a taxable entity whose net income should result from sales. We would have this formula:

Gross sales		$X
Inventory at the beginning of the accounting period	$A	
Purchases during the period	$B	
Direct labor costs	$C	
Total	$A+B+C	
Inventory at end of accounting period	$D	
Cost of goods sold		$A+B+C—D
Gross profit		$X—($A+B+C—D)

From gross profit is to be deducted the expenses of the business. Generally, these will be: General Expense, Officers' Comp., Repairs, Interest, Taxes, Bad Debts, Depreciation.

The items of taxes and bad debts of course have wholly disappeared. Depreciation is something that has worn out and has therefore disappeared as far as income is concerned. In a certain sense the other items may be said to have the status of income to some one, but always there is the element of deduction which is to come against the items of income, so that the process is always a diminishing one. When we are proceeding on a constantly diminishing scale, we have a situation which may be illustrated by the case of a man who has a field of twenty acres and an obligation of $1000 to be discharged. This man cuts off three acres in one corner of his field and places the cancellation of this obligation against the three acres!

One of the foremost income tax authorities in America says:

"Our income tax system is defective. Its operation is something like stripping the gears of the industrial machine. What is needed is such an adjustment as will spread the contribution to government revenue over the various beneficiaries of governmental function. The Government is the organized power of control of state, community or common interest. Every individual has certain rights which are guaranteed by the Government, or for the protection or enforcement of which application may be made through governmental agencies. Like every other human endeavor, this costs money. It is a very simple thing to state that each individual should be called on to contribute something toward the maintenance of this general agency. To say that the provision of this cost should be confined to a few people or taxable entities who may come within the technical rule for determination of net income within the tax statute is to emphasize the thought that that portion of the body politic exempt from contribution to government cost is in the pauper class. This method is the opposite of that which is ordinarily used in the churches and various social aggregations of individuals where even the smaller is expected to make some contribution and is encouraged to do so.

"Net income is often an elusive thing. It frequently happens that a tax is levied in respect of certain figures said to represent gain when the value supposed to exist was only a shadow and has been dissolved and wholly ceased to exist."

Now if you were in Uncle Sam's position wouldn't you just naturally ask yourself the question: "Isn't there some other kind of taxation, which will take the money away from the taxpayers in a painless way, leaving them practically unconscious that they have contributed still more to the support of their Government?"

Of course if you were in a position to ride roughshod over the feelings of the taxpayers this problem of painlessness wouldn't bother you; but it has been quite a long time since any government was in position to treat 'em rough that way. It isn't done any more—not in the best taxing circles.

In fact, the art of successful taxation is perhaps more a matter of handling human nature than of cold and abstract finance. The question of how the patient will take the treatment has long been the chief consideration of the ablest tax doctors. A long time ago the shrewd M. Turgot crystallized this view into the clever phrase, "plucking the goose without making it squawk." There can be no doubt that the necessity of giving proper consideration to the feelings of the plucked contributed to the invention of that useful and ingenious device known as the indirect tax. And the sales tax is an outstanding example of indirect taxation.

From the revenue standpoint no one has doubted that a sales tax in the United States would be a large producer, though estimates vary widely. The more doubtful question is the human one—how would the taxpayers take it? No thoughtful American will answer this question, either for himself or others, without at least a glance at other countries where the sales tax has been tried. How have the taxpayers taken it?

The Sales Tax in the Philippines

WE HAVE only to follow the flag to the Philippine Islands to find data on the subject of the sales tax. Information furnished by the Bureau of Insular Affairs indicates that the present sales tax there is a one per cent turnover tax on the sale of virtually everything at home and abroad. The most important exceptions are:

Things subject to a specific tax.

Agricultural products when sold by the producer or owner of the land where grown, or by any other person other than a merchant or commission merchant, whether in their original state or not.

The law also provides that the following shall be exempt from this tax:

Persons engaged in public market places in the sale of food products at retail, and other small merchants whose gross quarterly sales do not exceed two hundred pesos.

Peddlers and sellers at fixed stands of fruit, produce and food, raw or otherwise, the total selling value whereof does not exceed three pesos per day and who do not renew their stock oftener than once every twenty-four hours.

Producers of commodities of all classes working in their own homes, consisting of parents and children living as one family, when the value of each day's production by each person capable of working is not in excess of one peso.

Special taxes are assessed mainly against those engaged in the liquor, tobacco, amusement, brokerage and money-lending businesses.

These details are sufficient to indicate the general character and scope of the sales tax as applied in the Philippines. Though internal-revenue stamps are used in collecting this tax they are not flaunted in the face of

(Continued on Page 38)

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

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This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on all genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs and Floor-Covering. Look for it.

Note the Low Prices

6 x 9 feet $9.00	9 x 9 feet $13.50
7½ x 9 feet 11.25	9 x 10½ feet 15.75
9 x 12 feet $18.00	

The rug illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in patterns to harmonize with it.

1½ x 3 feet $ .60	3 x 4½ feet $1.95
3 x 3 feet 1.40	3 x 6 feet 2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

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Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco
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"I'll be right out, Bob— everything's all cleaned up"

On hot summer days particularly, housewives appreciate the easy-to-clean quality of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs. One short minute with a damp mop and their colorful, sanitary surface is spotlessly clean.

These beautiful rugs, with their smooth "enamel" surface do not stain or absorb dirt or spilled things. All their life they look as well as the day they were laid. They cling to the floor as though they were part of it; never curl or "kick up" at the edges or corners.

Women prefer these easy-to-clean rugs throughout the house to dust-collecting woven carpets and rugs. There are beautiful patterns for every room—from simple tile designs to exquisite Oriental motifs. Be sure to see them.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
RUGS

(Continued from Page 36)

the ultimate consumer. They are affixed to merchants' licenses and to invoices from the manufacturer to the merchant, but never to the goods themselves. Therefore the ultimate consumer is allowed to forget—and he has forgotten—that he is paying a tax.

So much for the Philippines! As the present Canadian sales-tax law was modeled in large measure on the Philippine scheme it is appropriate to call Canada as the next witness

A tax of 1 per cent on sales and deliveries by manufacturers and wholesalers or jobbers and on the duty-paid value of importations, of 2 per cent on sales by manufacturers to retailers and consumers and on importations by retailers and consumers, became effective in Canada May 19, 1920. This act also carried an elaborate list of luxury taxes—some levied on the total price of the article specified and some on the amount of the price in excess of a given figure. The reaction of the consuming public to the luxury tax which was passed on to the consumer in plain and rather high figures should not be overlooked by those who advocate a complete turnover tax which taps the consumer on the shoulder for a tax toll every time he makes a purchase.

Regarding this adventure into the field of direct consumer taxation Mr. W. A. Craick, editor of Industrial Canada, the official organ of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, says:

"Under the first tax, levied May 19, 1920, retailers of certain lines of goods were required to collect luxury taxes on the sale of these goods to the public. There was a great outcry over these luxury taxes, which were blamed for strangling trade in the fall of 1920—and just before Christmas they were removed. To make up for them—partially, at least—the sales tax was increased, in the spring of 1921."

The Principle Acceptable

THIS increase carried the following rates: 1½ per cent on sales and deliveries by manufacturers or producers and wholesalers or jobbers; 2½ per cent on the duty-paid value of goods imported; 3 per cent on sales by manufacturers to retailers or consumers, and 4 per cent on goods imported by retailers or consumers. Like the preceding act, this contained the following requirement:

> The purchaser shall be furnished with a written invoice of any sale, which invoice shall state separately the amount of such tax to at least the extent of one and one-half per cent, but such tax must not be included in the manufacturer's, producer's or wholesaler's costs on which profit is calculated, and the tax shall be payable by the purchaser to the wholesaler, producer or manufacturer at the time of such sale.

Manufacturing excise taxes were reimposed May 23, 1922, on automobiles, confectionery and beverages.

A very convincing evidence of the acceptability of the sales-tax principle to the Canadian people is to be found in the fact that the new Farmer-Liberal Government, by order in Council adopted May 24, 1922, and assented to by Parliament, June 27, 1922, has increased the rates 50 per cent. Here is the sales-tax provision as it now stands:

> In addition to any duty or tax that may be payable under this section, or any other statute or law, there shall be imposed, levied and collected an excise tax of two and one-quarter per cent on sales and deliveries by Canadian manufacturers or producers, and wholesalers or jobbers, and a tax of three and three-quarters per cent on the duty-paid value of goods imported but in respect of sales by manufacturers or producers, to retailers or consumers, the excise tax payable shall be four and one-half per cent and on goods imported by retailers or consumers the excise tax payable shall be six per cent on the duty-paid value.
>
> The purchaser shall be furnished with a written invoice of any sale which invoice shall state separately the amount of such tax.
>
> Provided that in respect of lumber an excise tax of three per cent shall be imposed, levied and collected on sales and deliveries by the Canadian manufacturer and of four and one-half per cent on importations and that no further excise tax shall be payable on re-sale.

The rate on imported goods is clearly intended to equalize that applying to those made in Canada.

The list of exempted articles is a long one and contains about 100 specified items and classes of goods. Virtually it covers all farm products and basic food necessities; fuel of all kinds; fish and products thereof not canned or medicated; gold and silver in ingots, bars, and so on; products of the forest when produced and sold by the individual settler or farmer; newspapers, magazines and periodicals; materials for use only in the construction, equipment and repair of ships; gas; materials for use solely in the manufacture of substitutes for butter or lard; artificial limbs and eyes; settlers' effects; war veterans' badges, and religious books and literature.

These extracts from the list are sufficient to indicate that the tax is not entirely simple in its application and that an immense proportion of Canadian traffic is exempted. Keeping track of the exemptions is perhaps the largest part of the task of calculating and collecting the Canadian sales tax.

Now to return to the problem of the painlessness of the sales tax as applied in Canada. The real question is. How do the wage workers, those receiving small salaries and those making small or moderate incomes, feel towards this form of tax? Interviews with about a score of persons in this general tax class indicate that few if any of them are conscious of paying a sales tax.

A telegraph operator in Windsor remarked:

"Nobody here pays any attention to the sales tax. It does not amount to enough in a month to make any appreciable difference. We do not know that we are paying it. I don't think dealers pad their prices to recover more than the sales tax. I would much rather pay it this way than as a percentage added each time."

It was suggested that the tariff also was a concealed tax.

"That is different," was the reply. "The tariff on automobiles, for instance, is ruinously large."

The manager of a Windsor concern which does a moderate jobbing business to electrical contractors declared:

"We do not notice the sales tax. It is added systematically in the invoices to us from the manufacturer, and we add it in the same way on goods which we sell as jobbers. The collection is easy. We merely keep carbon sheets of the invoices in a book. The collector comes and we turn the carbon books over to him; he foots up the total and we give him a check. There is no temptation to cheat the government and I do not know of any other form of taxation where there is not.

"In a profits tax or an income tax, for instance, you always want to scrimp on your questionnaire. I dislike a profits tax because it penalizes thrift. As a servant of the company stockholders the law requires me to make as much money for them as possible. It seems absurd for the law then to step in and say that because I have obeyed the law I shall be penalized by a profits tax. The present system is a tax on the bulk of business done in the country, and after the goods get beyond the retailer it is lost sight of.

"We had a little trouble, at first, to determine just where the tax applied, but this was straightened out the first time the collector visited us. I live across the line, in Detroit, and I wish the United States would adopt the same system we have on this side."

In drawing conclusions from the Canadian sales tax we should not make them too broad or forget that the tax applies only to manufacturers' and wholesalers' sales. The sale by the retailer is not taxed, and as he has buried in his price the taxes paid when he purchased the goods, the consumer does not see it or feel the sting. Canada's experiment with taxes on retail sales of so-called luxuries was different. Only a few of them now remain.

Advocates of a complete turnover tax calling upon the ultimate consumer to put a sales-tax stamp on each bill or sales ticket recording his purchases will get a practical slant on that proposal from the following comment by a revenue officer operating at Windsor:

"From the viewpoint of one whose daily job is the collection of Dominion taxes I'll say that the sales tax is very satisfactory—much more so than the numerous and complicated luxury taxes which were collected from the retailer by sales records or stamps. Even with stamps it was hard to keep track of these taxes properly. The sales tax does not leave one with the feeling that no matter how honest most of the retailers are there may be something that has been paid by the consumer that the government has not collected. No matter how honest the retailer or person who collects is, the other form of tax leaves this suggestion always in mind. I do not think the consumer ever realizes that he is paying a sales tax—that is, of the sort which we have here in Canada."

Opinions of Canadian Business Men

A RETIRED military man, of more than average intelligence, was so happily unconscious of the sales tax that he did not know what articles were exempted A keen-looking woman was unaware that she had paid a tax on the clothes she wore or on the jewelry with which she was adorned.

"In my personal and household expenses," declared a local telephone manager, "I do not notice the increase that may be caused by the sales tax. I do not think the general public does It does not affect telephone messages. I do know that where a tax is imposed on every telephone message, as was done in the United States during the war, there is a constant feeling of bitterness When I sit down for a comfortable meal I do not like to have the price staring me in the face every mouthful and spoiling my appetite. I would rather pay the check at the end of the meal. That is the way I feel about the sales tax."

Now for a few first-hand expressions from business men in positions to view the Canadian sales tax in a broader way. A representative of the Canadian Manufacturers Association says:

"It is quite safe to say that the sales tax is favorably regarded here in Canada. The consumer virtually pays it, but he doesn't realize that he is doing so. Of course there are criticisms of it, but they are rather criticisms of some features of its operation than of the tax itself. For instance, the government looks to the vendor for the collection of the tax. In several cases purchasers have gone into liquidation, and while the government has got the money from the vendor the latter has never been able to collect from the purchaser. This situation is open to some sort of remedy and doubtless the government will take it into consideration."

Mr. J. W. Tyson, editor of The Financial Post, is another Canadian in a position to understand in a clear and definite way the sales-tax sentiment of the people of the Dominion. He says:

"Criticisms of the present sales tax are few indeed as compared with those directed against other forms of taxation which have been tried. The fact that when the public pays the tax—as it does eventually in practically all cases—it does not know or realize that it is doing so because the tax has been absorbed in the price of the article, has advantages from the political standpoint which cannot be overlooked."

An official of the Royal Bank of Canada, Mr. H. M. Cameron, gives me this conservative but illuminating survey of the situation:

"For a time the Canadian sales tax was specified as a certain percentage over and above the sale price of each article—that is, the tax was specified to the purchaser. This presented considerable difficulty and led to opposition. In the first place it required considerable additional bookkeeping and the small retail stores were forced to introduce entirely new bookkeeping systems. The tax was accused of cutting down the buying of certain commodities.

"It was felt that if the addition of the tax were not so obvious to the customer he would not be so likely to object to it. This is probably psychological only, but is said to have had considerable effect. These and other factors led the government to levy the tax on the manufacturer's price without having it specified at all to the consumer. Thus the manufacturer hands the tax on to the wholesaler, and he in turn to the retailer. The latter simply raises the price of the article accordingly.

"The sales tax seems to be working very satisfactorily so far as one can yet judge. It is an important source of revenue; there is no protest on the part of the consumer; the wholesalers and retailers are both satisfied because they are passing the tax on to the consumer."

Widely Varying Estimates

THIS closes the evidence for Canada. I doubt if a hundred interviews with Canadian wage workers, shopkeepers, persons on small salaries and owners and executives of large businesses would strike a truer balance of sales-tax sentiment than is to be had from these expressions.

The relation of the sales-tax yield to other Canadian revenues is significant. The financial year closed March 31, 1922. The sales tax brought in about $60,000,000 as against $16,000,000 in "other inland revenues," $38,000,000 from income tax, and $37,000,000 from business-profits tax. Aside from the customs, which yielded $162,000,000, it was the leading source of revenue. This sales tax yielded about 18 per cent of the ordinary expenses of the government for the year—and that on the base rate of 1½ per cent.

Of course the leading question concerning any sales tax is: How much revenue will it produce? Naturally the basis of all estimates is a complete turnover tax. With the yield of such a tax established we have a base from which to deduct exceptions and exemptions. That there will be a wealth of these in any sales-tax law passed by Congress is a moral certainty. The defeat of all sales-tax legislation up to the present time indicates clearly that any sales-tax law that does not exempt the basic necessities of life has a slim chance of serious consideration.

But for the purposes of this article the yield of a complete turnover tax is as far as the question of resulting revenue need be carried, and that is quite far enough to disclose the fact that doctors never disagreed more widely. The figures of leading economists as to the yield of a 1 per cent turnover tax are in several instances hundreds of millions of dollars apart.

For example, Dr. Thomas S. Adams, of Yale, former chairman of the Tax Advisory Board of the United States Treasury, puts his estimate at $2,000,000,000.

In an address before the Illinois Manufacturers Association Mr. Jules S. Bache, of New York, declared:

"The potential productivity of a turnover tax in this country is not open to question. Its return has been estimated at from $2,000,000,000 to $7,000,000,000 per annum. My figures I place at $3,000,000,000, in order to be ultraconservative, but I am convinced, and one of the leading members of the Senate Finance Committee has assured me, as a result of expert investigation, that a return of $4,500,000,000 can be counted on with safety."

In an address Mr. Otto H. Kahn said:

"Conservative estimates have shown that a 1 per cent tax on sales of commodities only, and exempting initial sales of farm crops and livestock, and also exempting annual turnovers up to $6000, would produce for, say, the next twelve months' period, from $1,200,000,000 to $1,300,000,000." It is well to note that Mr. Kahn's estimate makes allowance for certain important exemptions.

(Continued on Page 50)

Wherever it appears, the symbol—Body by Fisher—indicates superiority in the double sense of beauty and structural soundness. It means that the body which bears it—no matter what its type—enjoys in its construction marked advantages arising from the immensity of Fisher operations. These in turn, carry the command of unequaled resources in assuring authentic artistry of design and execution.

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Cleveland's Second Administration as President—By George F. Parker

THE campaign of 1892 came to a close with the election on Tuesday, November eighth. All the activities and passion, not alone of four months, but since the convention had adjourned, were concentrated into the voting of that day, while the man who personified them was entering upon the closing scenes of a public life which was the shortest dominating career known to the history of mankind, passed in a commanding country under conditions of profound peace.

On the evening of that day there met in the residence of Grover Cleveland, 12 West 51st Street, New York, a company probably numbering, first and last, fifty or sixty persons. It was not a distinguished group, because no attempt had been made to collect men prominent in government, party, business or profession. It was limited almost wholly to the men who for years had rallied around the victor of the occasion, with a few women friends surrounding his wife. This company was assembled in the dining room, where its members listened to the reading of the news delivered from special instruments installed by the two telegraph companies. United with those who had met next door in the house of the victor's friend and landlord, E. C. Benedict, perhaps a hundred persons, all told, were about him on that eventful night.

By ten o'clock the result was clearly indicated; by eleven it was known that a decisive victory had been won, and about midnight, against his will and opposed to all his rules, he appeared on the stoop and in an unreported speech of one minute addressed and dismissed the waiting crowd. He returned to his friends, who gradually dropped away and left me alone with him at four o'clock.

We walked upstairs, neither speaking a word until, as I bade him good night at his bedroom door, he said as a parting word, "Well, Parker, none of these people know, as you and I do, how this has been done." Thus even at the end of one scene and before the opening of the next there was present the feeling that, however dependent he might have been in the past, politically, here was a crowning work that was fairly his own. This was not exultation or vanity, it had in it no I-told-you-so attitude, but indicated that he had won his freedom as well as his cause.

Grover Cleveland

Early Wednesday afternoon I went again to the house. Telegrams, letters and other joyful messages were still arriving in a flood, and a few friends were coming in. On Thursday, when I made my accustomed daily visit, all callers were excluded, and I sat down for what I supposed would be a few quiet minutes, the first opportunity that had presented itself. It began in the hall, just as I had put on my overcoat and thought I was going, when I saw that the newly elected President was eager for talk. It was the culminating moment of thirty-six months of almost daily meetings, or, when separated, of almost numberless letters, notes and telegrams. The thronging memories of these months were, I supposed, to be crowded into a few minutes of review; in reality the conference was not to break up for nearly three hours, when he was called to dinner and I left for home. This was not given to mere idle chatter upon things done, but dealt wholly with what remained to do. As was both usual and proper, though I sought to suppress myself, my old and settled duty remained. There were no loose ends to pick up; no shortcomings to bemoan; so far as we could see nothing had been overlooked, and there were no jealousies or enmities to discuss. But work lay ahead and I found that suggestions from me were desired and welcomed.

Standing on His Own Feet

THE one matter in hand, even thus early, was the new cabinet. He had anticipated his reelection—something as well assured months before as it was two days after the event had occurred. But when I began to discuss the matter I found that I was dealing with a new Cleveland. The Cleveland that I had known from 1885 on to the end of the first Administration and had seen during the four-year interim when out of office and in the quiet of private life had somehow mysteriously disappeared, and a new Cleveland had taken his place. The earlier Cleveland, in whatever capacity I had known him or he had worked, had been timid; had felt himself dependent upon others; had not been wholly his own master in politics because he had not known his way about. Now all this was changed. He not only understood the issues of the time and the history of his party in the nation and in every state, but was familiar with its minutiæ. The new Cleveland did not have to make requisition upon a prospective cabinet official to find out what was to be done and how to do it. The order of choice was shifted. In the first, he had sent for Mr. Bayard, had consulted him at every turn, had built around his advice, and then had put him at the head. In like manner, the Secretaryship of the Treasury had then been the last office settled even in his mind. Now before many minutes had passed he told me he had made up his mind on only one member: the Secretary of the Treasury.

In speaking of this he said: "There is an obvious man for the Treasury and I shall not think of or give attention to any other. That man is John G. Carlisle. He is not only the man for the Treasury by reason of knowledge of economic questions, political standing, experience and character, but I think we have every reason now to anticipate the future. We have returned to power at a time and in a way which indicate that with prudence we ought to maintain ourselves as a sane constructive party for many years. For the first time in my career I have thought about who shall succeed me." And he continued, "What a great thing it will be if at the end of the term for which I have been elected we can look forward to the election of Mr. Carlisle. I think I know, from observation and experience, the ups and downs of politics, but that would assure to the country everything that I can hope to give it now and would provide for the continuance of safe honest politics. Whatever else happens, and naturally without giving him even a hint of my plans, I shall tender the Secretaryship of the Treasury to Mr. Carlisle." In view of the party anarchy that ensued in the term for which Mr. Cleveland had been elected, these predictions are almost tragic in their failure to take into account everything that happened.

But the next revelation indicated that entire change in policy which showed how firmly Mr. Cleveland had resolved that he would make the second Administration distinctly his own. This was his announced determination not to reappoint any of his old cabinet officers, but to make an entirely new deal. Connected with this was its logical result that new men should be appointed everywhere. In other words, it meant running the old business, with which the owner and director was familiar, with new managers, foremen and helpers all along the line. It was not that he did not recognize the ability and the devotion of the old staff, but it came from an insight which told him that if he was to put the Government of the country on fairly solid lines and keep it so he must have behind him as many well-trained men as possible. The older men were faithful not only because of the opportunities they had but because they were really devoted to the man and to the ideas back of him. It was now desirable to extend this area of training, to enlarge the massed capabilities and to teach many new men to see and comprehend the problems of the time.

So a cabinet meant a new cabinet, and new ministers, consuls, postmasters, collectors, district attorneys, revenue agents, pension agents and officials all along the line. That a great risk was involved he frankly admitted, and he sometimes wondered later, as new difficulties pressed upon him, whether he had not been mistaken in making such a sweeping rule; but, when through, he felt that the plan had justified itself. His second Administration was thus entirely different in plan, purpose and outlook. He had left behind him as a legacy a large number of highly trained and intelligent men devoted to the old ideas inherent in our institutions and in the government formed under them.

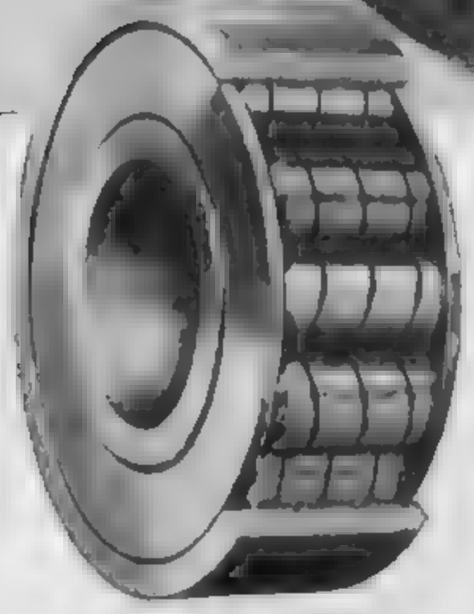
Old Problems and New Ones

THIS conclusion came to him largely from his insistence, during the three years while the preliminary canvass for the nomination and election was under way, that to accept the Presidency again was, so far as he could see it, an unnecessary risk. He said that he had already done the best he could and rather felt that he had come out pretty well. He recognized his own great opportunities, some of which he had embraced, while others were neglected from ignorance or inability. He could not imagine, he always said, how he could possibly have such opportunities in a second term, and thought that if they came he might not be able to meet them with anything like the success upon which he had flattered himself. He was seriously afraid that he might weaken his record or put into peril the power of the great office he had held and into which his friends were trying to push him again.

He realized that the old questions would always be with us, so that as he looked into the future the never-settled problems would add themselves to the new ones. He had met protection and had given it such a body blow that it had never been able to recover. The more the succeeding Administration plunged into the depths of reaction, the more determined the attempts made to preserve excessive duties, the more serious was the failure. But although he hoped for this he recognized that it would still be a constant source of trouble—something to remain under readjustment for perhaps another forty years after his time.

In like manner the silver issue was rendered more difficult by the repeal of the Bland coinage law and the substitution of the Sherman purchase law. In their effect they were almost as nearly alike as two peas, but the willingness to play with the problem by a shifting from one dangerous thing to another was a good deal like the old shell game that used to be exhibited at county fairs. During the canvass Cleveland had given this particular question much consideration, without devising methods of meeting it. He, like nearly all the public men of his time, always shuddered when the word "gold" was mentioned, and somehow or other it had become easy to shy away from it while all the countries in the world, the United States included, had come to the gold standard. They were always somehow figuring for position and trying to make themselves think that they were in favor of a bimetallic standard. When it was necessary to define this it was difficult; when an attempt was made to adapt it to the actual and practical work of the world it was seen to be impossible.

(Continued on Page 42)



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(Continued from Page 40)

The measuring of values by two standards was both unnatural and impracticable, but not even the best instructed of our economists were able to escape from their own logic. They were well-meaning in it, but at the same time they were fighting shadows without knowing it. But when the President-elect came newly to responsibility he soon saw that there was no other way than to recognize conditions as they actually were—not as they might have been in some archaic forgotten period. When he returned to power he still had no fixed policy on this, and it was forced upon him only by the events of the first two years of his second Administration. When the time for tinkering was over he met the question boldly, and there was no longer any doubt as to what he believed ought to be done or what he was willing and determined to do.

Among other questions which cast their shadow upon the new political horizon was the Homestead strike. This had gone on during the presidential campaign. It was badly managed from Washington, tinkered with, as such questions generally are, partly the result of corporate greed and of labor exaction, and was in reality a hang-over from the railroad strike of 1877—the first event in the history of the country really to awaken our people to the fact that a struggle was in sight with what is called the proletariat.

Adlai E. Stevenson

Though its incipient stages were out of the way before 1885, they were to return only a few years later in still greater force in the shape of the unrest that surrounded the conditions in Colorado, Illinois and other states, mainly focusing themselves finally in what has come to be known as the Pullman strike. Though Cleveland could not foresee that he would therefore have to meet problems compared with which those of his first Administration were comparatively trifling, this was in reality the first case, and afterwards I used sometimes to think that in the privacy of his thoughts he had had some premonition of these impending events.

Neither could he foresee that the Venezuela question—after hanging fire for thirty or forty years with two great nations rather making faces at each other than straightening the thing out—would be involved. It so turned out that the question which he and Mr. Bayard had put to the front so vigorously and persistently during the first Administration had really to be met during the second, and it could be met only with that courage always necessary to sustain statesmanship and an understanding of the position in which the country was placed before the world.

The long conversation thus started was held only two days after Cleveland had been overwhelmingly reëlected President, and naturally had for me a profound interest. It was intensified by close association with him, by the opportunities I had to measure his mind and to note how careful he was in reaching conclusions.

Cabinet Making

SO THOUGH one man and his office were out of the way and new policies had been announced, I was encouraged to suggest some cabinet making on my own account.

The first question was, "Well, I assume that you will appoint Col. Daniel S. Lamont as Secretary of War?" I had not talked to anybody about it, had not mentioned it to Lamont himself; so the answer I received was for the moment disconcerting.

"Well," he said, "I thought Colonel Lamont would prefer to go back into his old place as secretary."

I argued the matter out rather earnestly, saying, as elsewhere recorded, that men generally looked forward to promotion and not to a return to a subordinate place; that social surroundings had to be taken into account, and impressed him as strongly as I could with the conclusion that I had reached, that under no circumstances would his old secretary return to the place in which he had served so well for the years of the first Administration. Within a week the Lamont suggestion had become Cleveland's own, and the tender was one of the first made.

Taking courage when I found him really interested in hearing what was in my mind, I began to canvass other names. I knew his admiration for John E. Russell, of Massachusetts, who had been a close friend during the first Administration. During the tariff discussions Mr. Russell was in many respects the best-posted authority in this country on farming so far as its larger side was concerned. He not only knew the practical part but he had studied the incidence of agriculture in every quarter of the world more closely perhaps than any half dozen other men in his country and time, and so I suggested his appointment as Secretary of Agriculture. Cleveland did not assent to this at once, but within a few days he made a tender of the place, which was declined with great regret owing to ill health.

Completing this question, I must now deal with later meetings. I brought up the name of Horace Boies, then governor of my own state of Iowa. This suggestion met the same fate; the place was tendered and declined. By this time I had become interested in the Department of Agriculture, and so took another shot at it. My next attempt was to look in the direction of my old friend, J. Sterling Morton, formerly acting governor of Nebraska, and an expert in everything relating to agriculture, not only in practice and in theory but in writing about both of them in the most effective way.

Mr. Cleveland did not know Mr. Morton and there had been some friction between their friends in Nebraska. Still later, I was asked to make the fullest inquiries about the proposed appointment—a task which was easy and agreeable. I did what I could to smooth out opposition and had the satisfaction within a few weeks of asking Mr. Morton to come East and see the President. He did so, with the result which the world knows. The office was filled with gratifying acceptance during the whole of the Administration.

Cleveland and Morton became friends, for which there was every reason. They were similar in character though widely separated in occupation and activity during their earlier lives. To no man in the West was the country under more obligation for his work in maintaining the high standards as to currency and coinage than to J. Sterling Morton. For a quarter of a century he had been writing, speaking, debating, running for offices where election was hopeless—all for the purpose of maintaining the old settled traditional policies of his party as they had come down from the earlier days. It was a happy selection, and the President never ceased to express his satisfaction that I had pressed the matter upon him.

I took occasion at the first meeting to propose—timidly, and I hope with becoming modesty—David B. Hill as Secretary of State. I regret to say that I did not get very far with this suggestion. It was received with courtesy but coolness, and I was never able within those earlier years, when effective action might have been possible, to procure anything like a fair hearing for the man then just entering upon his single term in the United States Senate.

Perhaps the most intimate personal friend that Mr. Cleveland had was Wilson S. Bissell, of Buffalo. During the first term Mr. Bissell was engaged in the active practice of law, succeeding to the head of the Cleveland firm, thus having his work laid out. He was then comparatively young, just on the verge of decided success; but a great deal of water had passed during this intervening eight years, so that when 1893 hove in sight he was ready for something else. His fitness was commanding and his relations with the President were such that no explanations were needed either to justify his appointment or to make him thoroughly familiar with what was needed. I had come into close relations with Mr. Bissell and so I ventured to suggest his name. I have never seen any man who was so shy when the distribution of favors was proposed as was Mr. Cleveland when his intimate friends were mentioned; so I cannot claim that I had an enthusiastic response, but the merit of the candidate, the support of his friends and my persistence finally won, and Mr. Bissell became an effective Postmaster-General. This makes, all told, six of the men I had had in mind, two of whom excluded themselves by declination.

I had still another choice coming, of Hoke Smith, of Georgia, a young man only thirty-seven at the time, but perhaps the most effective helper that came to us in our nomination campaign, from the South. He had been a stranger to me at the opening of that movement, but when we met in Chicago it was a pleasure to see the life, the energy, the tact and the efficiency with which this new man, whom none of us knew, took up his work. I had learned during the progress of the campaign that Mr. Cleveland was determined to command, if possible, the services of some young man from the South, one who would not represent any of the old traditional ideas and policies of that region, not because he was opposed to these, but for the reason that he believed that some such young man ought to be recognized. I therefore continued to press the name of Mr. Smith, whose conspicuous service in the cabinet, in the governorship of his state for two terms and for eleven years in the United States Senate, as well as his assiduity and proficiency in his profession, has fully justified his choice. I was therefore proud, when the cabinet was finally made up, to find that I had been privileged to have a modest part in its making.

The Appointment of Richard Olney

EVERY President runs up against hard tasks in the making of a cabinet. Perhaps two-thirds of the places, whatever the number, will come rather easily. In his first Administration, although, as we have seen, Mr. Cleveland had trouble in finding and getting a Secretary of the Treasury, the others came pretty well when they were called. In the second his troubles were concentrated in two other departments. The first that bothered him was the Navy. He had done so well in his first choice of a Massachusetts-born man that he felt impelled to try again, but he had difficulty in finding one, and when he thought he had found one there was still more serious difficulty in getting him. He had an idea, from the beginning, that he wanted John Quincy Adams, the eldest of the four sons of Charles Francis Adams. There was doubt about his ability to command Mr. Adams' services, but this could be found out only by the cut-and-try process. One day Mr. Peter B. Olney, received word from Mr. Cleveland that he wanted to see him. Without any hint of what was wanted, the President-elect began at once to talk about his brother, Richard Olney, whom he had never met except in a casual way during a call made as a summer neighbor upon Mr. Cleveland at his Buzzard's Bay house, resulting in a purely formal acquaintance. This was true in spite of the fact that Richard Olney had long been a leader of the Massachusetts bar. That the impression had been favorable was shown by the judgment rendered to the brother.

"I have an idea," Cleveland said, "that your brother is a wise man; and, as you know, the state of Massachusetts is deeply interested in the new Navy; so I have thought of him for the position of Secretary of the Navy."

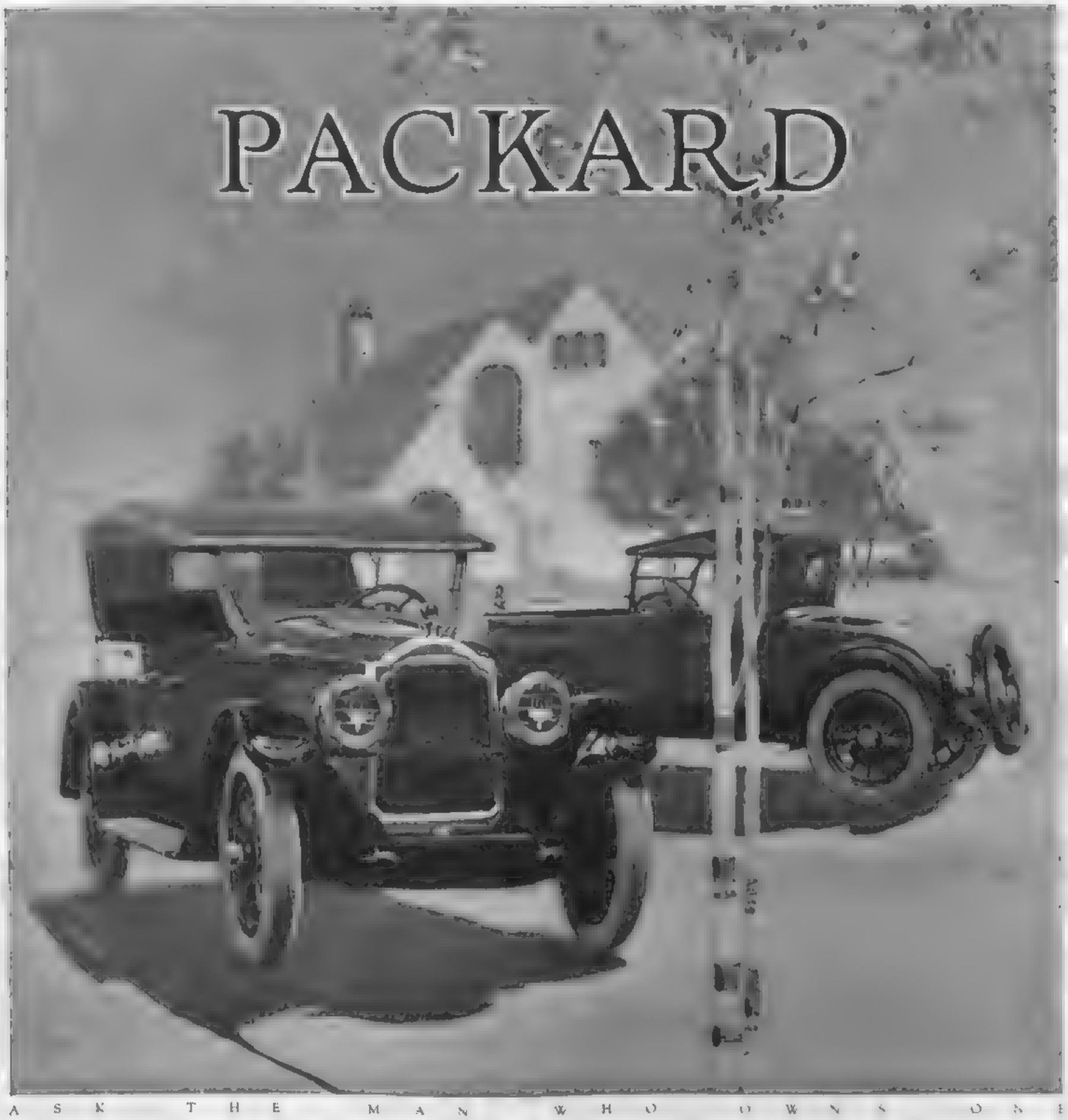
The reply offhand was that Richard Olney had no political ambitions, and serious doubt was expressed about his willingness to accept.

Still, as first-hand information was desired about both Olney and Adams, the brother was told: "I want Richard Olney to come into the cabinet and I want you to go and see him and tell him just what I have said to you. I want you also to tell him not to decline until he has seen Judge William L. Putnam"—then a circuit judge by appointment of Mr. Cleveland.

The messenger went to Boston, conveyed this information to his brother, reported later to Mr. Cleveland, who insisted that the elder Olney should visit him at Lakewood, where he was completing his cabinet. At this interview the Secretaryship of the Navy was tendered and practically declined, Olney insisting that, after all, the needed man, as far as the Administration was concerned, was John Quincy Adams. Mr. Cleveland knew little about Mr. Adams, but wanted him and was willing to take the word of Olney, whom he authorized to return home and tender the place, adding as an aside to this new Olney messenger: "If he accepts, well and good; if he does not, then you must not decline anything I tender you."

This offer was carried to Mr. Adams, who promptly declined to accept it or any other place, having the strongest desire to get out of politics and to keep out. When this decision was reported to the responsible man the result was a return telegram to Richard Olney saying "Nothing but an act of God or of a public enemy shall prevent you from being a member of my cabinet."

The offer of the Navy was thereupon made to Richard Olney, who confided to his brother that as he was not much of a sailor he did not think he would fit into that office. Thereupon the tender of the Attorney-Generalship was made to a man who did not want it, had never thought of it, and, if he could help it, had no intention of giving up his independent position to enter politics. So far as I know, this story of the appointment of Olney, which took the country so much by surprise, has never been printed before. (Continued on Page 44)



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* * *

Imagine the nerve of the camera man, standing there turning the crank as these beasts advance, entirely unarmed and *relying wholly* on the skill of the man next to him, to destroy the leading elephant and turn the herd. That's an exhibition of nerve and faith, don't you think? Yet this is but one of many, many exciting episodes incident to that great hunt, the kind of incidents that has made this picture the most remarkable of its kind ever taken.

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You see the hunters coming upon these wild animals and killing them before your eyes. You don't merely see the animals after they have been shot. You see the beast in its rage the discharge of the rifle and the result of the shot. Have you ever seen anything like that in all your life? You would think that Africa is the haunt of all the vicious beasts in the world to see the picture, because they are shown by thousands in the very heart of the jungle and on the plains.

* * *

You see these hunters in a Ford car chasing man-killing animals at top speed. Have you ever seen anything like that—or heard of it? Can you imagine a wart-hog and a hyena trying to knock the Ford out and biting at the front bumper? Isn't that most unusual? See the picture. No man, woman or child should miss it. Please write me a letter when you have seen it—*a personal letter*. Tell me your impressions. * * *

By the way, don't fail to see Universal's great historical chapter play "In the Days of Daniel Boone." I'm sure you'll enjoy it. Please write me a letter and let me know how you liked "The Flirt," "The Flame of Life," "Driven," "The Abysmal Brute," and "Bavu."

Carl Laemmle

President

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(Continued from Page 42)

There still remained the Secretaryship of the Navy, whereupon Mr. Cleveland, having eliminated Massachusetts and the North from consideration, after doing all he could to draft somebody, recurred to his original idea and tendered the place to Col. Hilary A. Herbert, whom he had known as the efficient chairman of the Navy Committee in the House, and in conjunction with whom Mr. Whitney had worked with such effect. In later years Mr. Cleveland said he hesitated a good while before offering to a former Confederate officer the control of either of the military branches of the Government; but that when he thought about it further and recalled not only Herbert's extreme devotion to the rebuilding of the Navy but the high and patriotic spirit he had shown, his hesitation ceased and that there never was a jar or a doubt from the moment he began the work, while the country was never better pleased than with his service. This record was much strengthened by the appointment, later, of William McAdoo as Assistant Secretary.

There was still the Secretary of State—the real crux of the second cabinet. No obvious man had come to the front. Mr. Bayard was excluded by the new rules, but in spite of these the President-elect became so concerned about the matter, was so desirous of finding the right man that he tendered the place to his old Secretary, who immediately declined because he did not believe it politic to depart from a good rule once made, nor did he care to take up anew the responsibility of directing the foreign service. Various names were canvassed, and all were thrown aside. Finally, by some means which neither I nor anybody else has ever been able to understand, the name of Gen. Walter Q. Gresham was pressed upon the President.

Cabinet Changes

As nearly as I can discover, this was done by Don M. Dickinson, who, as Postmaster-General in the first cabinet and chairman of the National Executive Committee in 1892, had been close to the President. General Gresham had been somewhat uncertain in his political allegiance. He had entered the Army as a young man, had risen rapidly through many grades always by merit and, at the siege of Vicksburg had attracted the attention of General Grant. Returning home he resumed his legal profession in Indiana, and was soon appointed to a district judgeship, where he did acceptable work. He was a man of fair though not large ability, of great energy and of almost boundless ambition.

But there was a stone in the road so far as Indiana was concerned. This took the form of Benjamin Harrison, who, coming slowly into his own, was, in 1880, finally elected to the United States Senate and thus became the dominant Republican figure in the state. Thus Gresham had not much chance; but this did not discourage him, because he always kept himself to the front so far as was possible—generally, according to the adherents of the Harrison organization, in a nagging sort of way. In the reorganization of the Garfield cabinet under Arthur, Gresham became Postmaster-General in April of 1882, and two years later served three months as stop-gap in the same Administration as Secretary of the Treasury, returning to the bench in a circuit judgeship, which he continued to fill acceptably.

In 1892 Mr. Gresham announced his opposition to the election of Harrison and came out for Mr. Cleveland, but as the holder of a judicial position could not take an active part in the campaign. As a result nobody had thought of him for a cabinet place, but to the general surprise and perhaps as a kind of last desperate resort, he turned up, almost at the last moment, as Secretary of State.

It is said that the first request—perhaps a sort of key to his willingness to accept—was an insistence that the Harrison action in Hawaii should be reversed. This was done within the first week of the new Administration. The new President did not of course know, perhaps he could not have known, the strong personal motive that prompted his Secretary of State to insist upon an act which was to have the far-reaching effect that neither he nor anybody else could then foresee. As Judge Gresham's health was bad from the first he never made a conspicuous figure as head of the cabinet, and upon his death two years later he was succeeded by Richard Olney, whose record became an outstanding one.

When the inauguration was over and the new cabinet had assembled it proved to be a more unified body than that in the first Administration. This was due to the fact that the men all knew one another and, with the exception of the Secretary of State, had been associated in the three campaigns that had preceded the final success; but the President had a clearer knowledge of every one of them and of his capacities and limitations. Therefore the Administration began with a better understanding of what was to be done and of how to do it than would have been possible at any earlier period in Cleveland's career.

This cabinet went forward as a solidified body until May, 1895, when it was broken by the death of General Gresham. It was still further strengthened by the promotion of the Attorney-General to the first place, and by the inclusion in it of Judson Harmon as successor. Harmon was then a comparatively unknown man. He was still under fifty and yet had had an active career. Coming into the party in 1872, during the Greeley campaign, he had at once taken an active part in Ohio. He was a successful lawyer, associated with the very strongest men in his state and had served with much acceptance on the bench. He was thus fitted to plunge into legal problems and to assist in the work of the Administration itself, both of which he did with a courage which though it showed him fearless in opinions or expression was asserted with a modesty that assured his colleagues of an ability to be of real help in the recurring crises they had to meet.

The next break came with the resignation of Bissell as Postmaster-General. He had gone through a hard and strenuous two years, which had impaired his health. Never overrugged, in spite of his appearance, it had seemed to him necessary that he should return to the practice of his profession. He was succeeded by one of the best-known men in the country, William L. Wilson, who, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, had just carried through the House the bill known by his name, which, whatever its faults may have been, was a tribute to his powers of both construction and persuasion. He had always been a favorite with the President and brought to bear a loftiness of character that has seldom been seen in our later politics. Few men have come up under greater difficulties than those which surrounded Wilson, but he always rose superior to them.

The next change came in August, 1896, during the presidential campaign. The nomination of Bryan, the resulting split in the party, the necessity that was forced upon the President to take a strong attitude of opposition, led the Secretary of the Interior, Hoke Smith, to feel that, out of consideration not only for himself but for the President and the future of his party in the South, he ought to resign. Though fully in sympathy with the attitude of the President and realizing its necessity, he had to think about the conditions in his own state and in the South, which he so distinctly represented. It was clear at the time that if a break should occur in the party in which a member of the cabinet from the South should be led to take an active part against the ticket, harm would ensue.

Why Hoke Smith Resigned

The situation was laid frankly before the President and a thorough understanding reached as to the necessity for the separation. There were in Georgia many Democrats ready to bolt the Bryan nomination. The Secretary regarded it as an essential not from an economic viewpoint but to the preservation of livable conditions that the white people should stand together and fill the offices, whether state or county, with white men. There was a larger negro population in his state than in any other in the Union. If the white people divided and the negro vote became the balance of power it was felt that the resulting conditions would be unbearable. When it was found that the President and the members of the cabinet must bolt the nomination of Bryan the Secretary felt it a duty to his state to vote for him. He declined to take part in the national campaign, while urging the white people of the state to stick together, and was as positive in his opposition to free coinage after his resignation as he had been before. It was upon the assurance that he gave to the President that he would return during the remainder of his term for any conferences about matters connected with the Interior Department that he resigned. The relations between the two men remained what they had always been, not only as political associates but as the closest of friends.

I am making this explanation because, even after the lapse of a quarter of a century, many misrepresentations are made concerning the matter, and some misunderstandings have resulted. In thus recording a historical sequence it is only fair to both the President and his Secretary that this statement should be made.

In choosing his original cabinet the President intended to offer a place to David R. Francis. This was prevented by the unyielding opposition of the senators from Missouri, and he was passed over. When a fitting vacancy occurred, although it came late in the Administration, the President appointed Mr. Francis as Secretary of the Interior. His feeling, known to be entirely on the side of the President and his Administration, was such as to challenge the support of the country and to commend his appointment as fitting in every way.

So, whether the Administration went forward with its original cabinet or with the changes outlined, it was a solidified body. There were no jealousies, no quarrels, no differences as to large policies, and thus the President was free as far as possible to impress both his will and his power upon the country without thought of divisions in his official household.

Seeking Criticism

Of the eleven men who saw service in the second cabinet only three are still living: Hoke Smith, Judson Harmon and David R. Francis—the latter coming into office only six months before the end. I count it good fortune for both myself and my readers that I have been able to get from two of them some stories and opinions. When I went abroad in 1893 I had assurances from five friends in the cabinet that they would keep daily records of their relations with the President and would furnish me copies for historical use; but the work was so exacting and the issues so sharp that not one of them could redeem his promise. I deem myself fortunate in retrieving some recollections and impressions from two of them—the first Secretary of the Interior and the second Attorney-General. I present these in two divisions of my subject.

Mr. Smith wrote recently:

Mr. Cleveland conferred most freely with the members of his cabinet. Frequently at a cabinet meeting he would say, "You know I must decide soon what I shall do about this matter. My mind is inclined to a certain opinion, but I am not sure about it. I want you each to suggest any object on that occurs to you. Criticize it, help me by suggesting objections." He would then start with the Secretary of State, and go through the entire cabinet, inviting free criticisms, and he would say, "What I want to see in advance is any defect that might be later on pointed out. Before final conclusion I want to consider all angles and be sure I have done my best to determine what is right."

He gave a large part of his time at these formal meetings to discussing foreign relations, and said any number of times: "If I don't give you the opportunity of discussing domestic matters in our meetings I shall be glad to give you any additional time you want by myself; but you know our foreign relations are so important that I ask you to give much of your time at cabinet meetings to consider them. While it is not desirable, we can make a mistake in our home matters; we can commit it and correct it, but we cannot afford to make a mistake in our foreign relations."

While he asked for the fullest expression of opinion and the freest criticism, for the views of his cabinet on anything about which he had not reached a conclusion, he would frequently say, "You know the people put me in this office; if they get my conclusions, after I have sought all help to find the truth, they will get just what they are entitled to. They put me on the job, and I intend to give them my judgment and live up to it, but before I have reached a conclusion I want help. After I have reached it, and announced it, I have done the best I know how, and stand by the decision."

Mr. Olney was a great lawyer, learned in his profession and broad in his scholarship. He had a practical and direct mode of thought. He was simple and democratic in his tastes, not disposed to press his opinions upon others, but giving them with clearness and power when requested. He had already taken a strong hold on the cabinet before he was made Secretary of State, where his work was excellent. Intensely

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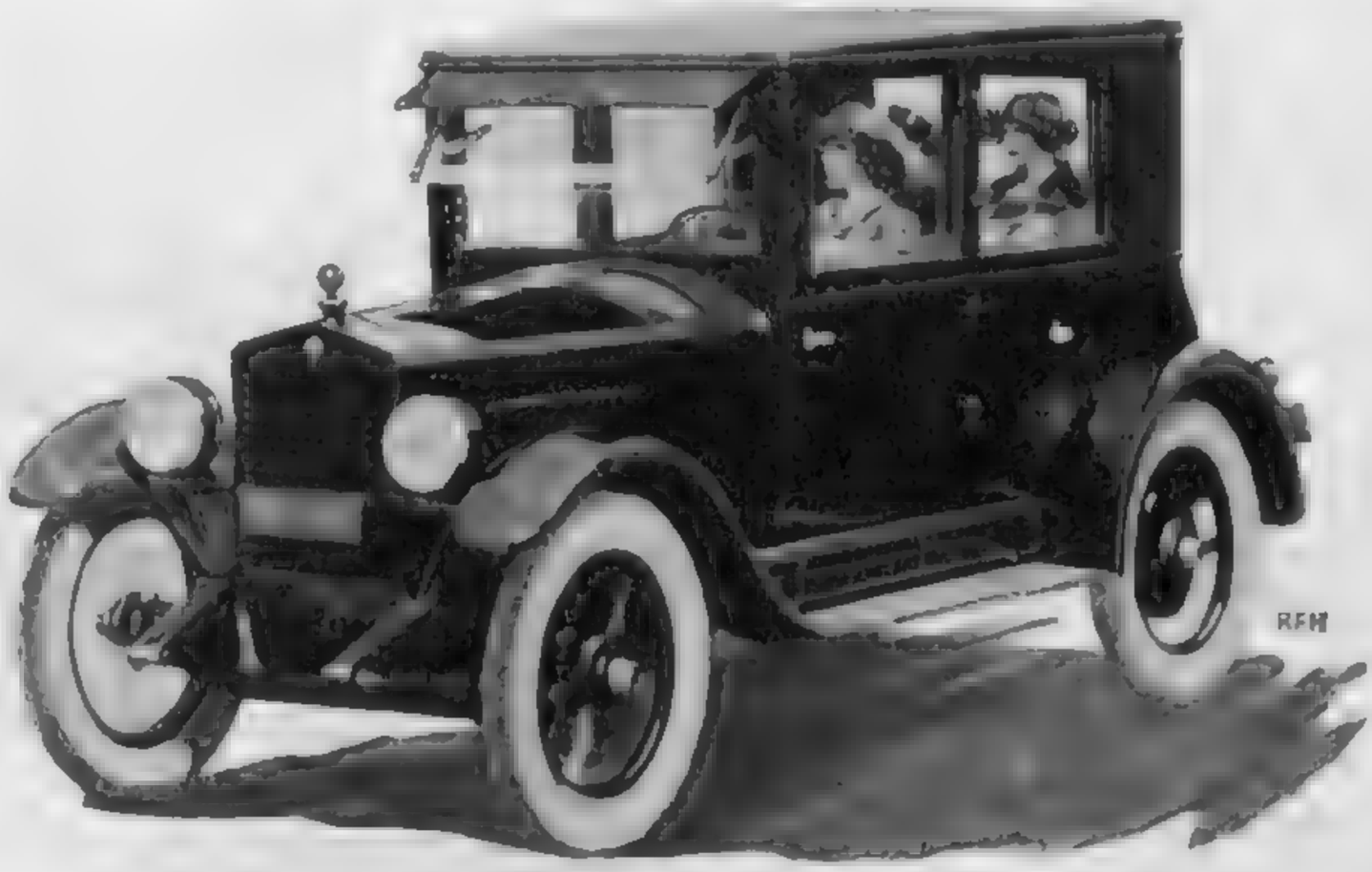

Water - hot or cold soft or hard

There are as many kinds of water in this country as there are counties. Even though you shave exclusively with hot rain water, you must admit that it's a pretty fine shaving cream that softens your beard perfectly with cold water, iron water, salt water, sulphur water, alkali water or any other kind of water you might find on an auto trip from Maine to California.

No matter where you shave with Mennen's—at home or hotel, out of a camp bucket or big white pitcher of a country boarding house, with hot water or the kind Pullman labels hot, you will always whip up the same speedy, creamy, firm, moist lather. Your beard will always react in just the same way. It will always be soft and absolutely non-resisting. I believe that Mennen Shaving Cream is the most scientific beard softener that ever covered a tough beard.

Aside from its wonderful beard-taming virtue, the quality which commends Mennen's to everyone who uses it is the way it conditions the skin, keeps the complexion clear and entirely does away with that constant itching and sensitiveness which have distressed shavers since the first Viking experimented with a Roman razor. The absolute purity of the cream has a lot to do with this, but part of the credit for this skin health is due to Boro-glycerine—a healing emollient which softens and relaxes skin tissues and is mildly antiseptic.

There are two sizes—the big 50 cent size for home use and the 35 cent size convenient for traveling.

Here is my offer: Buy a tube. Try it for a week. If not convinced that Mennen's is the finest shaving cream in existence, send the tube to me and I will refund your money.

Jim Henry
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THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

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American, he had a broad vision of international affairs and handled them with skill and great ability. While at first reserved, on better acquaintance he was found to be genial and attractive.

Mr. Carlisle had a wonderful mental machinery. It worked like a great mogul engine. When the machinery was started it simply pulled any load placed behind it. His wishes never influenced his mental processes. When he put his mind to work it went ahead logically, presenting its conclusions unswayed by any wish of Mr. Carlisle. He could grasp, analyze and express in clear simple language any subject submitted for his consideration.

I remember when the bill for the coinage of the silver seigniorage was before the President Mr. Carlisle in private conversation said, "I hope the President will approve the bill. It will help bring political harmony, and as a matter of policy it would be best to approve it." When the subject was discussed before the cabinet Mr. Carlisle again said, in substance, that it might be wise as a matter of policy to approve the bill, but, pressed further by the President for a discussion of the subject and getting started, he made a powerful argument against any increase of fifty-cent dollars and emphasized the importance of maintaining the gold standard as that of business and commerce in the principal countries of the world.

The President worked late hours at night. He worked slowly, but with great care and thoroughness. I was frequently with him after others had ceased work. He made any number of appointments with me as late as eleven o'clock. He was deeply interested in the Indian problem; he wanted to do everything possible to give the Indian a better chance and enable him to develop into a self-supporting citizen. This was just in line with his general desire to strengthen those who needed help and to advance the less fortunate. He always wanted to know everything about a proposed agent and to be sure he would be just and kind to the Indian, and was deeply interested in the schools and everything that could promote their uplift.

Governor Harmon says:

One of my early duties was to install the Federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth. I took a deep interest because it was the Government's first move to care for its own prisoners. A day or two before the first Christmas after this, I had a letter from the warden and the chaplain about a young prisoner, sentenced for some act done in hot blood, whose term would soon expire and who wished a pardon so as to begin life anew with the new year. His conduct had been excellent, he had been converted, and they were confident of his future.

The time and circumstances strongly appealed to me and I at once sent the letter to the President with this notation: "If I were President I would pardon this young man. I know these officers, and they would not have written as they did if this youth were not worth saving. Such an expression of your faith in him would be an inspiration in his new life." Then it occurred to me that the President would think me too sentimental and impulsive for an officer of justice, and I tried to recall the messenger. But it was too late.

I had a business appointment with the President next day, but he said nothing about my note and I imagined that he was displeased. I saw him again on Christmas Day, but our business was finished with still no reference to my break, as I felt certain that he regarded it. But he invited me to go and see the Christmas tree. After talking with Mrs. Cleveland and the children I started to leave and had reached the door when he called me back. "I got your note about that young man," he said. "It may be rather sentimental, but I pardoned him."

The Civil Service Commission proposed to put under their rules the lawyers in the Department of Justice, except the Attorney-General himself. The commission asked my approval, which I refused, saying these men had already been examined before their admission to practice and that a further examination was unnecessary. I also said practical efficiency was essential, and examination papers would not show that. Many lawyers could produce good papers who could not produce results in handling lawsuits. So I was unwilling to select my staff on a paper showing or to make my successors do so.

The commission appealed to the President, who asked me about the matter. I explained my position and after thinking a moment with head slightly leaning to one side, as his habit was, he said, "Yes, you are right. Civil service is a good thing in its place, but the lawyer force of the department is not its place. The commission, of course, always wants to extend its jurisdiction."

Once when the President and I were alone, waiting for a cabinet meeting, he asked me how I liked my job. I said I was enjoying the work very much.

Then, as he had brought the conversation to a personal basis I said, "Mr. President, you are a great surprise to me."

"How so?" he asked.

"Why," I said, "from what I had read I got the idea that you were stern, arbitrary and—well, say inhospitable to suggestions or advice. I pictured you presiding at this table with a club figuratively speaking, and glaring about as if daring anyone to speak except to say, 'Aye, aye, sir.' But I have found you just the opposite, and it is a real pleasure to take part in your conferences."

He laughed at the way I put it, but said he was surprised that there was any such idea about him. Except in one instance, the President always asked for our opinions or suggestions about matters which came up at cabinet meetings, considered them carefully and often adopted them. But, as I have told you, he read his famous Venezuela message to us in a determined tone and manner, as an announcement, not a proposal.

Shortly after my arrival the President went to Gray Gables for the summer. Reports soon began to appear in the press that protests had been made to the comptroller of the treasury against payment of the sugar bounties, and that he was inclined to refuse payment. The McKinley Tariff Act contained a provision for bounties to American sugar growers and the Wilson Act had repealed this but saved the right to bounties on crops already planted. The objection was that the payment of bounties was contrary to the Constitution, even under the conditions named.

I sent for the comptroller and inquired whether he had consulted his chief, the Secretary of the Treasury, on the subject. He admitted he had not, but asserted that the duty of decision rested on him alone. I told him he was only a member of the Administration which was responsible for the Wilson Act; that his chief had approved and the President had signed it; and that he ought not to take the step he proposed without consulting them. But he persisted and had a formal hearing, after which he refused payment on the ground stated. There was great excitement among the planters, and the Republicans made much of the matter, some newspapers charging that it was a trick to help the Treasury, whose funds were running low. I strongly disapproved the comptroller's course but could not prevent it, and at once had a suit brought and hastened to the Supreme Court to settle the question. Then it occurred to me that I was open to the same criticism as the comptroller, in acting without consulting my chief. So I wrote the President fully about what had occurred and what I had done. Days passed without an answer, and the fear grew within me that I might have made a mistake. But at last the President wrote, fully approving my course and stating the reason for it better than I had done myself. He made it a gracious letter because he realized that, being new in office, I was rather disturbed lest I had been wrong in taking my own head in a very important matter.

The court took the same ground, holding that, apart from the general question of constitutionality, it was the duty of the Government to be just, and that justice required the payment of bounties to citizens who had acted on the faith of a promise.

A Cabinet Without Friction

To be in either of the Cleveland cabinets was something different from the common; in fact, once a member of either was to be always a member of both. The four years' gap between the two Administrations naturally gave each a character and personality of its own. Though no member was chosen the second time, each still occupied, in the mind of the President, the place of adviser.

Wherever he was, the help of such a man, no matter how long he had been out of office, was still wanted, while he and his wife, when in the neighborhood of Washington or wherever the President's family was found, were included in social affairs. Cleveland not only never had a quarrel with an official adviser, but so far as anyone could determine he never had a difference, and every such man remained a personal friend. If ill, inquiry was made for him; and letters passed to the end of life. If one died, the President, when health permitted, and whether he was in or out of office, went to the funeral. He thus always kept his men on the reserve list for assistance in work with which they were familiar, or for political or personal use. He talked about them to other friends, they went to him whether they had anything to say or not, and he to them.

This was not only friendly and informal but it was also formal. He knew what they meant, and he would not overlook any opportunity to use their abilities or position. When a cabinet officer quit his department he was told that he must hold himself ready to come and advise on questions that had risen during his incumbency. This was done in several cases, and that, too, with the full consent of all concerned. In this way he was able to command help where other and more formal men might have hesitated and have drifted along without it. The result of all this was a coördination of the two Administrations and a solidity that are quite unusual in our history. It must be remembered, of course, that the circumstances were peculiar, because no other President has had his terms of power so divided into two equal parts, so that the country could have the advantage of all the powers of organization that he himself or his advisers could bring to the work.

As the city of Washington becomes every four years the hunting ground, more or less happy, for spoilsmen, no sooner were the new President and cabinet installed than this favorite pursuit was renewed. The changes in policies by which old officials were eliminated from consideration rather increased than diminished the pressure for place. Every new man thought he had a chance, and perhaps some of the old ones were inclined to watch their successors with rather a jealous eye. In any event, neither the President nor any of his secretaries had fairly settled in his chair before he was subjected to a pressure from every direction. No point of the compass was neglected, as, like the air, it was uniform from every direction. On the whole, however, this procession of seekers was easier to handle than the one that had precipitated itself upon the President at the beginning of his first Administration. By this time he practically knew everybody and his civil-service ideas were better defined. He had learned what men in every part of the country meant and was therefore able to decide more quickly; and at the same time he knew the responsible members of his staff so much better that he trusted them more.

Where Pull Was a Liability

The burden that he had to bear was not lightened, because though there was relief from one quarter there was an increase of weight from another. On the whole, however, he was able to get along somewhat better. Perhaps he was no longer quite so particular as he had been; this trusting to others was a strong sign of that. His principles and rules carried him a long way. He was still firm in his insistence that he would not appoint to office relatives or personal friends of his own or of patronage seekers. He had strong opinions about the appointments sometimes pushed upon him by overzealous friends without much regard to merit, and he had a distinct abhorrence of men who, having been officeholders during his first Administration, had used political or personal influence to hold over in the interval under Harrison. He was so awfully human that he resented the use of his name or influence by anybody. Some of his civil-service-reform supporters did push upon him for certain appointments men whom he ought not to have had to consider, and when he did so he was almost sure to make a mistake. Still, on the whole, the appointments of the second Administration were on quite as high a plane as those of the first. In neither were they ideal, but as he was not looking for celestial conditions he had to be content.

When the new Administration went to Washington and the first cabinet meetings were held the President had not reached any positive conclusion about calling an extra session of Congress. The silver question, as usual, was pressing for attention. The Sherman purchase law had become even more of a peril if anything than the Bland coinage law, which had preceded it. There was for a time a demand that the latter should be reënacted in order to get rid of the former, but it was soon discovered that taking two bites at a cherry would not be effective; but the condition of the Treasury soon made it necessary to call an extra session to deal with the question. The gold supply was running low and when it had fallen below a hundred millions the country was nervous and alarmed, and the President had to act. He called this extra session just at a time when he knew he had to undergo a severe and dangerous operation for the removal of a cancerous growth, but this did not deter him. He went under this as he might have gone into a quiet consultation over the most trifling bodily trouble.

The story of the necessity for his course has been told by himself so well that it has become a finality. [See article on Bond Issues of 1894, 1895 and 1896 in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for May 7, 1904, and included later in his book, Presidential Problems.] He could not tell, and perhaps nobody ever will know, the strength of the pressure he had to bring to bear. He made his appeal to the country, as has already been set forth time and again in these articles. He had no gift whatever for managing a legislative body. When the

(Continued on Page 48)

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2 —2½ ton,	$3300	4—5 ton,	$4700
2½—3 ton,	3500	5—6 ton,	5100
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"He'll starve out his whole family yet," opined the little Swiss village of Vevey. "He's doing nothing but puttering in his kitchen day and night." And certainly Daniel Peter did test and experiment in his kitchen until he was almost bankrupt. But he triumphed in the end.

Daniel Peter not only originated milk chocolate—even more important, he perfected the *Peter's blend*—the same fine blend that has remained the standard of quality for 50 years.

Milch cows of highest grade—4,000 of them—supply the milk for *Peter's*. Fresh, pure, rich milk every day—blended within a few hours after it is produced with selected cocoa beans into delicious *Peter's* milk chocolate.

Peter's has a rare flavor that is different—distinctive. Only in *Peter's* do you get this satisfying flavor. If you've never tasted it, try *Peter's* today. You'll like it. It's *good*.

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High at the Alps in Quality

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

(Continued from Page 46)

time came that it had to be done he could do it only by main strength, by the use of a courage that in itself amounted to actual force. The Congress of the United States was compelled by an aroused public opinion and by continuous appeals from the President to take, grudgingly and unwillingly, the course it did. The story of that belongs to the history of American politics and will never find full explanation until the records have been explored and weighed and the whole situation interpreted in the light of facts many of which are still unknown.

Naturally, in a Cleveland Administration the tariff question could not be put aside. It was the fruit of one of the most direct movements seen in our later politics. So many other things pushed themselves constantly to the front that it was not until the second year that this vital question really came under discussion in Congress. When it did the financial condition of the country, owing to the dangers incident to the silver question, had produced hard times, depression and unrest. These, perhaps, could have been mastered. The President presented the case to Congress in the most positive, almost demanding way, but the old-time need, so pressing during the first Administration, when the collection of a surplus was the question, had been disposed of by the intervening four years, and thus, being succeeded by other issues, the interest in it had shifted. Besides, there were in the Senate forces in both parties that were distinctly unfriendly to any reduction of the tariff. At the time, all the blame was laid upon sugar, oil and coal, but it lay much deeper; thus, as in the olden days, there was always a combination interested in the increase or maintenance of duties. Now there was a group opposed to any reduction, in spite of the fact that the country had been carried upon this issue. So, do what he might, the President found a coterie that he could not manage. He had no patronage to dole out to them and even if this had been the case he would not have known how to do it; so, although the bill brought in by William L. Wilson, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, was passed through the House with great difficulty, when it came to the Senate it was marked for slaughter.

Failure of the Wilson Bill

The sugar interests were perhaps the most hungry of all. Without the knowledge of the President the leaders in this industry had made a large contribution to the campaign at the preceding election. It made no difference that they had given an equal or larger amount to the Republican campaign fund, which was only an old-time habit of theirs. Its representatives knew, perhaps better than any other industry in the country, how to cast anchors to the windward. Besides this, Senators Gorman and Brice were always unfriendly to Cleveland. They had supported him, had been part of the machinery that brought about the election, but that no longer served their purpose. They never liked him, they were opposed to his principles and his methods, and nothing could console them except to cut the vitals out of the bill. This was done, and the President made an angry retort, which though it impressed itself upon the country was absolutely futile in the saving of the House bill.

As a result Cleveland completed his Administration, went out of office, and to the end of his life was disappointed with his efforts on this one issue, dissatisfied even with his own management, although from the point of view of principle it had in it no serious blunders, and he went to his grave with the feeling that in this respect he had failed.

But this was not the case. He had in reality succeeded. Attention was concentrated upon this great issue at a time that had become inopportune, under conditions that meant changed issues, and in the face of industrial unrest and foreign complications. In spite of all these, he had so impressed the country with his ideas and theories that the old-time protective tariff, which he had assaulted with so much force in 1887, became, temporarily as well as historically, a thing of the past. There have been bills levying heavy duties and they have become laws, but whether they were drawn and passed under one Administration or another, or whatever the circumstances, the reaction has always been so swift that it is probably safe to predict that the old-time orthodox tariff system has been forever discarded.

Attention has already been directed to the unrest that had taken the form of a violent strike in the Homestead mills in Pittsburgh. There had been temporizing on the part of the Government, agreed and divided councils in the representatives of capital, and terrorism in labor. If the two first named had taken strong and intelligent positions from the beginning the trouble would have been nipped in the bud, but both played with it and hence the final settlement came down after another year or so of unrest to the new President of the United States. Overt acts began to show themselves in Colorado and notice was taken of them, both singly and as a whole, much earlier than has been thought.

In 1896, when crossing the ocean I came into contact, anew, with the late Maj. Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook. I had long been absent in the foreign service and so knew little of anything behind the scenes in the principal public events that had happened in the meantime. General McCook, who had been commandant of the Department of the West in Denver, told me that at the first suggestions of violence he had been ordered to Washington to report upon them; that he was turned over to Attorney-General Olney, to whom he explained every in and out of all the questions that were likely to arise; that he consulted fully with the Secretary of War and the President long before the final outbreak, when the governor announced that he stood ready to resist any intervention by the Federal Government, proclaiming, according to reports, that rather than permit this he would ride in blood to the bridle bits. The Government was thus made thoroughly conversant with conditions as they existed in Colorado, took like precautions elsewhere, and so was ready for the emergency long before it came. General McCook said that upon his information and as the result of the other investigations, the Attorney-General gave to the President a private oral opinion upholding the right of the Government to protect the mails. He was, however, insistent upon the fact that the principles involved had been settled weeks before the outbreak of the Pullman troubles.

It is scarcely necessary to review in detail this particular phase of the Administration, because Mr. Cleveland's analysis of it, published some years later as a public lecture, was so complete that it has become imbedded in the history of that time.

For many years trouble had been accumulating in Cuba, and owing to the fact that it was only a few miles off the coast of the United States every kind of agitation was undertaken to draw the country into war for the independence of that island. From the beginning Mr. Cleveland took the strongest position possible. He defied all kinds of agitations. He did everything possible short of arresting and prosecuting the leaders of juntas and other movements fomented in this country, and stood like a stone wall at every turn against any participation in the overt acts of the rebellious forces on that island. It soon became apparent that the movement was in no sense distinctly Cuban. It was carried on by a wild, indiscriminate element ready for any kind of movement, or to use any excuse in order to make trouble; and that, too, without regard to the merits of the question or the peace of the United States. The abuses in Cuba were obvious, but the President always believed that with patience they could be corrected by pressure and diplomacy. He resisted with success all efforts to draw the country into the quarrel, and went out of office feeling that this was one of the proud achievements—as, indeed, it was—of the second Administration.

The Split on the Silver Issue

Long before the end was in sight it was clear that the silver issue had not been settled, that neither Mr. Cleveland's darling hope of the election of Carlisle nor his desire for the nomination of George Gray nor his willingness to help any conservative candidate could be gratified. The very offices that he himself had distributed turned out to be potent factors against him. The silver members of Congress from the South, the Middle and Far West, had demanded everything they could get, and as a large proportion of them were of the wildest type of silver men, before the convention at Chicago it was clear that the whirling-dervish policy was inevitable. This led to that most fatal of all party divisions, and necessitated the nomination of William Jennings Bryan. Looked at as a spectacle it was magnificent, but as a method of dealing with a party it was suicidal—something that the President and every member of his cabinet recognized.

When the time came to meet the issues as they arose it was found that the division of the party made it necessary to nominate an independent ticket. This was done by the party known as the Gold Democrats. The President, as in duty and honor bound, came to the support of Palmer and Buckner, as did every member of his cabinet except the Secretary of the Interior, whose reasons for retirement were so well understood by the President and have already been explained. This was the outward official form that the opposition took inside the Democratic Party. The vote for this third ticket was insignificant—only a thousand or so more than was polled for the Prohibition candidate—but perhaps a million and a quarter of Democrats voted directly for McKinley and thus assured the defeat of Bryan, the fixing of gold as the standard of value, and the settlement of the great financial questions for perhaps a generation—maybe for all time.

In every presidential term there is a culminating point—something that reaches above everything else. It was the tariff message of 1887 in the first Administration which, though filled with many acts far-reaching in their effect, was Cleveland's one great and commanding contribution to its statesmanship and history. In the second what in the terms of power would be called the peak of the load was the Venezuela issue.

Though it did not mark, chronologically, the end of his service, I have reserved it for the last. To me this action stands out as the greatest in his career; something higher than anything else that passed through his vision.

The Venezuelan Problem

When the Venezuelan crisis came the world did not remember that it was a problem that had been awaiting solution for more than forty years, having descended as a legacy from one Administration after another. Though it was new to every member of the cabinet, the successive Secretaries of State included, it was an old story to the President. He had passed through it with Bayard during the first Administration, when they had pushed for a settlement of the disputed boundary issue. It was in no sense a case of interference, only an insistence that, as the Monroe Doctrine had been propounded in this country and upheld whenever the necessity arose, no European country should presume to interfere within the limits of the Western Continent, outside of territories already occupied by them, without the consent of the United States. In the diplomacy of Great Britain it was a small issue, little more than a pin prick, but to America it was vital; to give in without a strong protest to the most powerful country in Europe would have been fatal.

Finally the whole matter was focused upon the demand made through the Department of State in the dispatch sent to Lord Salisbury, the Foreign Minister, under date of July 20, 1895. There had, perhaps, been some delay in forwarding this, owing to the death of Secretary Gresham, but entering upon his duties his successor, Richard Olney, began work with all the energy that was in him. However, it was not entirely his job; in fact, it scarcely belonged to him at all. He had been in office less than a month when the dispatch was sent. Analysis of it makes clear the fact that it was not an individual demand from the Department of State. It was something that the President himself had forced. He knew every in and out of it and thus did not need to investigate in order to satisfy himself of his position. It was only necessary to take up the work where it had been dropped six years before. The dispatch was put under way as rapidly as possible and forwarded without delay to our embassy in London, and reached the British Foreign Office during the first week of August. It was the summer holiday period, when foreign secretaries take things easy; besides, as Lord Salisbury was never inclined to push small diplomatic matters, it hung fire. Inquiry was made from time to time through the embassy as to when an answer might be expected; indeed, although

(Continued on Page 50)

They Go Anywhere in Their Smooth-Riding, Able Jewett

YOU and YOUR family, also, can go anywhere in your Jewett. It is serving blithely everywhere—doing more than is usually expected of a car—because of its ample power and rugged construction.

Jewett owners enjoy big car riding ease at small car expense. Jewett's springs are 80 per cent of the wheelbase. Jewett weighs 2805 pounds—200 pounds more than any car of its size. Stable riding, restful motion over rough roads, as in far more costly cars.

Jewett is the only car of its class built by a maker of finest quality cars. This means Paige-built motor, Paige-type clutch and transmission; Paige-Timken axles front and rear. Ball-bearing steering spindles. All-steel universal joints with sealed-in oil—not grease—good for 15,000 miles without oiling. Six-inch-deep frame; beautiful, well-built bodies.

And Jewett STAYS GOOD! High-pressure, hollow crank-shaft oiling system forces 2 gallons of oil per minute through all main and connecting rod bearings. Wear is long postponed; smooth silence is Jewett's assurance for thousands of miles before overhauling need be thought of.

Paige engineering shows in Jewett's every feature, particularly in its ease of handling. Women love to drive it. They don't have to learn how. Simple, silent gear-changing with a bare 3-inch movement of the lever. Clutch is gentle and gradual. Brakes work easily, positively.

The 37,000 Jewett owners drive from 2 to 60 miles an hour in high—a crawling pace in traffic, flashing speed in the open. Up most any hill in high, fast or slow (a terrific test). Accelerate from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds. (Try it with any other car.)

Little wonder that Jewett has won warm appreciation as a family car. And never has the demand for Jewett been so great as it is right now. A demonstration in the smooth-riding, able Jewett will delight your family. No obligation, of course.

1320

MOTHER:—"*Why didn't we ever find this place before?*"

DAD:—"*We never had a car that could make that sand hill until we got the Jewett.*"

JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

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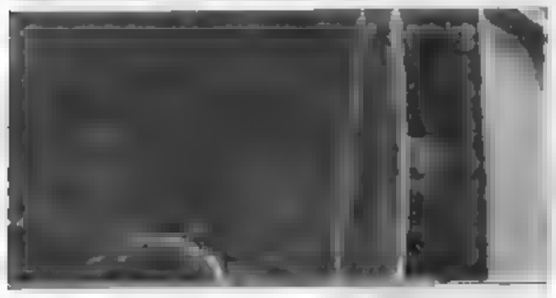

You Can Rely On Goodyears

Unretouched photograph of [illegible] Cord Truck in the service of American Auto Trimming Co., Detroit, Michigan

"Goodyear Cord Tires which we have been using on our trucks for many months for heavy duty have proven sturdy, reliable and long wearing."—AMERICAN AUTO TRIMMING CO., Detroit, Michigan.

You can tell from the look of its clean-cut tread and its rugged carcass that the Goodyear Cord Truck Tire will give you powerful traction and lasting wear. Its performance is always as good as its promise. It delivers the utmost in dependable service at low tire cost.

GOODYEAR

The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All-Weather Tread, and smooth-surfaced Solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

(Continued from Page 48)

unusual to him, the President became impatient. August passed, September passed, October passed, when finally, under date of November twenty-sixth, Lord Salisbury started his reply. As it did not reach the President much before the middle of December, probably no communication of its kind was ever answered so quickly, the message to Congress bearing date of December 17, 1895.

The dispatch to Lord Salisbury had been a joint composition—that is, more than one person contributed to it. It is supposed in all cases, because of the signature, that such communications are written by the Secretary of State, and no doubt some part of this one was, but it is easy to see the joints in the diplomatic harness. The earlier part of it was a review of the situation, a routine statement of the steps already taken from 1848 downward. It was plain and prosaic, and though positive was exceedingly polite. Up to this point the department and the Secretary had had their way, but though the voice was still that of the secretarial Jacob, the hand was that of the presidential Esau. The change in style was abrupt; the politeness continued, but there was about it an assertiveness, a dogmatism that marked it as being entirely different from the beginning. Having these qualities injected into it by two strong minds, it ought to have attracted the attention of even the most indolent and careless British Foreign Minister, but, as has been seen, the acknowledgment was tardy.

When the message was finally sent to Congress no Secretary of State, no cabinet officer, no official of any kind, from the highest to the lowest, was consulted. So far as can be learned the President wrote the document with a pencil, on a pad as it lay upon a barrel head, during a short trip that he made down the Potomac and along the coast.

Cleveland was absent only three or four days, but when he returned, the message, containing less than a thousand words, was, perhaps, the most dynamic communication in relation to foreign affairs that had ever gone from the American Government. It was undiplomatic to a degree, and yet from first to last there was no mistaking what every word of it meant. It was Clevelandish and nothing else, and he stood ready to defend the position then assumed.

Playing a Lone Hand

I have obtained from my cabinet friends their description of the method pursued in the sending of the original dispatch and that chosen by the President and his Secretary of State for communicating their action to the cabinet. This policy was so foreign to that generally adopted by the President when dealing with his advisers that it stood out in the history of his Administrations as something unique; and yet in writing about it many years later he gave practically all the credit to his Secretary of State. It was perhaps the most independent act ever done by an American President since General Jackson's proclamation in 1832 against the Nullifiers of South Carolina. Nor was it in any sense a bluff; every word was meant, and it was this fact that carried conviction to the authorities of England, to public opinion in the United States and to the world. He was sure that no quarrels, even no differences, could come as the result of such a policy, and the end was to justify it. Almost before the echoes from the message had died away he wrote, in his memorable Birmingham letter, these words reminiscent of early studies:

> There is much said and written in these days concerning the relations that should exist, bound close by the strongest ties, between English-speaking peoples and concerning the high destiny that awaits them in concerted effort. I hope we shall never know a time when these ennobling sentiments will be less often expressed, or will, in the least, lose their potency and influence. Surely if English speech supplies the token of united effort for the good of mankind and the impulse of an exalted mission, we do well fittingly to honor the name and memory of William Shakspere.

It was perhaps impossible for anybody to foresee at that time how potent an element this particular episode in the history of two great peoples should be in fixing their relations or to realize that within twenty-two years they would be associated in a great war.

A Midsummer Cabinet Meeting

Other than Mr. Cleveland's own story of this crisis, little has been written about it; so what Harmon and Smith, his survivors, say, has real historic value. Governor Harmon, in a letter to the author, says:

> Very soon after I reached Washington, in June, 1895, to take up the duties of Attorney-General, the President sent me a large bundle of official documents relating to Venezuela, and asked that I study them, as the subject was likely to come up very soon. I naturally set promptly to work on them. They contained full accounts of what had been done on the various occasions when Venezuela had appealed to us to interfere against the steadily advancing claims of Great Britain to territory claimed by Venezuela. It looked as though every time a mine or other valuable property was discovered in Eastern Venezuela the British asserted a boundary line that would include it. Our remonstrances had been received from the beginning with varying but constant degrees of coolness or worse, until it was "up to us," on this new appeal of the little country, either to lie down flat or compel attention to our demand.
>
> One day, about the middle of July, I had a telegram from Olney, who was at Falmouth, asking me to meet him at his office in the State Department the next day. Being new on the job, I had remained in Washington for the summer, and several other members of the cabinet were still there, Carlisle, Wilson, Herbert and, I think, Lamont, all of whom had received like telegrams. That there was to be a midsummer cabinet meeting got out, and when we went over next day every newspaper man in town was on hand; the corridor was crowded. The general belief was that the subject was Cuba, where the situation had been growing more acute. As, of course, none of us would say anything, before or after the meeting, the subject was said on all sides to be Cuba. Nobody anywhere suspected the real subject. Olney said he had called us together at the President's direction to submit to us the draft of a communication on the subject of Venezuela which it was proposed to send to Lord Salisbury. He did not say who had written it, but did say that he and the President had gone over it together, which to my mind and that of every one who knew Mr. Cleveland meant that there was some of his thought and style in it, whoever had prepared the original draft.
>
> As Olney read I made notes of such thoughts as occurred to me, supposing that the submission to us was not a mere formality. I confess I was deeply impressed by the importance of the occasion and the tremendous consequences which might grow out of it, so I gave my closest attention. Olney read with what seemed to me a tone of finality, though I did not know him well then and this may have been fanciful, and, when he finished, looked around as if asking for criticisms. He may have asked in words if anyone wished to make suggestions; I am not certain. To my surprise, nobody had a word to say. I was the newest and the youngest and it occurred to me that my proper course was to keep still; especially as I had had no experience whatever in diplomacy or even in public life. But I quickly decided that it was my duty to say what I thought, for whatever it might be worth. So, referring to my notes, I made several suggestions and at least one criticism.
>
> One suggestion was that the recital of alleged encroachments and virtual snubs with which our communications had been received could be made sharper and clearer, so as to lead up more strongly to the present instance. The criticism was of certain language as undiplomatic. It was very vigorous and quite "American," but I thought that it was not the thing to call a "spade" anything but "an agricultural implement" in the momentous intercourse of nations on a subject about which relations were already delicate. I recall that the word "war" was used outright, once if not oftener.
>
> To my surprise, as I confess, because when I had finished a feeling that I had been somewhat cheeky came over me, all I had said was approved and accepted and the communication changed accordingly. Mr. Olney went back the same day to report to Mr. Cleveland and in due time the dispatch was sent, but nothing was known about it by the public until Salisbury's reply came out in December.
>
> When Mr. Cleveland prepared his famous message to Congress, which we all understood he did on the lighthouse tender down in the river, he read it to the cabinet at a regular meeting.
>
> But for the first and last time during my term of service he failed to invite suggestions or remarks. He merely said he was going to send this message to Congress, and read it. I remember catching Wilson's eye when the reading closed without the usual request for remarks, and we exchanged winks.

I am again beholden to Hoke Smith:

> When the President sent his celebrated message to Great Britain upon the Venezuela question he read it to the cabinet and stated that it would go at once to Congress. He declared he sent it as a peace message, and that no one would look with greater horror upon a war between Great Britain and the United States than himself. He said that all his ancestors before coming to the United States were English and he understood the English character. He said Great Britain did not intend to have a war with the United States, but we had been working on the Venezuela question for years, and had made no progress; but if Great Britain should undertake to seize territory in Venezuela by force, it would provoke a contest with the United States. Great Britain would not go to this extreme if she realized in advance that the consequences would be war. If allowed to drift further Great Britain would be in a position where she could not get out by peaceful means, and his object, he said, was to make it clear that the rights of Great Britain must be judicially determined, and that any effort by Great Britain to take territory on American soil by force would be met by the Monroe Doctrine.

This ending, so far as it relates to Mr. Cleveland's public career in its closing days, somehow seems to me to be abrupt; but I have constantly to remember that I am not writing a definite life of a great public figure, and to accept, with still greater emphasis, the admonition that I am not preparing a rounded history or even a complete chronicle.

I am rather seeking to throw upon the screen the most striking of the pictures that reflect in large measure the personal knowledge of myself and of the many intelligent and privileged observers who have aided me with recollections, impressions, experiences and opinions.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of seven articles by Mr. Parker. The next in the series will appear in an early issue.

PAINLESS TAXES

(Continued from Page 38)

Mr. Hazen J. Burton, of Minneapolis, in the fifth edition of The Sales Tax, makes two statements of estimated revenue from which the reader may take his choice. The first is: "Experts have determined that a turnover sales tax of 1 per cent on commodities would raise in the neighborhood of $1,000,000,000." The second is: "A sales tax levied at 1 per cent would yield anywhere from $1,500,000,000 up to probably $4,000,000,000 or $5,000,000,000, depending upon the extension of its incidence. Under the Smoot Bill, with provisions as above outlined, it is estimated to yield $1,500,000,000 in years like 1921, and more in active business years."

Apparently the latest expert to enter the lists is Mr. Franklyn Hobbs, of Chicago. In his report Mr. Hobbs says:

"A sales tax of 1 per cent applied to all sales of raw materials, goods, wares and merchandise collectable 'when these things have been delivered and paid for' would provide approximately the following revenue, it being understood that the tax of 1 per cent should be paid by the buyer and its payment evidenced on his bill for merchandise or bill of sale.

"Assuming that all goods pass in the most direct line from producer to consumer, and that there is no barter and exchange between manufacturers, between brokers and jobbers, between wholesalers or between retailers, a conservative estimate indicates these revenues:

1. Paid by producers of raw materials	nil
2. Paid by brokers and jobbers	$ 110,000,000
3. Paid by manufacturers	[illegible]
4. Paid by wholesalers	380,000,000
5. Paid by retailers	300,000,000
6. Paid by consumers	1,250,000,000
Total revenue from such sales	$2,330,000,000

"Assuming that one-half of this merchandise does not pass in the most direct line from original producer to ultimate consumer, making proper allowance for the manufacturers and the wholesalers, who are also retailers of their own wares, and taking into account the sales of merchandise direct from the original producers to ultimate consumers, we believe that an addition of 50 per cent to the above estimate would be a conservative calculation. This would mean a revenue of more than $3,500,000,000 annually, and the actual, ultimate and sole tax on the consumer would be less

(Continued on Page 52)

If only the roof had also been stone . . .

THIS old building might still be intact and serviceable if the roof had not failed. But the builder had an excuse for using a perishable roof that you, to-day, cannot offer. For to-day, even roofs can be stone—Asbestos—and hence just as permanent as the walls and foundation.

So, a structure of brick, stone, or concrete, with the most vulnerable part, the roof, of perishable material is an absurdity no longer necessary. Whether you are roofing or re-roofing, whether your building is brick or stone or merely frame, you can protect it with a material so permanent that you need never think about that roof again. That material is Johns-Manville Asbestos and it will protect the whole structure from the wear and tear of the weather as well as from the ever present danger of fire.

There are two types of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles—Flexstone and Rigid. Flexstone Shingles are slate-surfaced and have a dense layer of asbestos rock fibre below the slate surfacing. Rigid Asbestos Shingles are hard, durable slabs made from Portland cement and asbestos rock fibre. They *can't* wear out—ever!

The important thing in choosing any roofing is to be sure that it is Johns-Manville Asbestos. Then you will have upon your roof the durability of stone walls. See your builder or carpenter to-day. Ask him—or ask us at:—

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Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 56 Large Cities
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Johns-Manville Flexstone Asbestos Shingles don't curl because they can't dry out.

What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	[illegible] roofing in shingles	Flexstone—red, green or blue-black
Dwellings $6,000-$7,000	[illegible] asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red, green or blue-black Standard—red shingles mixed, green or gray
Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or Colonial (see below right)—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colonial—(See below left) in red or [illegible] red or gray mixed colors
Factories, shops and [illegible] roofs*	Asbestos ready roofing or asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready or Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Asbestos Protected Metal
Skeleton frame buildings—extensive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Roofing

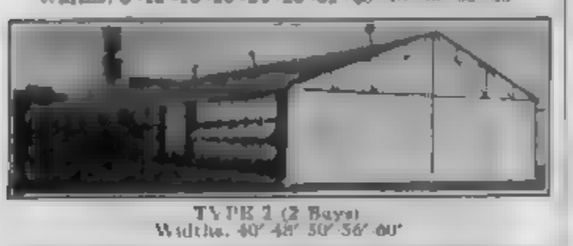
TRUSCON COPPER STEEL STANDARD BUILDINGS

50 miles of Truscon Buildings? Does your plant include one?

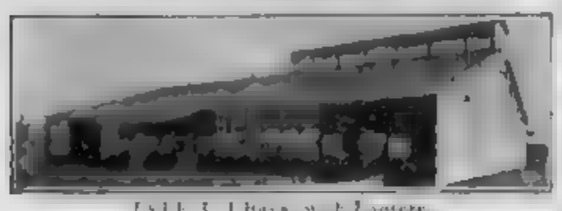
American business already uses over fifty miles of Truscon Standard Buildings, more than enough to reach from New York to Trenton. Repeat orders from such companies as American Car & Foundry, General Motors, American Can, Atlantic Refining, Dodge Bros., Standard Oil, Pennsylvania R. R., etc., for factories, shops, warehouses, foundries, garages, oil buildings, railroad buildings, etc. Truscon Standard Buildings are fireproof and permanent. Walls of brick, concrete or copper steel. Windows and doors of copper steel. Low priced because made of factory-built standardized units. Permit easy erection with minimum field labor. Also enable building to be enlarged, reduced in size or taken down for removal, with 100% salvage.

Typical Truscon Standard Buildings
Lengths: Multiples of 2'. Heights 8'-1" to 21'-5"
Any arrangement of doors and windows.

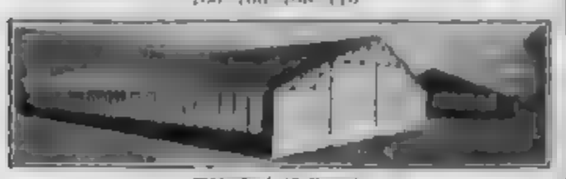
TYPE 1 (Clear Span) with [illegible]
Widths, 8'-12'-16'-20'-24'-28'-32'-40' 48' 50' 60' 68'



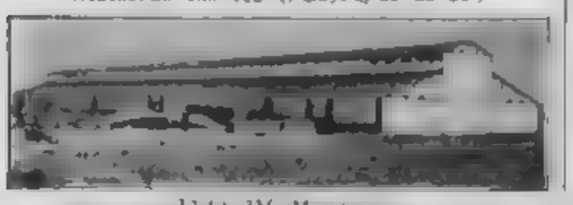
TYPE 2 (2 Bays)
Widths, 40' 48' 50' 56' 60'



TYPE 3 (Bays with [illegible])
Widths 56' 60' 64' 68' [illegible] 80' 84' 88' 92' 96' 98'
100' 106' 108' 116'



TYPE 4 (4 Bays)
Widths, 80'-100'-112' (4 Bays of 20'-25'-28')



TYPE 5 (Multi-[illegible])
Widths 60' 64' 68' [illegible] 88' 92' 96' 98'
100' 106' 108' 116'

SAW TOOTH TYPE
Widths Any multiple of 28'

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Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for

Type____ Length ____ Width ____ Height ____

Name _____

Address _____ (SP6-9)

(Continued from Page 50)

than 2½ per cent on each dollar's worth of raw materials, goods, wares or merchandise which he purchased for the consumption of his business, himself or his family."

Mr. Hobbs' proposal calls for the purchase of stamps by the buyer to be canceled by the seller. This is different from the Canadian law, under which the government looks to the vender for the tax.

After an examination of the sales-tax plan offered by Mr. Hobbs, Mr. George V. Newton, who was formerly head of the Income Tax Unit of the United States, and is now a tax consultant, said:

"Any proposal to collect a 1 per cent tax on purchases by consumers seems to me highly impractical. One reason why I so regard it is the fact that millions of cash purchases are each day made in amounts of less than one dollar. Think of the thousands of small shops and school stores where the main traffic is in pennies, nickels and dimes. These merchants keep no books excepting in the vaguest and most general way. Many, probably most, of them are not qualified to keep even the simplest form of accounts. This is why a tax on gross retail sales would be difficult of collection. They know that if pencils cost them two and one-half cents each and sell for a nickel they are doubling their money—and this is about all they do know so far as accounting is concerned. Many stores of this sort do an astonishingly large annual business. Of course the matter of collection would be relatively simple in the case of the consumer who does all his trading by means of charge accounts. But there are literally millions of consumers who are wholly guiltless of the charge-account habit, and there is scarcely an individual trading on a charge-account basis who does not make many cash purchases."

Opposition of Retailers

"Of course I am not overlooking the fact that the plan in question provides that the payment of the sales tax shall be indicated by affixing a stamp to every sales slip, bill or invoice, and that every sale shall, by law, be in some manner indicated in written form. The force by which it is proposed to compel all sellers, including retailers, to give a sales slip or bill covering every sale and every purchaser to accept such a paper and affix to it the proper stamp is, I understand, a Federal act holding seller and buyer to be guilty of conspiracy to defraud the Government when a sale is made and a tax stamp is not affixed. The theory is that the seller will not take the chance of getting into trouble with the Government in order to save his customer a few cents or a fraction of a cent, perhaps. This might work out reasonably with intelligent and careful merchants, but not all merchants or sellers are of this caliber. Shrewdness is the most highly developed and dominant quality in thousands of venders. If they thought they could curry favor with a customer by winking at a little informality in the matter of the sales-tax stamp I cannot doubt that they would take the chance.

"In a word, I am forced to believe that in the matter of cash sales at retail the cost of collecting the tax—which includes the cost of enforcing its collection—would be greater than the amount collected, or at least great enough to render the plan impracticable."

To this Mr. Hobbs says:

"Cash sales are only about 22 per cent of total sales; sales under five cents are an almost infinitesimal fraction of the cash sales. Cash sales under one dollar amount to less than 5 per cent of the country's business. We could well afford to disregard the tax on that altogether were it not for establishing the nuisance of an exception."

This plan proposes the general sale of books of revenue stamps containing two pages of stamps in the denomination of one-twentieth of a cent, two pages of one-tenths, two of one-fourths, two of one-halfs, two of one cent, two of five cents and two of ten cents—a total of $3.38. According to generally accepted estimates the average working man spends about $675 a year for merchandise—actual physical commodities. This book of stamps, therefore, would last him under average circumstances, six months. Each merchant or vender would also carry a supply, from day to day, of sheet stamps in the various denominations required by his trade.

From talks with many retailers in many lines I am forced to the conclusion that there would be great opposition on their part to the passage of any sales-tax law obliging the retailer to collect the tax from the consumer by any means other than that of including it in the price. One large retail grocer remarked:

"Such a scheme is pure theory. In this store, for example, where we have thousands of sales a day, the result would be a riot—nothing less. Think of the task of compelling fifteen thousand customers, in one day, to dig up sales-tax stamps! It would double our selling costs and require more time on the part of our help to collect the tax than to sell the goods and wrap them. But this would be only the beginning of the trouble. It would cause an immediate and decided decline in the volume of our cash sales in particular. Customers would resent the nuisance of the thing. How do I know this? Because my main task in building up this business has been that of getting the firing range on human nature in relation to the act of buying. Any such law would be a fierce blow to the retail trade. Personally I would much prefer to absorb a 1 per cent consumer tax myself than to nag it out of my customers—it would be cheaper for me."

Extensive inquiry among retailers indicates that this view is representative. Retail sentiment is overwhelmingly against any plan for passing a sales tax on to the consumer in plain figures. It is generally against a tax on gross sales collectible from the retailer.

Now consider a few of the outstanding arguments advanced against the sales tax, and in favor of it: The most elaborate menu ever placed before a hotel guest offers a scant opportunity for selection compared with the wealth of conflicting arguments and theories respecting this subject advanced by economists of recognized standing. About the only points upon which they appear to agree are these: That ability to pay must be the basis of all sound and fair taxation; that ease, cheapness and effectiveness of administration are essentials in any tax plan; and that a tendency to discourage production is a poor quality in any tax. The advantage to Uncle Sam of having a snug sum coming in each month, or even each quarter, from sales-tax returns is a consideration not to be sneezed at. It would be very handy.

Many opponents of the sales tax admit that if it was not passed on to the consumer in plain figures, but was collected from the manufacturer, the wholesaler and perhaps the retailer, and was buried in the price to the consumer, its administration would be cheap, easy and effective. Others deny this; but they appear to forget the working examples of the Philippines and Canada.

All opponents of the sales tax, however, are of one voice in asserting that it outrages the fundamental principles of taxation on the basis of ability to pay. They urge that the man of small income must spend virtually all of it for the fundamental requirements of existence—mainly for material necessities—while the man of large income spends relatively only a small part of it; therefore a tax upon expenditures instead of upon income is a violation of the ability-to-pay principle.

Arguments Pro and Con

This argument is met by the ablest supporters of the sales tax with the assertion that this is a literal and narrow application of the term "ability to pay"; that a man's income is not the sum of money that is passed to his credit, but the amount of material things plus the labor put into them that he withdraws from the total volume of production.

Sales-tax advocates also insist that the sales tax does not violate the principle of ability to pay, as everyone's expenditures bear a close relation to their ability to spend—that is, to their income—hence a tax on expenditures is roughly proportioned to income. True, it is not progressive; but neither is the normal income tax progressive, yet when supplemented by surtaxes it has its proper place in a system based on ability to pay. It is said that those below the present income tax exemptions are certainly able and should pay something and have only been exempted from the normal tax because the cost of collection is prohibitive. This difficulty is avoided by an indirect tax on expended income which can be collected cheaply as well as painlessly.

Sales-tax opponents seem to feel that they have an unanswerable argument in the assertion that this tax discourages production, and they give little weight to the answer that, instead, it may tend only to curtail current consumption. "Nothing," they reply, "so greatly discourages production as the curtailment of consumption. All economic activity proceeds from man's wants; the surest way to stimulate production is to increase demand. The sales tax would curtail consumption and therefore discourage production."

And yet, how about the matter of a safe surplus, a little margin put aside for the rainy day of an emergency? There are quite a number of thoughtful and hard-headed citizens who feel that this country needs a larger practice of individual thrift about as much as it needs anything that it now lacks—quite as much, in fact, as it needs a stimulated appetite for consumption. We've had quite an orgy of consumption and could stand a little thrift without being ruined by it. Incidentally there is mighty little in our present income tax to encourage thrift—and a whole lot in the sales tax that would tend to draw the thrifters out into the sun.

Theory Versus Practice

Another major indictment brought against the sales tax is that it penalizes traffic in certain commodities carrying a small margin of profit and having frequent turnover, and thereby favors those that carry a fat profit. I do not see how this can be successfully denied. Sales-tax advocates assert that a general turnover tax of 1 per cent—that is applicable not only to retail sales but to all preceding sales of the same articles or materials entering into the same in the course of manufacture and wholesale distribution—would, on the average, increase the price to the consumer only 2½ per cent or, at the highest estimate, not over 3½ per cent. In this connection it should be remembered that the earlier turnovers in the production and merchandising of most articles are at prices that are almost insignificant compared with their final retail prices. Economists and business men generally seem to accept the statement that it costs more to distribute the world's commodities than it does to produce them. In other words, 1 per cent on the manufacturer's price would, with respect to a large volume of commodities, be a mere fraction of 1 per cent of the price ultimately paid for them by the consumer. However, the average result would be of small consolation to the individual vender of a commodity carrying, by long-established tradition and practice, a very small margin of profit and having a frequent turnover. His only consolation would be the actual smallness of the tax. Certainly, however, he would be harder hit than the vender of a commodity carrying a liberal profit margin.

But in the practical application of the tax in the Philippines and Canada there seems to be small complaint on this score. The general verdict appears to be that this tax has been passed on to the consumer and that he has accepted it, concealed in the price, without curtailing his consumption in protest.

Again, the opponents of the sales tax assert that it will give great advantage to big business that combines the functions of manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer—as some do. Undoubtedly it will unless precautions to prevent this undesirable result are taken. To meet this difficulty by a provision compelling such a company to account for its sales as a manufacturer, a jobber and a retailer would not seem to be impossible.

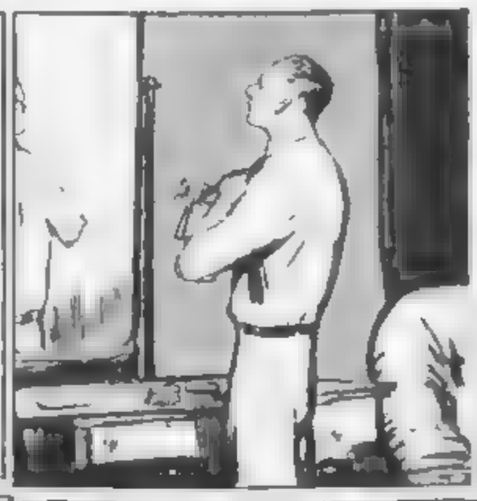
If there is any credit to be distributed on account of the defeat, for the time being, of all sales-tax legislation, the burden of it should undoubtedly go to organized agriculture and organized labor. There were others in the party, but these are the boys who really tied the can to the tail of the Smoot Bill! For this reason the arguments advanced by their official spokesmen assume special interest and importance.

Because of the immense legislative influence of these two bodies and of the briefs presented for them by their tax representatives it seems desirable to give at least one of these economists a first-hand hearing. Therefore I sought an interview with Mr. H. C. McKenzie, of Walton, New York, the tax representative of the American Farm Bureau Federation, and invited him to express himself on the subject of a sales tax, taking as a base line a complete turnover tax of 1 per cent, as advocated by Mr. Hobbs and others.

(Continued on Page 54)

When Are You Really "Collar-Conscious"?

Dressing in the morning may give you a moment of hesitation, of doubt as to how you will look during the day, unless, swiftly and confidently, you can reach into a crisp white stack of flatly ironed VAN HEUSEN collars.



Before an important interview, you are likely to worry about your appearance more than about your ideas. Your collar will be seen first; count on that, and play safe by being sure it is a smart and dignified VAN HEUSEN.

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When your rival wears a smarter one, then, if ever, you are painfully "collar-conscious," and then, if ever, you wish fervently that you, too, had worn the VAN HEUSEN.

When the weather is very warm, you are likely to be uncomfortably conscious of your collar—unless you are one of the wise majority who wear the cool, smoothly woven, smart VAN HEUSEN.

Dressing for the evening is dressing for social reasons, and then, surely, you consider if your collar be smart as well as comfortable. Then, surely, you will be grateful to know it is a VAN HEUSEN.

VAN NORD

—one of the twelve current VAN HEUSEN styles—smoothly comfortable, as always, and particularly smart at this time of the year.

Making a speech is, for most men, a period of agonized self-consciousness. If you are such a sufferer, you can eliminate at least one element of embarrassment by wearing the smart and comfortable VAN HEUSEN.

ALTHOUGH the moments you devote to your collar come and go, the collar itself is with you all day. ¶ Photographers and artists will tell you that it is the most important character note in your attire. ¶ Clearly, then, your collar should represent you with fidelity. ¶ If there is in you a desire both to appear modern and to feel comfortable, the finely woven, curved VAN HEUSEN, with its curved and permanently "broken" fold, will prove incomparably satisfactory. ¶ Let the pictures on this page recall to you the moments when you are "collar-conscious." ¶ Think about those moments, and think about the VAN HEUSEN; you will find that they harmonize agreeably.

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"In any discussion of Federal taxation," responded Mr. McKenzie, "two things must be kept in mind—a square deal for all the people, and the production of adequate revenue.

"Taxes can only be paid from two sources—out of income or out of capital. Germany is the only country that has resorted to a capital levy, and did so only because that was the last resort; it was that or bankruptcy. Income taxes are paid out of net income. Sales taxes may have to be paid out of capital during hard times and falling markets. Most sales-tax advocates fall into the serious error of holding that 'all taxes are passed on to and eventually paid by the ultimate consumer.' This theory was originally formulated by Senator Smoot, in the spring of 1921, and presented to a meeting of the American Farm Bureau Federation at a meeting in Washington. It is not true.

"Another matter that seems to be largely overlooked by the sales-tax advocates is that taxes are only a minor factor in determining prices, and that the enactment of a sales tax will not suspend the law of supply and demand; that there will be periods when the manufacturer cannot add his sales tax to his selling price, but will have to absorb it, and that this will happen just when he can least afford to do so—during periods of poor business and falling markets. Take the lumber business, for example; after 1920 there was a falling market and many kinds of lumber were until the recent recovery about one-half what they were in the spring of 1920.

"Under the law as it was if a lumberman did a $300,000 business that year and made no profits he had no tax to pay, but if there had been a sales tax he would have had to pay, at the rate of 1 per cent, a $3000 tax just when he was doing business without profit, or at a loss. If he could not sell his lumber at cost of production, how could he add any tax? The tax would have to be paid out of capital. What effect would this have on business whenever we strike times of depression?"

Objections to Consider

"The discussion of anything except possibly the manufacturers' tax has become a merely academic discussion. The retail-sales tax is ruled out, both from the standpoint of social justice and from the standpoint of administration. It could not be administered. What would happen is clearly illustrated by what happened in France, where, on account of evasion, the tax produced only a fraction of the estimates; from 292,791,500 francs in September receipts dwindled to 151,571,000 francs in February, largely because of evasion. The French are at least as good collectors as we are.

"Canada had the same trouble with retail-sales taxes. Our soda-water tax taught the same lesson; not more than one-fourth of the tax was ever paid; druggists are just as honest as other people. The adequate supervision of 1,000,000 retail concerns, many of which keep no books, is impracticable.

"The general turnover, or sales tax, has all the evils of the retail-sales tax, and some more of its own. It would give the larger and stronger concerns an enormous advantage, and eventually concentrate the business in each particular line in the hands of a few powerful concerns. Take the shoe business, for example. There is one concern that buys its hides in South America and sells the shoes to the wearer. This concern would pay a tax of 1 per cent on the finished shoe.

"Take another, a small concern; the hides are gathered by a dealer and sold to a tanner, sold to a jobber, to a shoe manufacturer, to a jobber, to a retailer. Here the tax would be paid six times. A difference of 3 per cent in costs will determine who gets the business in shoes. It is readily seen that it would only be a question of time when a few large concerns would control the shoe business. The same thing is true of many other industries.

"The trouble in administrating the excess-profits tax for 340,000 corporations was as nothing compared with the checking of the infinite number of accounts involved in a general sales tax. It would be out of the frying pan into the fire with a vengeance. One of the requisites of a good tax is ability to check the returns. This could not be done adequately with the number of accounts involved under a turnover tax. As between a general sales tax and a tax on specific articles the latter is to be preferred, as the money can thus be secured without raising the cost of the necessaries of life—food, fuel, clothing and shelter. It is unthinkable that our Government would tax the necessaries of life in order to free from taxes the incomes of the wealthy.

"The manufacturers' tax, such as they have in Canada, has the advantage of being more easily administered, but has the same unsound economic principle at its base, taxing according to need for consumption instead of according to ability to pay. It is no more stable in the amount of revenue produced than are income taxes. The idea that it is a painless form of taxation—that is, that the people will not know they are being taxed—is a mistake, as witness the last election in Canada, when the party in power was almost annihilated. It will not be painless to the party enacting that kind of law. This Canadian manufacturers' tax was one of the issues that broke the party in power."

It is difficult to believe the unpopularity of the tax on manufacturers' and wholesalers' sales contributed to the overthrow of the old Coalition Government, as the new party in power, the Farmers' Liberal Party, has continued the sales tax and increased the rates 50 per cent. Apparently the farmers like it. Mr. McKenzie continues:

"Approximately 75 per cent of the tax revenue should be raised from income taxes and 25 per cent from consumption taxes. No more foolish or shortsighted policy of taxation could be devised than the effort to free large incomes from taxes by means of tax-free securities and consumption taxes, and to put the burden upon the necessaries of life—food, fuel, clothing and shelter."

This is the brand of argument that put the sand in the gears of Senator Smoot's sales-tax bill! As a plea for the soak-the-rich theory of taxation it is entitled to go to the head of the class. And yet ——

Senator Smoot will undoubtedly be surprised to learn that he "originally formulated" the theory that all taxes are passed on to and eventually paid by the ultimate consumer. About 150 years ago Adam Smith, the great political economist, wrote: "Taxes upon such consumable goods as are articles of luxury are all finally paid by the consumer. . . . A direct tax upon the wages of labor, though the laborer may perhaps pay it out of his hand, could not properly be said to be even advanced by him. The rise the tax might occasion in the wages of manufactured labor would be advanced by the master manufacturer, who would both be entitled and obliged to charge it, with a profit, upon the price of his goods."

The Right to Squeal

With respect to those who are squealing, about the loudest protests against the possibility of a sales tax come from organized labor and organized agriculture. They should not, it seems to me, deny the right of squeal to those persons of large incomes who already feel the actual burden of a tax that they deem unjust. Probably the statement that "the only advocates of the sales tax are those who expect to save money thereby" is generally true, but I doubt that it is any truer than the statement that the only opponents of the sales tax are those who believe that they will lose money by it.

Of course sales-tax advocates, speaking on this point, remind us that no person, firm or corporation is forced to continue to buy or sell production at a loss or to produce raw materials at a loss. Though this is true in theory it does not work out in fact. Business in general is done upon the long-time basis of averaging lean years and fat years, of taking annual losses and offsetting them with annual profits. The business of farming is a good example in point. Just because he strikes a lean year which shows or promises to show a loss, the forward-looking farmer does not throw his farm upon the market and retire. Sometimes, perhaps; but generally he sticks by his investment and his calling, and hopes to get back his losses and something more another year.

As to the great difficulties of sales-tax administration because of lack of bookkeeping methods among small merchants and shopkeepers, it seems pertinent to ask whether this will impose a greater obstacle to the enforcement of a sales tax than it now does to administering the income tax. Thousands of small merchants make returns and pay a small income tax; other thousands make returns showing that they are under the exemption point in net income. Still others in the same class are likely to be called on the carpet to show why they have not filed returns. In short, the income-tax law places an obligation upon small merchants generally to keep books capable of showing the amount of their net profits—a far more difficult matter than merely showing the volume of gross sales.

Touching the question of the dependability of the sales tax as a source of revenue I am inclined to accept the statement made by an outstanding business analyst that "the variation in our total consumption from year to year is far less than the variation in our total incomes, as evidenced by present consumption statistics and those of present taxable income compared with those of previous years." Again the experience of the Philippines and Canada seems to compel the conclusion that the sales tax is an uncommonly stable revenue getter.

A Combination Tax

One may agree with those who say that the most fundamental basis of taxation is ability to pay, and then call attention to the fact that the whole point in issue is assumed without proof when the contention is made that a sales tax or consumption tax violates this principle. All persons' expenditures are guided by their ability to spend. Surely there is some relation between a man's ability to buy food, clothing, service, and those things which satisfy his wants and tastes, and his ability to contribute to the expenses of Uncle Sam's government conducted in his behalf. It may be that a sales tax, a tax on expenditures alone, would not afford a complete tax system graded according to ability to pay, but that is not the question. The question is whether a combination of sales tax and income tax would conform to or violate the principle. It seems to me that such combination would be more in harmony with ability to pay than either an income or sales tax alone.

There is no denying, it seems to me, the equity and logic of the principle upon which the income tax is based. On the other hand a sincere and open-minded search into the history of the modern sales tax in its practical application in various countries has convinced me that it is practicable. It may be as burdensome, as unpopular and as ineffective as its opponents declare. But the record seems to be clear that it works; that the people who pay it like it; and that they prefer it to any other kind of taxation! This embarrassing position is relieved by one consolation—the thought that it does not afford the first instance in which the results of actual experience have furnished a sharp contradiction to the convincing theories of able men respecting what was bound to happen in the practical application of a theory.

Apparently the favorite indoor pastime of the leading tax economists is that of charging those experts who differ from their views and theories with a sordid bias begotten of personal interest and business or professional affiliations. Economists who oppose the sales tax seldom fail to assert that Wall Street and the banking interests are the most active advocates of a sales tax.

But how about the tax economists who point accusingly to the Wall Street and banking connections of leading sales-tax advocates? One, for example, is the official tax representative of the American Farm Bureau Federation, another the retained tax economist of the American Federation of Labor—and so on all down the line! The business, industrial or labor organization which has not been represented in tax hearings before Congress and tax discussions before the public by a retained economist is lagging behind the procession. This situation is natural, not to say inevitable. In itself it is a striking bit of testimony to the profound importance and urgency of the tax problem. About all the innocent bystander can do is to consider on their merits the arguments of these men in the light of their private interests and their business, professional and political connections. A tax law that would scale down the banker's taxes but would at the same time cripple enterprise, industry and commerce and disorganize the sources of banker profits, would look to me like a mighty poor

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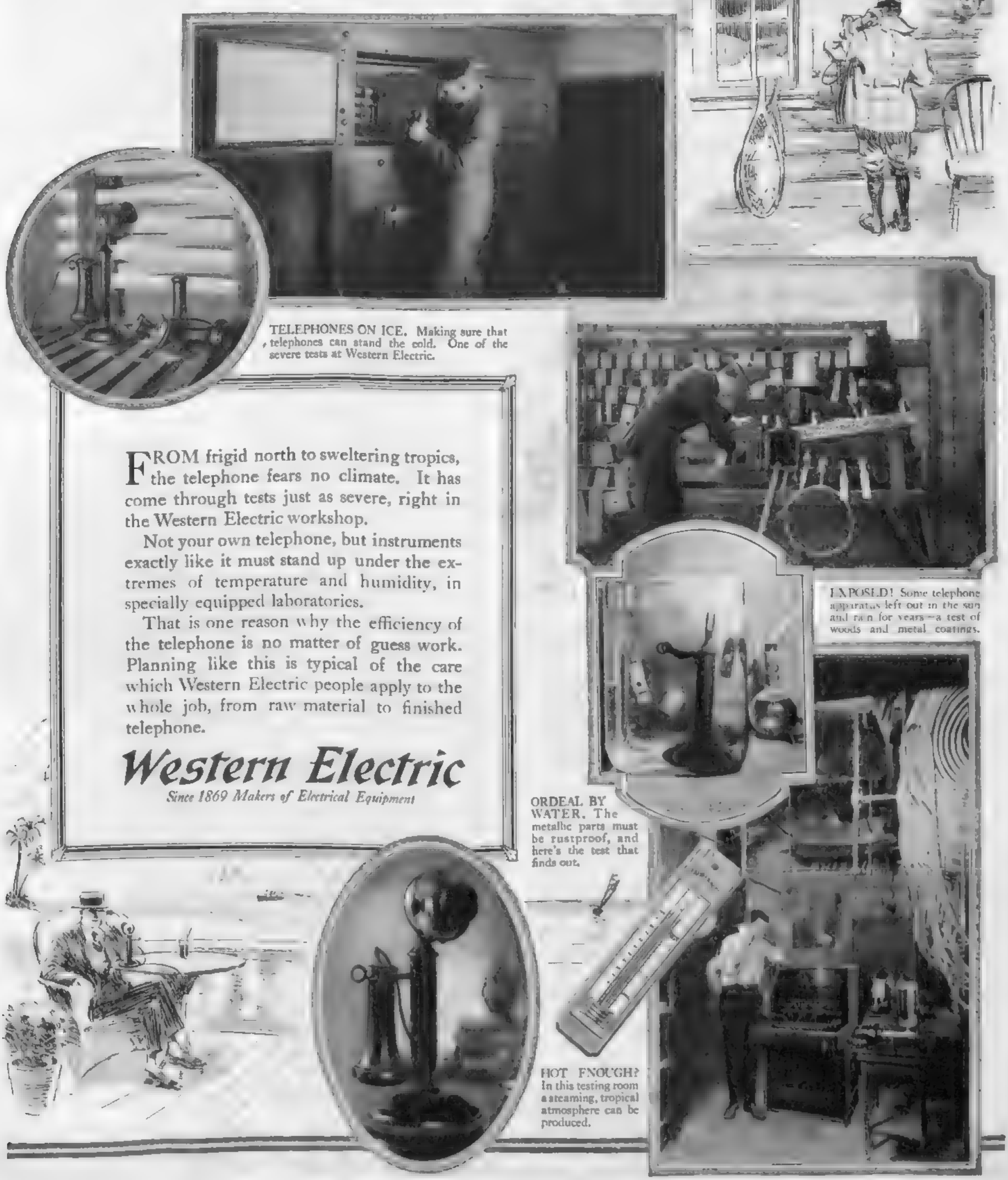
Frozen–soaked–steamed

Why telephones work in all climates



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Such co-operation is our promise—and your best assurance—of complete satisfaction.

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(Continued from Page 54)

law for bankers. Besides, bankers are supposed to know a lot about all kinds of business. A tax that would save the farmer a few dollars in taxes but would smother the demand for the farmer's products could hardly be considered the right kind of tax for farmers. Special interests and their spokesmen are not all wholly shortsighted. Some are more intelligent than others—and those who are most intelligent have the keenest eyes for the effect of any tax plan upon the general business prosperity of the country, and give careful consideration to the influence of a tax upon their sources of income instead of confining their attention to the size of their own tax bills. Taxation hits us all to at least some extent; perhaps no one outside of a poorhouse is in position to speak on that subject with utter lack of self-interest.

Little Tax Dodgers

The importance of the sales tax as an agency for reaching those who dodge their income taxes in whole or in part is worth consideration. That this is done by a vast number of persons is not only a moral certainty but is admitted by those responsible for the enforcement of the law. Unfortunately there is no means of even loosely estimating the total of income-tax evasion. Devotees of the national sport of cheating Uncle Sam out of taxes are not confined to any class. Hundreds of thousands of persons of small income take a chance at it by failing to file any return—reasoning that they are more likely to get away with this play than if they filed doctored returns. It would seem that the publication in each local community of the names of its members filing returns would help to discourage the pastime of failing to file. This plan has worked well with respect to personal-property taxes. The honest man who reports and pays is not inclined to let his neighbor get past without paying when he knows that the neighbor in question should pay.

Men of moderate and of large incomes are also widely addicted to this dangerous sport—business and professional men whose callings either favor the easy concealment of income or those who have more courage and cupidity than discretion. The larger the business or the individual income the less the chance of successful fraud, because all large returns are carefully and promptly combed by the best talent in the Income Tax Unit. This course is dictated by the plain business consideration that the revenue department is out after revenues and must apply its efforts where the chances of getting in the largest totals for the time and energy expended are best. If the total of tax evasion could be known it would probably exceed the guesses of the rankest pessimists. There is a moral certainty that it is very great. It would appear that a sales tax probably offers the cheapest and surest agency now in sight for getting something substantial out of the evaders.

Those who hold our present income-tax law to be an almost perfect expression of the sound principle of taxation according to ability to pay seem to shut their eyes to the possibility, not to say probability, that a sales tax offers perhaps the best available means of assisting the income tax to reach a maximum of yield and usefulness. Our surtax rates are still higher than those of any European country—according to accepted authorities—where the tax-need pressure is greater and the volume of wealth less. Certainly they are so high that an immense volume of capital, which should be constructive, energetic, enterprising, is driven into the lethargic security of tax-exempt investment. This implies a heavy draft upon the country's productive pep.

All economists who speak with any shadow of authority are agreed that when a tax rate passes a certain point it defeats its own purpose and loses its pulling power. The trick is to find that golden mean, at which it operates with greatest freedom and force and produces the maximum of results. This cannot be determined by theory; practical experience under actual conditions is required to locate this golden mean. Certainly the increasing shrinkage of returns from the higher surtax rates indicates rather clearly that it lies below their present levels—probably somewhere in the neighborhood of a 25 instead of a 50 per cent surtax rate limit.

If a moderate sales tax, limited to sales by manufacturers and wholesalers and passed on, buried in the price, to consumers—and therefore simple and inexpensive of administration—would produce enough new taxes to meet Uncle Sam's immediate budget demands and do so with comparative painlessness, we would then be well on the way, as a matter of national psychology at least, to reducing surtax rates to a point at which they would produce more revenue than they now yield, instead of less. Anyhow we would be in a far better position to try this experiment than we now are.

The most ardent adherents of the taxation principle of soaking the rich appear to overlook the fact that capital, like labor, will seek the line of greatest reward; that capital will not get up on its toes and work to the limit of its strength when it can see punishment instead of reward ahead for so doing. Under these conditions it loses its appetite for enterprise, adventure, achievement. It crawls into the bomb-proof dugout of tax-exempt securities and waits until the air raid is over.

But it isn't doing much for production and development while it is leading this dugout existence. So far as being any help to constructive American enterprise it is about as active and useful as a ground hog holed in for his winter's sleep. America has always been the home of active, not dormant capital. Its traditions are those of enterprise—high voltage and adventurous enterprise! It's a good tradition and worth keeping. It spells red-blooded activity, progress, employment, work, achievement. Any tax law that administers a strong treatment of twilight slumber to American capital is a poor tax law for everybody in this country; especially for its wage workers, it appears to me.

A Plan Worth Trying

In this connection it is well to remember that the number of men in this country capable of great creative thought, of far-reaching industrial and commercial vision, of immense constructive capacity—are decidedly few compared with the number of those who are destined by nature to work under supervision. Great constructive genius cannot flower into achievement unless it can command great capital, and it will not flower without the stimulus of worth-while reward. Capacity for doing big things is developed only by the hope of a generous stake and by having the tools with which to do the job. Capital is the main tool in the outfit of enterprise. That it has been withdrawn from the task of production by our present high surtax rates seems an inevitable conclusion. Anything that will correct this tendency and relieve the pressure that is forcing it into retirement from active and creative tasks should have serious consideration.

The most profound tax economists of America are agreed that it is poor policy to put all our eggs in one basket, to place our dependence virtually upon one source of revenue. Prof. Thomas S. Adams, a conservative and not regarded as a friend of the sales-tax theory, says: "A single tax, whether upon general property, land, income, expenditure or any other basis, may be attractive in theory, but it does not furnish a dependable basis for the financial system of a great modern state."

The net of all these considerations would seem to dictate the wisdom of a sales-tax law that would raise, say, $1,000,000,000 of revenue in its first year—a tax of the painless variety, passed to the consumer as a part of the price. It should, I think, exempt the basic necessities of life. This would not be an ideal tax, but would rather be a discriminating choice between evils, and a decided improvement over what we now have. Anyhow it would afford us opportunity for a first-hand acquaintance, in moderate form, with a tax that has, to use the familiar line from the home-town paper, "won hosts of friends" in the Philippines, Canada and other countries where it has been tried under modern conditions. At a distance the little sales-tax stranger certainly looks attractive and worth while.

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Down to the beach again—into the water—out on the boats. And every party a Radiola party, with concerts and dance music coming in on the air.

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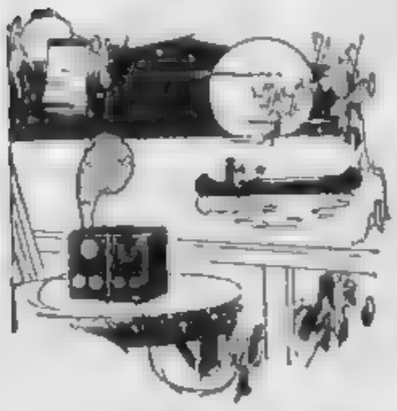
$142.50

The porch sewing circle listens in, with Radiola RC. Probably a fashion talk.



Canoes—moonlight—and Radiola RC. Rippling waters—rippling melodies—stars—'n' everything.

The camp gets the baseball news by radio. There's no excitement like it!

RCA

This symbol of quality is your protection

"There's a **Radiola** *for every purse"*

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Radiola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A letter from Franklin, Pa.

"Gentlemen: We heard a concert broadcasted from a ship 2500 miles out on the Atlantic Ocean, with a Radiola RC. The piano was beautiful, just as clear as if it were in the room.

Very truly yours,
G. W. HANLON"

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA,
Dept. 2081 (address nearest office listed above)
Please send me your free Radio Booklet.

Name

Street Address

City R. F. D.

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Chevrolet *and* Ford Owners

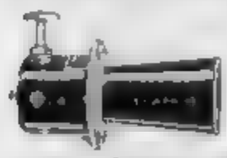
You cannot drive a dozen blocks through modern traffic without realizing the vital importance of a good horn! Every day—in a thousand ways—critical, ofttimes dangerous situations confront the most careful driver. Careless children, preoccupied pedestrians, thoughtless drivers—all these endanger your safety!

Klaxon 12 A **$10**

The 12-A Klaxon has a deep powerful unmistakable note. Klaxon quality is scrupulously maintained in this high-grade model

Klaxon 8 **$7.50**

A new ball-bearing model, built on the same principles as the Klaxon 12-A. Sturdy, dependable, powerful—a quality horn.



Klaxon 3 V **$5.00**

A hand Klaxon with a vertical push rod so carefully made as electrical Klaxons. It has a genuine, powerful Klaxon note. Furnished with horizontal rod also

Other Models $5.00 to $30.00

There is only one genuine Klaxon You can identify it by the name plate shown above. To be sure you get the effective, individual Klaxon tone and Klaxon endurance insist on the Klaxon name plate.

A Low Priced But Genuine Klaxon

For Fords, Chevrolets and other low priced cars a genuine Klaxon is now available at low cost. Klaxon—makers of warning signals of the highest quality for 15 years—is able to market, through its greatly increased production facilities, a new model Klaxon-5 for only $5.50. Klaxon-5 is a genuine Klaxon! Like all Klaxons it can always be depended upon. When sounded it sends forth a powerful, unmistakable, saw-tooth note of warning that is heard for blocks ahead.

Why Run Risks Any Longer?

Inspect your warning signal today! If you are driving with a weak horn or a mere "buzzer" you are continually tempting danger. Be safe, rather than sorry—go to your nearest dealer's today and inspect the remarkable efficiency and great value of this new Klaxon, or of the several other Klaxons shown on this page. Equip with the model you like the best—but be sure it's a Klaxon with Klaxon quality!

A GOOD Horn is Safety Insurance
Only KLAXON Quality is Good Enough

Genuine KLAXON Horns made only by
KLAXON
Company Newark, N. J

The Great White Way—Amended: By James H. Collins

THEY gave you a cocktail to start a public dinner in the old merry-andrew days. But now, in this reign of Andrew the Eighteenth, you get a song sheet instead. The professional cheer leader has displaced the bartender. Forbidden to look upon the wine when it is red, or any other hue, you have to get a kick out of song.

This is one of the changes along Broadway brought by prohibition—or at least blamed upon it.

The Great White Way is, unofficially, one of our chief national parks and pleasure grounds. Railroads and steamship lines bring about forty million visitors to New York every year, and few of them miss the Great White Way. Its restaurants, cafés, cabarets, shows and bright lights are not for the New Yorker except on those occasional nights when he has to sit up with the out-of-town customer or his wife's relatives. Left to his own devices, your New Yorker follows his well-beaten path by Subway and the 5:15 to a suburb an hour out, and there goes early to bed to recruit his strength for the 8:15 next morning.

Broadway is a national institution. Not being considered part of the United States, New York figures in it hardly at all. A few hundred thousand waiters, musicians, actors, cooks, cashiers, cloak models, hat checkers, taxicab drivers, and so forth, live in New York and serve the out-of-town pleasure seeker, but they do not count. Broadway is the High Street of your own home town, and in its crowds you will probably see more of your townspeople and hear more town scandal than you could at home. Ergo, changes along Broadway may be significant as changes in national character. They indicate what the people want, and it is becoming clear, after three years of prohibition, that they want something different from what they wanted in the days of yore.

Within the past year a dozen famous cabarets and after-theater supper places have closed up and gone out of business. Each fitted into the pleasure seeker's night in a particular way. There were the places where he dined and danced before the theater, others where he took his party for supper after the show, with the actor, pugilist, politician, dancer and movie star of the moment at neighboring tables, and still others to which he taxied when the rest of the town went to bed. All gone! Some closed voluntarily by farseeing proprietors who correctly gauged the changes that were coming when prohibition began, and others by the sheriff, after unsuccessful efforts to adapt themselves to new conditions.

With liquor, there was a never-ending throng of pleasure seekers who would spend anywhere from a hundred dollars upward for a real party. That meant two or three congenial couples having dinner, taking in a show, and staying up until the last place closed about two in the morning. Without liquor, these folks want something else; not necessarily something more innocent. Don't jump to the conclusion that the small town having its fling on Broadway has been made moral by law. If anything, it is worse than ever—and also better.

A Wet Setting Wasn't Enough

About two years ago a New York property owner had a building in the white-light district thrown back on his hands when a club moved into larger quarters of its own. He fitted it up as a restaurant and cabaret. His principal adviser, it is said, was a head waiter in a big hotel. Stepping into this place, which was called something like The Squadron, patrons found themselves on a quay overlooking a scenic harbor, with yachts alongside. Dinner and supper were served on the quay or on one of the yachts, and there was dance music by a first-rate jazz orchestra.

"Before prohibition such a place would have quickly become popular and profitable," says a Broadway hotel manager of long experience. "But it is typical of the places that are now going out of business because they cannot be made to pay without liquor. This gentleman was so well known and had such official connections that he couldn't take any chances with liquor violation, even had he been disposed to. So his enterprise was foredoomed to failure.

"Some of the restaurants, cabarets and so-called clubs have hung on longer than others because liquor was sold surreptitiously. Now it was served by the management, again by waiters, and in other cases patrons were allowed to bring their own. Liquor made such places gay, drew the crowds and yielded good profits in itself, besides stimulating expenditure for food. Without liquor, people do not have such enjoyable parties, patronage falls off, the dinner checks run small. Some of the places closed up lately had a dozen prohibition indictments against them, either under the Federal or state laws. Prohibition has put them out of business, but only indirectly. Their passing reflects the tightening up of prohibition enforcement on Broadway. But overhead is the real trouble. In their prosperous days they could afford expensive and striking decorative schemes, often changed each year, and could engage specialty orchestras at a couple of thousand dollars a week, and even more. But without liquor, and with only a few hours each day in which to sell food, they can't compete with the hotels, which spread their overhead through different departments and are busy twenty-four hours a day. The after-theater business in hotels is just as good as ever. None of them countenance violation of the liquor laws. There may be a few guests who slip away to their rooms for a drink, but they are an insignificant minority. No New York hotels have closed their supper or dancing rooms for lack of patronage by people who want to prolong the evening an hour or so after the theater and find their fun in a bit of supper, a little dancing, a well-dressed crowd and one another's society."

What is the convivial pleasure seeker doing? Has he quit and climbed onto the water wagon? Not at all! Nor is he turning to the hotels for his after-theater entertainment. When overhead closes the famous places along Broadway, he simply calls a taxi and goes down to less famous places in Greenwich Village, where overhead cuts little figure, because the cabarets and drinking places have crawled into the cellar, and certain new adjustments to the times make it possible to quench his thirst with something that has a wallop.

Mr. Barleycorn Moves Downstairs

There is constant reference in the New York papers to widespread official corruption caused by both the Federal and state prohibition laws. The little old town is a wonderfully adaptable place, and quickly finds the mean level, the line of least resistance, the fifty-fifty of any new situation.

Up on Broadway, long before prohibition, the thing was done by gentlemen's agreement. John had a big restaurant business after the theater. There might be profit in winking at some official regulation, like closing hours. Jim was an official who could hold John strictly to the hour, minute and letter of the law. But they were friends of years' standing. Jim dropped into John's place occasionally, had dinner or supper, with a bottle of wine, and didn't hold John too rigidly in ordinary violations.

But under prohibition all that has changed. Jim is no longer an individual and a friend, but a horde of strange officials, constantly changing, some of them unquestionably corrupt. There are many official palms to be greased with hard cash—too many; the cost of immunity has grown too great.

Down in the cellars of Greenwich Village, however, Giovanni has organized himself to take care of Broadway's business on new lines. Instead of high rents, costly decorations and expensive music, his place is cheaply furnished, with tin-pan music, and the atmosphere, with the potency of the liquor, makes it just as interesting to out-of-town folks. Giovanni obviously pays somebody for protection, though the present writer does not undertake to say whom. The tariff has evidently been worked out on a basis of cold cash but with due regard to what the traffic will

Continued on Page 61

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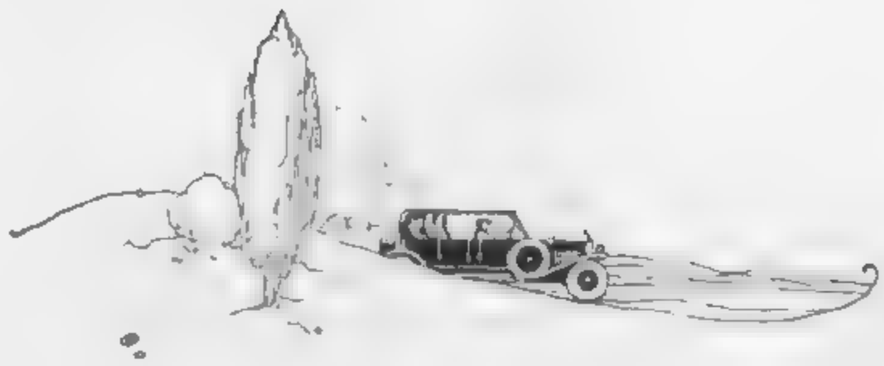
The name WINTON *is a synonym for* PERFECTION *in Motor Cars*



Controlled Spring Action

YOUR car can ride comfortably on rough roads only when violent spring action is prevented. The vicious rebound of the springs, after the bump, is the cause of most breakage and most discomfort. The body must be held as level as possible without up and down movement. That alone can give completely restful riding. It also saves the mechanism and the tires and results in distinctly lower operating and repair costs.

Hassler Shock Absorbers are wonderfully effective in controlling spring action. They have earned the enthusiastic approval of over a million car owners—and the respect of automotive engineers everywhere.

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Hassler Shock Absorbers are for sale throughout the country
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PALEY & COMPANY, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. MANUEL GUELFI & CIA., Montevideo, Uruguay.

HASSLER
Shock Absorbers
PATENTED

(Continued from Page 58)

bear. Raids and arrests for violation occur in the Village, of course; but they are not many in proportion to the magnitude of the business, and Giovanni simply charges fines, protection money and damaged fixtures to overhead. Thus, what is a liability on Broadway becomes to him an asset.

The *bon vivant* has another resource that enables him to view with equanimity the passing of New York's uptown night life. For where the manufacturer and salesman formerly took the out-of-town buyer on a round of Broadway places, now he finds a quart or two of Scotch in his hotel room, and passes a convivial evening at home, perhaps alone, or again sitting in a friendly game.

Prohibition hasn't affected the public dinner. On the contrary, it seems to have helped it; for where a single New York hotel sufficed for most events of that kind fifteen years ago, now there are a dozen big hostelries equipped for banquets; and it is a mighty dull evening at any of them if there are not several such affairs going on in the different ballrooms; and they are not more than one-half of one per cent booze parties, partly because the hotel people try to prevent violations of the law, and do manage to suppress open drinking, and partly because the character of these dinners has changed with the character of the diners.

"Two things are responsible for their growth," said a hotel steward. "First, the get-together idea that has been preached so steadily in the business world for ten years. Results are seen in the number of industrial, commercial, professional and community associations. Right here in New York, which is not so much a joining town as others, where we formerly had one association of business men devoted to the interests of the hotel and theater district, now we have half a dozen. Conventions and banquets rise out of these organizations naturally. Second, single business concerns have grown so large that they have enough executive and department heads to make up a big dinner themselves. The public dinner is one of the happiest ways of getting together, giving men and women who work in separate departments a glimpse of one another, and a chance to get acquainted personally and socially, at a time when business is laid aside. Not only officials but the employes of many big industrial, commercial and banking organizations get together at a public dinner at least once a year, and invariably they come to the best hotels."

Less Wine, More Song

Food is but part of such banquets, secondary to an entertainment program that often begins with the oysters and furnishes the high spirits that yesteryear were imbibed from a bottle. You might say that the public dinner has been weaned; also, that it has cut its eyeteeth. Where a crowd mellowed by cocktails, highballs and champagne contentedly sat and listened to long speeches, now it wants more action and variety. This is supplied in the program, which differs according to the nature of the affair. A big trade association or gathering of employes will generally arrange its own program. All the fellows who can sing are massed together, and verses full of trade and personal allusions are written for familiar songs. Skits and stunts touching the people and interests of that particular trade are pulled off at appropriate times, on the lines of the famous Gridiron dinners at Washington. For the gathering that has no such interests or talent, the professional cheer leader may be called in, or the dinner committee turns the program over to one of the booking agencies that supply professional entertainers

Once every winter a certain New York merchant gives a public dinner to his customers, mostly East Side jobbers of a half dozen different nationalities. He says it is an inexpensive kind of advertising, for at five dollars a plate he can entertain several hundred people and make a fine impression. There is no particular trade interest or any trade talent to furnish a program So he includes a song leader in his dinner order, the steward makes the selection, a sheet with two dozen printed songs is put at each plate, and the professional leader begins warming up the crowd as soon as it sits down. Besides being strangers, of different nationalities, most of the guests are foreign-born folks who have worked their way up to business enterprises of their own against hard obstacles—lack of education, of facility in the English language, of familiarity with American business methods and Americans themselves. Very often it is the first affair of the kind they have ever attended. They are shy and awkward, but at the same time as wide-eyed and observant as a lot of boys in this strange atmosphere of many forks and courses. Perched overhead in a gallery, the song leader gradually gets them joining in the chorus of K-K-K-Katy and When Good Fellows Get Together, sandwiches songs between the courses, has them rise to sing My Country, 'Tis of Thee, encourages a whistling chorus, and by other arts draws them out, overcomes strangeness and leads them to get acquainted with one another. Before the dessert comes on, spontaneous choruses or improvised cheers rise from tables here and there where the getting acquainted process has gone furthest, and when speeches begin everybody is thoroughly at home.

No revivalist would ever think of talking religion to his audience, much less taking up a collection, until it had sung itself mellow. Singing is work. It generates energy, lets people blow it off, breaks down their self-consciousness, gives them confidence and a liking for themselves and the other fellow. The discovery that it put a kick into a public dinner was made years before prohibition, but a widespread demand for song has materialized with the passing of the wine.

The booking agencies are ready to supply much more elaborate entertainment for such affairs. Singers, instrumental soloists, vaudeville acts, acrobats, clay modelers, magicians, cartoonists, dancers, impersonators, moving pictures—these are some of the substitutes for liquor now being utilized at all sorts of dinners, from the big public banquet, with a thousand or more guests, to the exclusive social affairs of two or three dozen guests given in a hotel when space and facilities are lacking in the host's apartment home. Surprise is as much a factor as quality in such entertainment. Hundreds of first-rate professional performers of all kinds are steadily employed through the season in dinner engagements; and given leeway, the booking agent will spring the unexpected. With the demitasse he may serve a dog or pony act, and would just as lief produce a troupe of trained elephants if they can be got into the dining room and the floor will hold them up.

Dinner entertainment is cutting out that form of national waste involved in the winter idleness of circus people and animals, for nowadays they are booked for banquet, carnival, lodge and benefit performances during the months formerly spent in winter quarters. Surprise may also take the form of novel decorations. Give him the word, and enough money, and the booking agent will turn your banquet hall into a Roman garden, a French château, a Southern plantation house, a Maine-woods camp, the canals of Venice—anything you please and can pay for.

Home Entertainment

By a strange paradox, the demand is growing, yet the booking agent's business is falling off, and many of the jazz orchestras are out of work or emigrating to Europe.

The demand is greater, but it has shifted. The booking agent's business is being cut into by a peculiar new kind of bootleg guy—the purveying of indecent films and exhibitions for stag parties. And the jazz orchestra, thrown out of a job when cabarets closed, must have a new business line-up to get the engagements that are being found elsewhere.

Jazz is being driven out of the cabaret and into the home. Where the host formerly spent a hundred dollars for food, liquor and dance music in a cabaret, now he spends fifty dollars for a three-piece jazz orchestra, the other fifty on refreshments, probably more liquid than solid, and gives his own party. In fact, a hundred-dollar cabaret party was about the minimum—more often it worked out at two dollars and a half cover charge per guest, twenty dollars apiece for drinks and twenty-five for tips, making two hundred and fifty dollars for ten people. Illicit drinking in cabarets and cafés was expensive and likely to be interfered with. The private party at home has more leeway.

Agents who book dance music say that as the tawdry cabaret is being put out of business and the high-class cafés in hotels are prospering, so good dance orchestras are finding more engagements, in new places, with musicians earning more money, while the poor jazz orchestra is out of a job and disbanded.

In the New York telephone red book of January, this year, appeared advertisements of a half dozen negro dance orchestras. Investigation showed that most of them were out of business. The negro jazz band in New York is often made up of apartment-house employes. Its leader is probably a janitor, and his office is in the basement of the apartment house he looks after. Colored boys, naturally musical, utilized their ability to make additional money after hours. But where the colored brother formerly had ten to fifteen engagements every month, now he is lucky to get two or three, or even one. The places of the kind in which he played are closing, and the color line, with his lack of business ability, keeps him out of new fields in which the white musician prospers. Again, jazz is being carried to levels beyond his ability, for where rag and noise characterized dance music yesterday, today jazz is quiet, with musicianly syncopation, and on a new level of composition, arrangement and instrumentation. The colored brother may organize himself for survival, but at the moment he is pawning his instruments and going back to the elevator and ash can.

Musical Cartoonists

The white jazz orchestra is playing for home dances and in the hotels, traveling as far as Cuba to fill winter-resort engagements, working through the summer at Northern resorts, crossing the Atlantic on American liners, and often filling engagements on the other side before coming back. Formerly the ship's band on British and European liners was made up of stewards who doubled in string or brass. Nobody who remembers the band of the Titanic playing Nearer, My God, to Thee as the ship sank would want to disparage steward bands. Yet the truth is that American dance music is today most popular in England and Europe, and American musicians excel in playing it and passengers want it on the ships. The jazz band is also going into vaudeville to such a degree that it is now as much a regular number on the program as the monologue, acrobatic act and playlet. And there is the growing field of the phonograph record, through which high-class dance orchestras are finding a national audience and reputation, often making a half dozen or more records monthly on a royalty basis.

"I now have four hundred and fifty musicians working for me," said one leader—everybody knows him on the records, and musicians know him for his dance arrangements, parodies of current musical compositions and unique instrumentation. "They're a fine lot of young fellows, too; some college graduates and all with musical education, because they need it in this field. Our men average one hundred dollars a week, and some of them three to four hundred. I hope we shall ultimately live down the term 'jazz,' which was correct for the noisy ragtime of three or four years ago but should not be used for the soft, syncopated dance music of today. We are musical cartoonists. The great violinists, opera singers and symphony conductors are master painters, while we work in a lighter medium, aim to make people happy, like the newspaper cartoonists.

"Last season we had bands all over the United States, some of them established permanently in cities like Chicago and Cleveland, others playing dance engagements on the road, and still others in vaudeville. Regular circuits of dance halls have been formed as part of the new organization in this field of music, like circuits of theaters, and traveling orchestras play them in the same way. We have contracts with ocean steamship lines, and also several chains of hotels. It is becoming an ordinary thing to send an orchestra a considerable distance for a single engagement—out of New York we frequently send bands of as many as sixteen men for a single night to Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Pittsburgh. We have lately had offers of European and Australian engagements, but did not fill them because the field abroad must be investigated and organized."

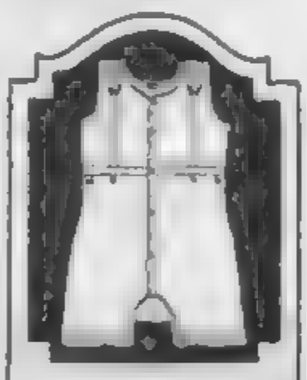
It is this leader's reputation, of course, that has made it possible to duplicate his original organization and fill engagements all over the country. He is a producer of dance bands, just as the stage director is a

Ordinary Underwear will not do for Children

UNDERWEAR for boys and girls should not be just miniatures of adult wear. Their strenuous play calls for garments of enduring strength.

No ordinary fabric will do.

It is for this reason that "72-80 count" fabric or better is used in SUSSEX *Juniors*. Anything less strong will not long keep out of the mending basket.



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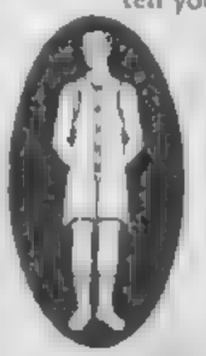
underwear will give you new standards of wear, comfort and real satisfaction for men, youths and children. Write for brief folder.

Special strains or wear are met by special re-inforcing (double seat, re-inforcing straps, taped-on genuine bone buttons, etc.) down to even such details as thread of tested strength sewed 16 stitches to the inch.

All of these features are combined in SUSSEX *Juniors* and yet for this added quality you pay no more.

Sold by most dealers. In case you strike a store without SUSSEX, it will be well worth your while to drop us a line. We'll tell you where you can get them.



SUSSEX *Seniors* and SUSSEX *Youths* for fathers and big brothers.

Nuckasee Manufacturing Company
Underwear Makers for 13 years
Greenville, S. C.

CLIFT & GOODRICH, *Inc.*
Selling Agents
328 Broadway New York

For mothers who want something extra, a two-year investment in underwear value, we have special SUSSEX *Juniors* made with adjustable shoulder straps that can be let out as the child grows. SUSSEX *Juniors*, in bloomer style for girls.

SUSSEX
Juniors
Waist Suits for Boys and Girls
MADE IN GREENVILLE, S.C. TEXTILE CENTER of the SOUTH

producer of plays, and he books his own orchestras without the intervention of brokers or agents. But there are also agents and brokers in the dance-music field.

"More musicians are playing dance music and getting better pay than ever before," said one of these agents. "Where formerly men were glad to work for twenty and twenty-five dollars a week, now they get a hundred and upwards. Eight years ago I myself led the dance orchestra in a fashionable cabaret for fifty dollars a week. Today the job would pay three or four times as much. Formerly musicians shipped on European liners for twenty-five dollars a week, or sometimes that much for the round trip, while today they are going on American liners at sixty-five dollars a week, with expenses. Against twenty-five dollars yesterday, they now get, roughly, two hundred and fifty for the round voyage. In the past year we have sent five hundred of the best musicians into vaudeville, where the pay is excellent.

"Private dances in homes and clubs have increased 500 per cent, and men playing at such affairs earn corresponding salaries. A good deal of this new demand is due to prohibition. Private dancing and drinking are taking the place of public dancing and drinking in cabarets. The wage schedules of dance musicians are best in the wettest cities—and there are several cities where men earn more than in New York. If prohibition were ever enforced so that private drinking were impossible, the bottom might drop out of the dance music—but when is it going to be enforced?"

Broadway has seen many changes since the days of the lobster palace and oyster saloon forty years ago, when the theater and a bite to eat afterwards were its only attractions. Successively it has developed the big hotel, adapted the European café, absorbed the cuisine of a dozen different countries, brought the cabaret up from the Bowery, invented the roof garden, swung into the dancing craze and boosted vaudeville to five dollars a seat.

When the Eighteenth Amendment came along, Broadway was about ready for something new, and got it. In the three years since, it has tried to adapt itself to the amendment along two distinctly different lines—that of obedience and that of evasion.

An example of its obedience is found in the restaurants that are really eating places, particularly those in the Broadway hotels. Where five years ago you found them on the ground floor, expensively decorated, with lofty ceilings running up two floors, now you will find them either upstairs or in the basement. When revenue from liquor was cut off, this ground-floor space, the most valuable in the building, was turned into tiny shops, some of them only ten feet wide, and leased for mercantile purposes at high rents.

The restaurant was either put downstairs or on the mezzanine floor in the waste space formerly occupied by chandeliers. Some of the hotel men think the cabaret could come back if it simplified itself in the same way.

Along the line of evasion, Broadway has tried many dodges, and is still trying them. It has been amended, decidedly, but not in the spirit of the amendment. But each evasion is ultimately checkmated, if not by prohibition laws, then under the self-enforcing laws of economy. As it goes, Broadway must ultimately be amended 100 per cent; but how far off that time may be, nobody knows.

Mr. Whipple's Dream

By Newman Levy

MR. WHIPPLE, the eminent lawyer, fell asleep, and this was his dream:

He was defending a man charged with murder. The court room was crowded with spectators who listened to the dramatic narrative of the defendant as he told it on the witness stand under the skillful guidance of Mr. Whipple.

"I don't know nothin' about it," said the defendant in a tone of injured innocence. "I was over in me sister's house at the time ——"

Judge Rumford, gray haired, courtly and scholarly, banged on his desk with his gavel.

"I have an important announcement to make," said the judge. "From now on everyone in this court will speak only the absolute truth!"

Mr. Whipple felt himself grow pale at this revolutionary announcement. At the same time he knew that the order of the court was irresistible and would have to be obeyed.

"Go on," said Mr. Whipple to his client.

"Aw, I plugged that bird all right," said the defendant, who up to this time had been virtuously protesting his innocence. "He tried to biff me one on the beezer, an' I plugged him. Then the bulls come, an ——"

"Do I understand you to say that the deceased struck you?" said the court.

"If you wouldn't interrupt, you old imbecile," said Mr. Whipple politely to the judge, "we might get somewhere with this case."

"Mr. Whipple," the court replied courteously, "will you shut up! I've seen some idiots in my day, but for sheer stupidity you take the prize. You're the rottenest lawyer that appears in this court. I don't know how you ever had brains enough to get through law school. Any questions of this witness, Mister District Attorney?"

"None, your honor," replied the district attorney blandly. "And thanks for the way you handed it to that dirty crook, Whipple."

"That's all right," replied Judge Rumford with a smile. "You're as bad as he is, and if you weren't a cheap ward politician you wouldn't be holding your present job. If both sides rest, you may sum up to the jury. And for heaven's sake, cut it short! Nobody wants to listen to your drivel."

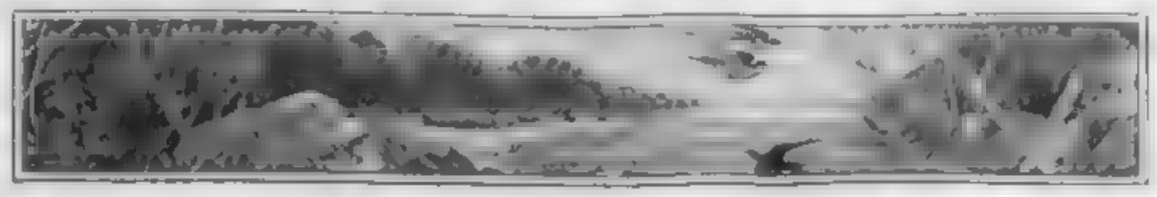
Mr. Whipple rose to his feet, arranged his notes carefully before him, drank a glass of water, gave a slight cough, and began:

"Gentlemen of the jury: Under our grand and glorious Constitution, every man who is charged with the commission of a crime is entitled to be tried by a jury of his peers. My client is a crook, a gunman, and a man of low-grade intelligence, and he certainly is being tried by a jury of his peers. As I look into your stupid bovine features I realize what an absurd farce this whole business is. To expect a herd of cattle like yourselves to pass intelligently on any disputed question of fact is like asking a kindergarten class to understand the Einstein theory. I have little respect for our jury system anyway, but I've never before seen quite such a hopeless bunch of imbeciles and morons as you are.

"However, we might get somewhere with this trial in spite of it all, if it weren't for that old ass, his honor, Judge Rumford. You may not know it, but his only qualification for the office he holds is that for twenty-five years he never missed a night at his district political club. Perhaps you think, from his silvery hair, his tortoise-rimmed glasses, and the black ribbon that dangles from them, that he actually knows something. But don't be deceived, gentlemen of the jury. The old idiot trembles in his chair every time he has to rule on a question of law.

"So far as my client is concerned, you needn't waste much time on him. This is a deliberate cold-blooded murder, and the electric chair is too good for him. I might add that I invented that alibi of his myself."

Mr. Whipple awoke with a shudder. "What a horrible dream!" he whispered.



The safest cleanest towels you can get

—And the only towels that contain those wonderfully thirsty fibres—are ScotTissue Towels.

With ScotTissue Towels in your office, you are certain that every clean, fresh towel you reach for is yours, for your use only—that your hands are the first to touch it—that you can wash as often as you like and get a soft, white, absorbent towel every time. Cooling and refreshing to the skin—especially in warm weather.

In ScotTissue Towels you get *all* the qualities of a select, individual guest towel, plus the advantage of economy which permits you a fresh one for every wash-up.

To get Thirsty Fibre with its exclusive qualities, you must get ScotTissue Towels.

You can buy ScotTissue Towels from your dealer in a dust-proof carton for 40c—or at a much lower price by the case of 3750 towels (25 cartons).

Price per case is $6.15 F.O.B. Factory, Chester, Pa. Weight 60 lbs. per case. Prices even less for 5, 10 and 25 case-lot shipments.

Send us your order and we will see that you are supplied promptly. If you need fixtures, we have them moderately priced to meet all requirements.

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying most satisfactory towels made

Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa.
New York Philadelphia Chicago
San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"

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The strongest appeal is always—Beauty!

Dress is an adornment as well as a protection—and he is bold indeed who shall say that it is wrong for a woman to desire trim, stylish footwear. Unfortunately, the most beautiful feature of the foot, its arch, is frequently the weakest. If temporary discomfort were the only result of incorrect footwear few women would choose relief at the expense of style. But the weak or fallen arch is a "progressive" failing. . . . It does not cure itself without assistance. Menihan's Arch-Aid shoes are beautiful shoes—stylish in line, correct in finish. They support the arch of the foot on scientific principles, emphasizing and maintaining the slim, graceful contour of the arch. Add them to your wardrobe now and you will not suffer the mortification of adopting "homely" footwear to secure relief.

The model illustrated—a smart white linen oxford—is a necessary part of every summer wardrobe. Menihan's Arch-Aid shoes come in many other styles, all illustrated in a booklet which we will be glad to furnish you at your request.

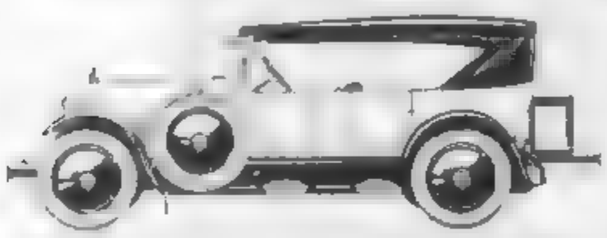
Go to your regular dealer for these shoes—if he has not yet stocked them send us his name and address and we will see that you are supplied.

THE MENIHAN COMPANY ROCHESTER, N.Y.

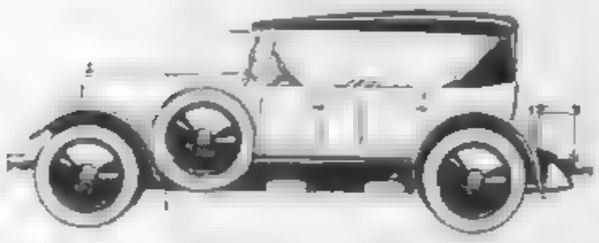
DEALERS, ATTENTION—Menihan's Arch Aid selling and merchandising plan is proving a big trade builder—write for particulars.

MENIHAN'S ARCH-AID SHOES

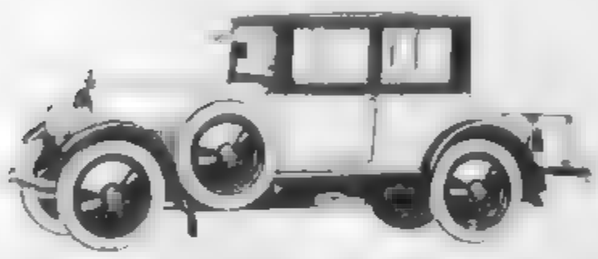
HAYNES 77



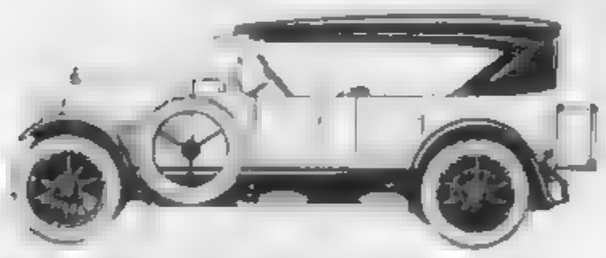
The New Improved Haynes 77 Sport Touring Car
Seven-Passenger



The New Improved Haynes 77 Sport Tourister
Four-Passenger

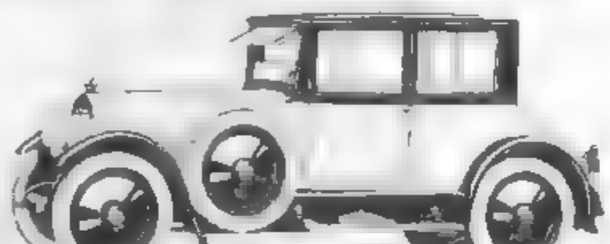


The New Improved Haynes 77 Sport Brougham
Five-Passenger

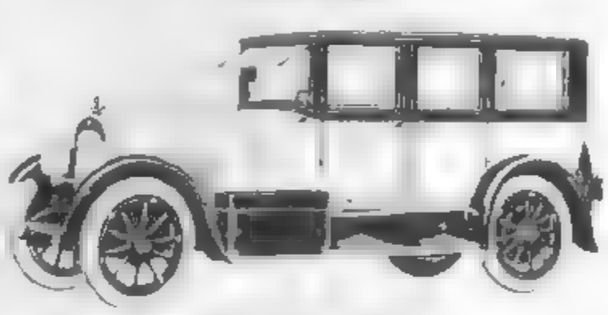


The New Improved Haynes 77 Standard Touring Car
Seven-Passenger

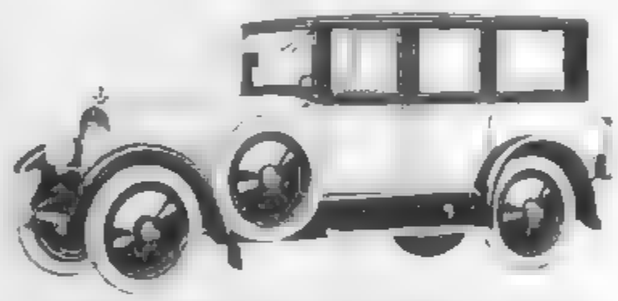
A blue ribbon attached to the steering wheel of the Haynes 77 Speedster denotes the Speedster as America's blue ribbon sport car that is capable of attaining seventy five miles an hour. The blue ribbon is fastened to the Haynes 77 Speedster when it is shipped from the factory, and signifies that the car has been thoroughly inspected and tested. It certifies, too, that the Haynes 77 Speedster is similar in every respect to the Speedster which was tested by Howard Wilcox in his famous run at the Indianapolis Speedway



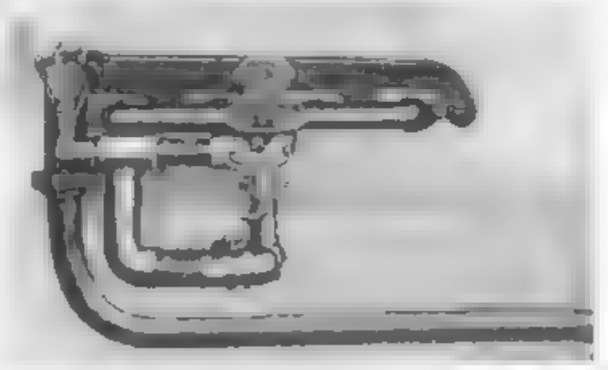
The New Improved Haynes 77 Standard Brougham
Five-Passenger



The New Improved Haynes 77 Standard Sedan
Seven-Passenger



The New Improved Haynes 77 Standard Suburban
Seven-Passenger



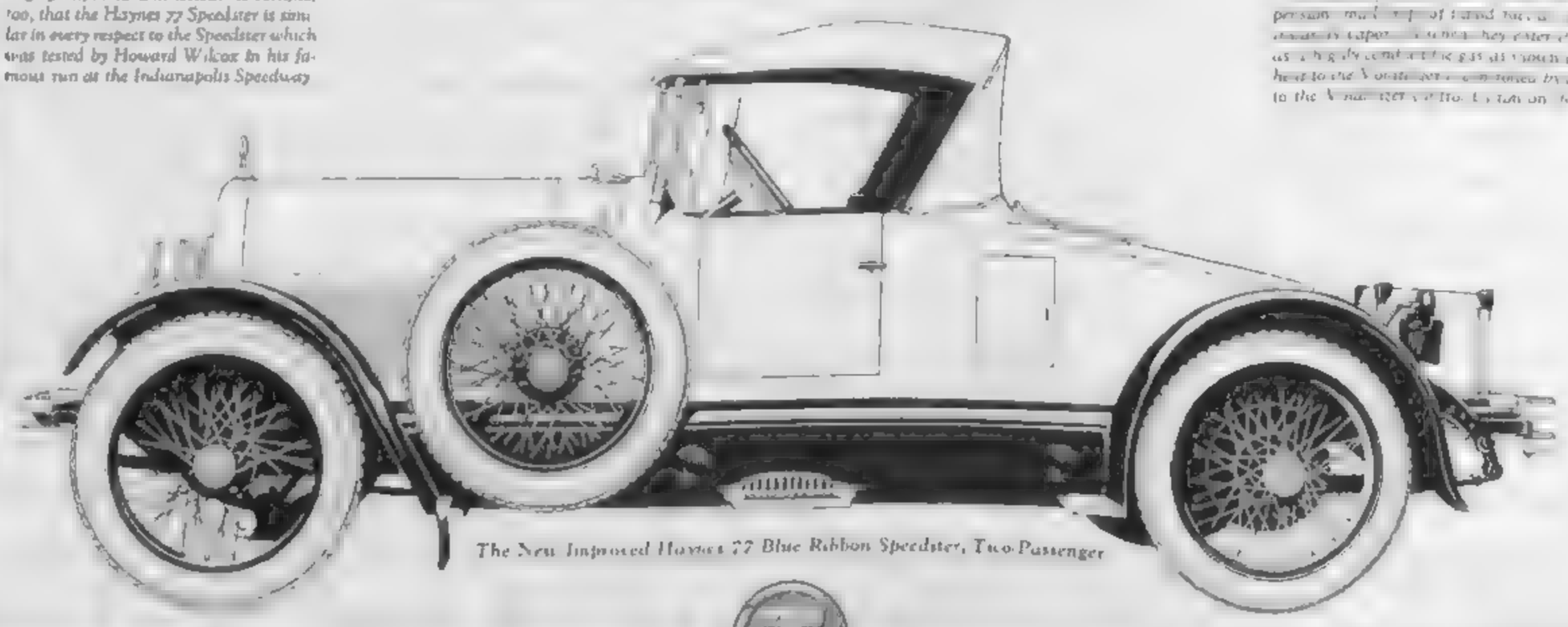
The Haynes Volatilizer is a [illegible] that heats just enough gasoline to make it vaporize instantly when it enters the carburetor. It is located in the intake manifold [illegible] the carburetor, which is heated by circulating through it hot exhaust gases from the exhaust manifold with which it is connected. The incoming mixture of [illegible] passes through the volatilizer [illegible] of heated tubes [illegible] which are surrounded by vapor [illegible] which they enter the [illegible] and leave as a highly combustible gas at [illegible] The amount of heat to the Volatilizer is determined by a valve that is connected to the [illegible] so that on [illegible] instrument panel

De Luxe Models

The power of an engine designed and built with infinite skill and accuracy and developed out of ripe experience . . . . . the comfort of a long and perfectly balanced chassis, and cushions generously deep and richly resilient . . . . . the dependability produced by watchful control of every manufacturing operation in the great Haynes factories—all these are combined with style, beauty and completeness of appointment, to make the Haynes 77 of 1923 the satisfying expression of extreme value from the standpoint of luxuriousness in use as well as of economy in upkeep.

The new improved Haynes 77 models are now on display in Haynes showrooms everywhere. Be sure to see them and place your reservation order to insure quick delivery.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Kokomo, Indiana
EXPORT OFFICE: 342 Madison Avenue, New York City, U. S. A.



The New Improved Haynes 77 Blue Ribbon Speedster, Two-Passenger

[illegible] 1924, by The Haynes Automobile Company

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By Robert Quillen

Beards

MY GRANDFATHER has said that he once knew a man who had a beard that was reputed to be long enough to drag on the ground. It did not drag, for it was braided and done up in a knot to resemble the coiffure then commonly employed in arranging the tails of horses to keep them out of the mud. There were many beards of renown in those days, but this one in particular is deserving of honorable mention, for it served as the root of a family tree. The reputation it won and the pride it engendered placed upon the man and his family an obligation to live up to it, and with this incentive they labored shrewdly and prospered, so that several of the sons became illustrious.

The beards of yesteryear were a commendable institution. They were not an affliction, as now is commonly supposed, but were held in high esteem as ornaments and nurtured tenderly as badges of proper manhood. To be sure, chinless individuals doubtless took advantage of the prevailing style to strut among nobler men as equals, for hair is no respecter of persons and groweth where it listeth; but the cake-eaters of those primitive times whose front elevations could produce no more than a sparse and intermittent undergrowth were driven to the razor to hew away the evidence of their effeminacy, and thus were revealed to all mankind bereft of any semblance of proper masculinity.

But if the beard was an ornament and a badge of proper manhood, it had other and more prosaic uses as well. It was an economy and a protection. It served, in many instances, in lieu of a necktie, though proud and prosperous men, disdaining an economy so easily effected, parted theirs at the cleft of the chin and deployed it on either side; and it fended the boiled-shirt bosom of the period and lightened the labors of dutiful wives who otherwise had spent more weary hours with washboard and with sadiron. It protected chest and throat and tonsils, and winnowed the germs that else had entered the faces of our ancestors and cut them down in their prime; and when it failed as a safeguard, and a bad cold secured footing on the premises, it could be anointed with turpentine and with lard and made to serve in lieu of a flannel cloth to assist Nature in effecting a cure.

The passing of the beard is little mourned by those who hold that open plumbing and open diplomacy have brought us nearer the millennium; but all reforms are paid for with a price, and if barren faces are more sanitary and afford no cover wherewith to conceal the wiles of statecraft, these advantages are offset by the encouragement given to promiscuous kissing.

Kissing, to be sure, is older than the memory of man; but the harm in a kiss, if harm there is, is in exact proportion to the length of it; and one cannot imagine a primitive maiden offering her lips and patiently making her way through a barrage of bristles, or, having dared as much and attained her objective, remaining there to consolidate her position while the cameraman clicked off the last half of the last reel and flung defiance in the face of the censors.

It may be that the cave man kissed his bride; but legend has it that he clubbed her first, and when we remember the beard he wore and the unrenovated state of it, this method of wooing does not appear so unmerciful as at first it seemed.

Warming Up

WHEN the man in the center of the diamond becomes charitable or innocuous and each passing moment gives further proof that he is being kept too long from the showers, another and more formidable man may be seen on the sidelines in process of limbering up for the fray. To a dismayed and desperate multitude this process of limbering up seems fruitless and unprofitable. But if this relief man should be thrust into the middle of a bad hole without preliminary exercise the opposition would fall upon his offerings with a glad cry and knock them to the far side of the neighboring provinces.

When, in response to the touch of your foot on the little jigger provided for that purpose, one cylinder barks cheerfully and the others in their turn take up the refrain with apparent enthusiasm, you are tempted to enmesh the gears and be on your way without further preparation. It can be done, upon occasion, without embarrassing complications. But the normal motor, so rudely snatched from its rest and required to begin its labors without preliminary warming, will retaliate by giving three asthmatic coughs and falling peacefully asleep.

And yet the enthusiast who sets about the business of reforming the world demands immediate and conclusive action and is ready to despair of the human race because he cannot obtain it. He forgets the years that were required to bring him to his present state; he knows only that he sees visions, and he chafes because the world will not at once lift its eyes from its commonplace affairs and share in his discovery.

Progress is a slow business of arranging funeral services for those whose feathered nests are threatened by reform, and of overcoming the inertia of those who would rather endure their present disadvantages than bestir themselves and risk unpleasant consequences for the sake of a distant profit. The first part of the business need occasion no anxiety, for a beneficent Nature will arrange the preliminaries in due season. The last part of it requires only patience.

No one reformer, in the little time at his disposal, can lift the world out of its rut. But if he will look back along the great way the world has come he will find inspiration to continue his labors, content in the knowledge that each new idea, as it squares itself with common justice, common sense and common decency, finds the acceptance to which it is entitled, and is incorporated in the structure of civilization.

The world is full of weird ideas, each sponsored by an enthusiast who has an ax to grind; and because their sponsors are insistent and noisy, we permit the ideas to disturb and affright us.

If the race of man was disposed to seize upon new ideas quickly this epidemic of articulate idiocy might end in disaster and bring civilization crashing about our ears. But the inertia and the love of an established way that appear to handicap man when he would make progress are his strength and his salvation when he appears in a fair way to go to the devil. He requires a season of warming up before getting under way, and herein lies the explanation of the triumphs he has won and the progress he has made along the way of sanity despite the handicap imposed by those who howl for quicker action.

Paradox and Roses

IF THE ground about one's door is strewn with diamonds so that he cannot walk abroad without treading upon them, they will have small value in his eyes. He may pay casual tribute to their beauty, as one engrossed in his affairs will find a momentary and barely conscious pleasure in a sunset, but he will feel no desire to select one stone from the glittering mass to be treasured as his chief possession. Yet if he stands upon his doorsill on a summer morning and his careless eye picks out a gem that seems to hold a fire quite unknown to its fellows he will pick it up and hold it in the palm of his hand and become enamored of its brilliance. Thereafter he will treasure it, and fondle it in his idle hours, and it will reveal to him innumerable charms whose existence he had not suspected. Other and similar stones will lie unnoticed about his door. This will be his chiefest treasure, gloried by pride of possession and by the understanding appreciation that comes of constant fellowship.

Herein lies the difference between the beginning and the maturity of love. Love is awakened by a seeming of the unusual; it is intensified by the accustomed. A young man may number among his acquaintances many delightful young ladies whom he has known since childhood, and familiarity will blind him to their charms. let his interest be awakened by a visiting maiden who has neither more nor less of charm, and the hours he spends with her will intensify his interest until it develops into love. It is a strange paradox that the familiar fellowship of which enduring love is fashioned should operate to prevent the awakening of love; so very strange that it seems a trick of Nature to defraud man of romance except he go a-traveling.

Mary Moore knew little concerning Nature's paradoxes, and cared much less. She only knew that other girls, less attractive than herself and apparently less popular, were wooed and won by the young men of her acquaintance, while she remained everybody's friend and nobody's sweetheart. She kept no secrets from herself. She admitted, for instance, that she had more brains than most of the girls with whom she chummed, and she did not shrink from a comparison of physical charms. What she did not know was that her frankness and perennial spirit of comradeship had taught every young man in the neighborhood to value her as a friend and to overlook the fact of her sex. She was not in love, and she was not in love with love, but she felt that she had a right to expect the adoration other girls received, and she resented the fact that she had been deprived of her birthright.

On her twenty-third birthday she withdrew her savings from the bank and went to visit her cousin in a distant city. The cousin gave her a party, as cousins will, and she was entertained by numerous young men who did not know that she was everybody's friend but were distinctly aware of her prettiness. She liked these young men. She liked their homage. And she was especially delighted when she began to suspect a rivalry among them for her favor. It was this seeming of rivalry that taught her what she had need to know.

"These nice boys," said she to herself, "are rushing me because I am something new in their young lives. I am the spice of variety. And the more one does for me the more another endeavors to do. Now, therefore, be it resolved, I shall go back to my own dear friends and give them cause to understand that I am a pretty girl, if I do say it as shouldn't, and no mere pal to be consulted about affairs of the heart, nor yet a covenant of friendship to be ratified without the batting of an eye or the bending of a knee."

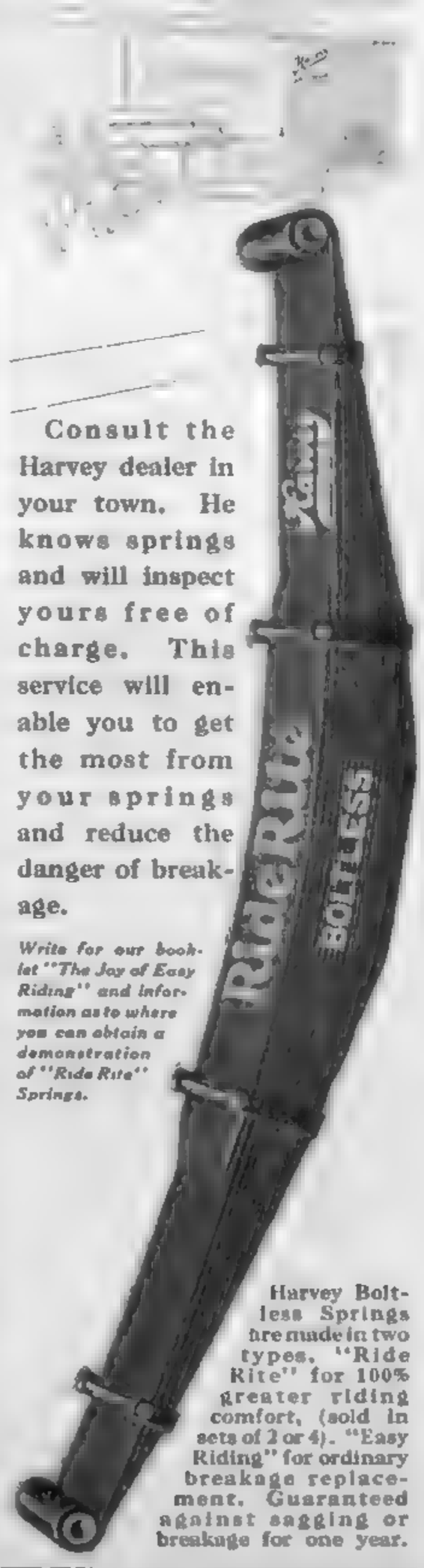
She came home again, but not until she had visited three florists and left a sum of money and explicit instructions with each. Once more at home, she sent out invitations for a party of her own and entertained her guests with stories of the gay life in the city, wherein she made frequent mention of handsome young men who apparently had devoted their lives to the business of arranging perfect days for visiting young ladies.

On the second day after her return a box of flowers came from the city, and each day thereafter another followed it. Things like this are not long kept secret in a small town, and within a week everybody knew that Mary had made a conquest of the city. Were not the roses proof? They teased her about her beaus and she blushed in charming confusion, as well she might, but she parried questions and kept her own counsel

The home boys, vaguely jealous and feeling a little abused, began to seek her favor at first a little awkwardly, for it is disconcerting to have a comfortable pal turn at once into an alluring young lady, and then with increasing fervor as rivalry developed; and long before the roses stopped coming she had given her heart to one whom she had loved for years without realizing it—the words are her own—and now she is as happy as a clever girl deserves to be. Which only goes to prove that a paradox is harmless if taught to mind the reins.

Harvey Dealers know Springs

– Let them inspect yours "Free of Charge"



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Write for our booklet "The Joy of Easy Riding" and information as to where you can obtain a demonstration of "Ride Rite" Springs.

Harvey Boltless Springs are made in two types, "Ride Rite" for 100% greater riding comfort, (sold in sets of 2 or 4). "Easy Riding" for ordinary breakage replacement. Guaranteed against sagging or breakage for one year.

Dealers: Write us for complete information on the Harvey Plan of Free Spring Inspection. Make your place of business "Spring Headquarters".

Harvey Spring & Forging Company
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Two guests of this motorist are really his victims

Over-inflated tires can make riding in the rear seat a discomfort instead of a pleasure

Many a car owner drives on over-inflated tires, and thinks little of it, because he does all his riding in the driver's seat.

Ride in your rear seat some time and see. If your tires are over-inflated, your car will get the full force of bumps and jolts that you miss on the front seat.

That's bad enough for comfort—but it's particularly bad for the car. The pounding and vibration may wear out the whole car prematurely.

The thing to do is to keep a constant check on the air pressure in your tires. It's no work—it's easy. Simply buy a Schrader Universal Tire Pressure Gauge, keep it handy, and use it regularly. Then you will be sure that your tires are inflated to the right pressure, that your car is getting the right treatment, and that your "guest" seats are comfortable and enjoyable.

The Schrader Gauge is always accurate. "Not enough air," and it warns you. Under-inflation is bad for tube and casing alike. "Too much air," and the Schrader Gauge prevents you from letting your car ride like a truck on solid tires.

The Schrader Universal Tire Pressure Gauge is made by the same people who make the Schrader Universal Valves and the Schrader Valve Insides that you find on practically every pneumatic tire in the United States and Canada.

You can purchase a Schrader Gauge at nearly every garage, accessory shop, or hardware store. Price $1.25 (in Canada, $1.50). Special type for trucks and wire wheels, $1.75 (in Canada, $2.00).

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn, New York
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Manufacturers of Schrader Tire Valves—Standard Tire Equipment

SCHRADER
TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE

OLE MARGE

By Clara Belle Thompson

WELL, Marge: The chicken salad was used up last nite and the angel cake tonite. Father said tonite when he saw the cake again: "Will the wedding supper never be over?" And mother said: "Don't be silly, Walter. It would have been an outrage to waist such good food." And father laffed bitterly and ansered: "The next time a dater of mine marries, I give the guests meal tickets to a ice cream parlor." And mother looked stiff and said: "Your other child is a son, so you needent worry." Father said: "Oh, I don't know Wile theirs life, theirs hope." And mother pointed her nose at the ceiling and ansered to the chandeleer: "One thing I cannot overlook is vulgarity." But she dident eat no cake.

We got a new teacher at school. Our old teacher was Miss Hippo. That's not her real name, but she's fat and wabbles and that's how come we call her Hippo, but not to her face. Well, the principle came in 1 da. and stopped a spitball with his chin. But nobody threw it becaws he asked them. Wile he was talking Frank Peyton yelled: "Stop it." And the principle walked fast to Frank's desk and said "Stop what, young man?" Frank is a friend of Zeke Dalton's who sits in the desk behind him, so he answered as he pointed to his stommack: "I got the stommackache." The principle dident like that, and he spoke loud: "That does not explain ure saying 'Stop it.'" Frank said: "I was talking to my stomack and telling it to stop aching." The principle answered: "Hereafter, converse with ure organs in privut." And then he looked at us all with a unpleasant expreshun on his nose and eyes and said: "Gosh, this crowd needs a man." Mebbe he dident exactly say gosh, but he looked like it and mebbe he said it. Anyway, who should walk in Monday but Esaw. That aint his name either. His name is Mr. Wilkins. But sum of the boys seen him in gym. Tuesday and his legs and arms was awful hairy. And Frank Peyton said: "I wish he was mine. He would make a good nood exhibit." And I answered: "He wouldent be nood with that coat of fur." But Zeke Dalton, the minister's son, said: "Jee, hoss," something, I dont remember the rest of it, anyway he said he could pass for Esaw. And we said: "Why?" And he said: "Esaw was a hairy man," so we named him Esaw. And everybody laffed out: "Oh, you Esaw," but not to his face. When I say Esaw, dont think I am talking about any Jew. Its our teacher.

Well, when he come Mond. it was a surprise and we hadent nothing planned. Soon as we sat down, which we did awful slow but lively, he said: "Young ladies and gentlemen ——" Everybody laffed. He held up his hand and sum of the girls stopped. But the boys kep rite on about 5 min.

Then he said loud: "My mistake; little children," and the girls that had stopped said: "'Tee hee" and then everybody got quite. Then he said: "Rite on a slip of paper ure daily schedule. I mean what lessons you have from 9–10, what from 10–11 and so on."

Nearly all the boys rote funny ansers like:
9–10 lofe
10–11 fite
11–12 sleep
and all like that. They was awful funny. Sum of the fool girls had there papers
9–10 spelling
10–11 arithmetic
and so on. That's the sents girls have. Zeke put
9–10 Luke 17:32
10–11 Proverbs 25:21 (I'm ure enemy)
11–12 Isaiah 14:15 (Look Out)
He always has a Bibel with him and he can find awful funny things. Mother says hes a good boy to leave alone. I like him fine.

When Esaw collected the papers he looked at them a minute and then spoke real solemn: "I see their'll be a few adjustments to make in the schedule." We all just looked at him and said nothing.

All the boys in the VIth grade got new knifes this year. But I dont care if my knife's dull, because I can borrow from Zeke. He lends me his sometimes. I guess becaws he feels sorry for me.

No more from ure loven brother,
RAYMOND.

Post S. I hope ure husband treats you rite. Our washwoman's husband gave her a black eye. Let me know how is ure eye?
R.

Post S. 2 Dont think of sending me a knife, for I just remembered that it would break our friendship unless you sent sum money to. And I dont want our friendship broken. So dont send the knife.
Ure loven brother,
RAYMOND.

WELL, Ole Marge: I guess you dont know how to spring a surprise. Oh, no, I guess you dont! Today when I come home for lunch I heard mother and pop talking in the libery and I lissened a minute to see if I wanted to go in. Pop was saying: "That confounded begging habit. For a little, I would hide the package." Mother said: "Its from his own sister. And you cant afford to do a small thing, Walter." Then pop ansered real loud, "Oh, cant I?"

I dident wate any longer. I just walked in becaws I thought mebbe you had sent me a knife or something. And I said: "Is lunch ready?" Mother looked at pop and said: "Now dont you spoil our meal. Yes, we can eat now." So we started to the dining room, and I was dropping behind to look for the package, when pop put his hands on my shoulders like I was a steering wheel and said: "Squads rite. Are ure feet two heavy? Try to lift them." At the door I asked: "Did I get sum male today, mebbe?" And father said: "Ah, ha, ah, ha. How long were you lissening in, Radio?" And I said: "Do you mean me?" Pop opened his mouth, but mother closed it with her hand and laffed: "My 2 little boys are near of an age. Stop teasing ure son, Walter." Pop kissed her hand, so she would get it out of his mouth's way, and remarked: "Helen, theirs a package on the libery table addressed to Mr. Raymond Caruthers. Do you know anybody by that name?" And mother ansered: "I may, but he mustent open it until he has finished his luncheon." So I come back real quick and slid the good ole package in my pocket. You can bet I ate with sum speed when pop said: "By all means eat with ure knife, if you can make better time." I dident eat no desert.

When I got through I made tracks to my room and opened the box. Gee, its a beaut! None of the boys have both the file and corkscrue and paper cutter besides the blades. The V$ bill around the knife was sure a cute idea. I nerely lost it like this. I threw the paper rapped around the knife into the waist basket and there was the ole V$ bill, the last rapping. If I had of thrown it in the basket, it would of been lost. My, it would take a lot of bills to rap a pare of roller skates, if you were sending them any time, wouldent it? Well, the knife and money was one (1) big surprise. I never would of thought of it.

I guess you want to know what happened since my last letter. 3 important things.

1. Pop got me a trap drum. No toy, but with bells and triangles. When he gave it to me, he said: "Better play it on the side of the house next the Larkins. I dont like there dog." Sometime I might join the band, if there is 1.

2. Mr. Western gave me a pare of pidgeons, one is a High Flying Tippler and the other is a Maltese Hen. The Tippler is the kind you train to turn flips in the air. I dont know what you do with the hen. When I get a few dozen little pidgeons, I am going to dress them up differunt ways and have an animal circus. Me and Zeke made 3 cages this afternoon. We can charge admishun. I guess you dident know I was going into the pidgeon business. When I make enough bux, lookout for ure racer body. No more bicycles then, oh you Barney Olefield second!

3. I took dinner with Zeke Dalton. So did Frank Peyton. Mother dident fall for me going, but pop said: "Only a ministers wife would have the charity to invite him. Let ure little lam go."

(Continued on Page 69

PATENTED

KEROGAS

TRADE **BURNER** MARK

The Giant Kerogas Burner

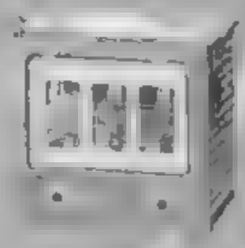
Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. The "Giant" is for use when you want an intense flame quickly. It can be turned down for ordinary use, but is capable of producing the most intense heat. Stoves with "Regular" Kerogas Burners only also to be had

Clean, Quick Cooking— With Oil as Fuel

Thanks to Kerogas Burners, dinner's ready when it's dinner *time*—when you cook with Kerogas. Your fuel is oil—just ordinary kerosene or coal oil—but thanks to the Patented Kerogas Burner, what you burn is gas—a clean, odorless, waste-less gas, packed full of heat units. It is made by mixing 400 parts of air with one part kerosene—and the Patented Kerogas Burner does the mixing automatically. Hard to beat *that* for economy.

Turn the little control wheel to the right and the most intense heat is directed squarely against the bottom of the cooking vessel—to the left, and the heat is as moderate as you wish. Note that the powerful, evenly burning double flame of gas is always under perfect control—just like the flame from the burner of a gas range. Cuts cost—cuts time—makes a good cook a better cook.

When you select an oil stove, be sure that the name Kerogas is on the burner—it's the finest endorsement a stove can carry. On the better brands of oil stoves everywhere.



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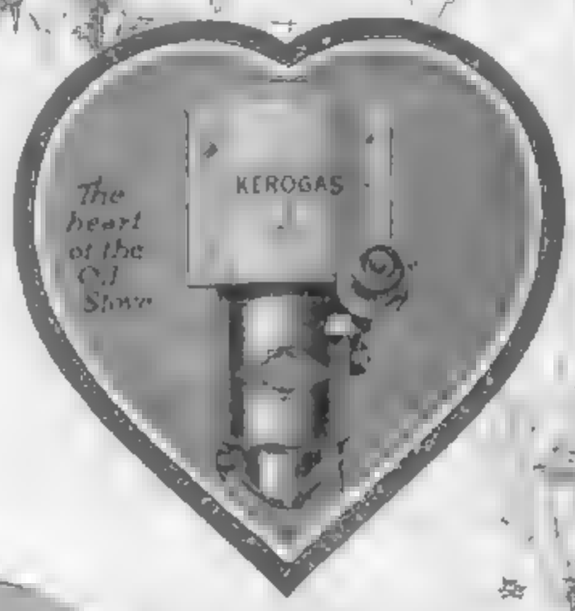
Manufacturers of Burners, Oil Cook Stoves and Ranges

Dealer's Note: The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with the Kerogas Burners.



Look for the name "Kerogas" on the oil stove burner

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

Clicquot Club
(Pronounced Klee-Ko)
GINGER ALE

The kid admits it—

THE Eskimo kid is proud of his drink. It's the best ginger ale on earth—he admits it. That's why he always wears such a broad, confident grin.

He's always glad to offer Clicquot Club to everybody. He knows they'll enjoy it and come back for more. And they do—*they all like it*.

There's something about Clicquot Club that appeals to nearly everybody. The racing bubbles, the gingery fragrance, the good taste—they all make a combination that's popular with all sorts of people—young or old or in between.

It's a *good* drink, good in taste, good in the way it's made. Everything in it is absolutely pure.

As for the blend—that's been a favorite for thirty-eight years. Small wonder the little Eskimo is so proud of Clicquot Club.

There are other Clicquot Club drinks the Eskimo boy sponsors; they're all pure and good—Sarsaparilla, Root Beer, Birch Beer. Order them all by the case from your grocer or druggist.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 66)

And mother said: "He can go. But, oh dear, Zeke is such a naughty boy!" Pop grinned: "I say the risk is Mrs. Dalton's, exposing Zeke to ure Raymond."

Frank told me his mother was ditto ("). But his dad said: "A dinner in piece! Send the Daltons a vote of thanx." So he got off.

We had everything to eat. We had a little table to ourselfs. And a hole rooster! Mrs. Dalton said: "Eat all the baked hen you like, boys." And Zeke laffed. "Holly Moses, if Chanty Cleer could hear that, that would hold him for a wile." Me and Frank ate 5 peaces of cake and 3 dishes of ice cream. Zeke ate 6 peaces and 3 dishes. When he tok the 6th peace, he said: "Help ureselfs, boys. If you cant eat it, take it home."

But Mrs. Dalton took the plate.

I dident here from you last week. Are you still married? Let me know.

Your loven brother,
RAYMOND.

Post S. About the knife. Dont menshun the V$ for 2 reasons, to pop.

1. I want to be a comfort to him like you said. And last nite when he was going over the bills, he said: "I wish nobody would menshun money to me for 1 mo." So I wont menshun this, and dont you.

2. If I should want to buy him or mother a onexpected present, he wouldent know how I could. It would be a surprise. I showed him the knife, but I kept ure secret about the money.

Lovenly,
RAYMOND.

DEAR MARGARET: Mother said to tell you that she would write later; and that we are all well; and that she is having a fine time with our last car.

Well, Marge: This is my letter now.

This is to let you know that I havent died and went to heaven (?). You ought to of been here yesterday. We had a pants pulling in the gym. The VIIth graders were to pull our presedents pants off and they did it. And we were to pull there class presedents pants off and we did it to. But we never stopped their, but pulled til we come to the good ole onion suit. We pulled sum more, but the juges yelled: "Hey, come to yourselfs, and not to the presedents self." It came off fine, the pants pulling, not the onion suit.

I got A in puncturality and absents this month. The rest—mums the word. Were disgrased! Im the family skeleton. Geography 69! Pop said at luncheon: "This is the first of the month, wheres ure report?"

I answered: "Mebbe I left it at school or mebbe its in my arithmetic upstairs in my room."

Pop replied: "Undoutedly its in ure room. Ure mother will excuse you wile you get it. I want to see it now."

When he looked at it he groaned and mother said: "What is it, Walter?"

And pop said: "Were disgrased. Ure son has failed in geography. Geography 69, why I cant face the men downtown with that report." And mother answered: "I was going to Mrs. Dews tea this afternoon. But now I dont see how I can. Geography 69. What do you think, Walter?" Pop said: "I dont see how we can ever go out again. How did this happen, Raymond?"

And I said: "Zeke Dalton only made 61." And pop rattled a knife and ansered: "Leave Zeke alone. How did this happen?" So I said: "I forgot to study a couple of nights." And he ansered: "Helen, improve his memory by letting him stay away from the movies 2 weeks." The familys disgrased. You know the wurst.

Zeke Daltons a preacher now. At recess yesterday he said: "I'm gonna preach to the VIth grade boys." Most of them said alrite. But 8 said they wouldent. So me an Frank and Zeke licked 3 and they all said: "Preach ahead." But then recess was over. He preached today. It was fine. He said: "You know whats keeping all you sinners out of hell?" A lot yelled, "No!" He got mad. "Aw, shut up," he said, "ure not supposed to anser. Its becaws the ground is so thick. In China where its thin, lots of times 3 or 4 a minit drop rite into hell." Frank said: "Who told you?" And Zeke ansered: "I needent tell you becaws you cant question a preacher. But as ure my friend, I will. Its in the Holly Rit." "What's that?" asked Frank. "I've told you enough," replied Zeke. "Any way it's none of ure business." They almost had a fite. He preached a lot more about hell and the devil which he saw leaning over him in bed with brimstone and nashing teeth. Sum of the boys got scared. "Never mind," he said, "I can sell you tickets to heaven."

Tonite if he can come over, him and Frank and me are gonna make tickets to heaven. If we put angles on them, we can easy get two bits for them.

Now Zeke can say hell and dam all he wants to and its no sware becaws hes a preacher. I guess mebbe me and Frank will be preachers to. Zeke said he would teach us for 3 ginger ails and 6 ice cream cones.

I got to go to bed early, becaws I borrered pops stop watch for a game and mother said he was looking for it. Hes out now, but I think I better be asleep when he comes in.

Good nite,
Lovenly,
RAYMOND.

Post S. Is ure husband any relation of me?
R.

MARRIAGE BY THE UNDERGROUND ROUTE

(Continued from Page 23)

the broad village way: the flaring, the pantaletted Connecticut elms; the sweet white church, green shuttered, pointing to God with its slim aspiring steeple; and, at last, the old school of ruddy red brick, nestling amid lawns, fronds and matted creepers. But not so fast! Houses—New England houses—all white and piped with green. Drop two girls here and three girls there.

A pleasing picture, but not enough. Open, pellucid crystal. Disgorge. That's better. Look! In each of the houses, virginal rooms, candle-lighted, all converging to a single point of a Saturday night, and at that point, in the geometrical center of the various commodious kitchens, a tub—a large, shallow, oaken tub! Whence and what for? Baths, my masters. The weekly bath, nothing less! Yes, sir. Up to and including the last of the '80's, all those girls, pink cheeked, blue, brown, black and hazel eyed, used to —— But what's that? A screen? Right again. At this point in the narrative the cook or old Marge used to put up a high, solid, three-leaved screen, impenetrable to the most searching gaze.

What other things can we see or hear during the three years Cornelia spent at Barmingdale? Well, here's a glimpse or two. Tiny Miss Petteril, very old, with twinkling eyes of jet, entering any class at any time and subjecting the girls to General X, a course in such intelligence as is commonly known among men as horse sense. The same pupils scurrying around in tam'-o-shanters, Inverness cloaks and flopping unhooked galoshes. Fact. They started that 1920 fashion fully forty years ago. Four desserts only in the way of sweets brightened the scholastic term: Indian pudding, ice cream, molded blocks of blancmange, known as tombstones, and apple dumplings, familiarly called baby heads.

Can you picture the way all those bright-eyed girls used to bloom in the warm spring, out of cloaks into clinging frocks of white? See them marching to church, two by two—this one mischievous, that one demure; this one pious as a canary swelling with song on a bright day, that one sweetly grave with the thoughts she could not understand. Can you wonder that the intellectual and artistic lions of those times loved to go to Barmingdale? Behold John Fiske, enormous, fat—but dry to the touch—sitting in pontifical majesty to deliver his famous lecture on American history. See him pause after the applause at the end and glance at Mrs. Dimock almost pleadingly. Hear her say, "And now, Mr. Fiske, won't you kindly sing for us?"

A flutter—a tremor rustles across the hall. Good-by, old lecture; the truly awaited moment has arrived.

Can Mr. Fiske sing? He cannot, but he loves to. He squares his shoulders, lifts his leonine head, opens his mouth and roars, first in one favorite key and then in another, one song after another, each song three keys. Presently Mrs. Dimock gives an expert exhibition of tact. Can she stop him without hurting his dear feelings? No; never. Yes. No. Yes. She does. Strange to say, the girls have not laughed; not once. They file out with half-smiling, half-startled eyes, and gory thrills running up and down their backs as though they had been to a bull fight.

But Mr. Fiske was not the only one who sang to those girls in those times. Not by a jugful. Listen. While Cornelia Van Suttart was at Barmingdale there were three Junes, and in each June a full moon. Does that mean anything to you? No; nor to anyone of the modern generations of the students of Yale. Step in, sophisticated youth, license and the motor car; farewell, romance. But in Cornelia's day, with the full moon of June, up from the station came the Barmingdale stagecoach, loaded to overflowing with the glee club from New Haven.

Just how far the boys could go and just what the girls could do was set down between the solid walls of an ancient tradition. The boys might stand beneath the trees while the girls filed by to church. On coming out, the girls could walk to the marker elm, turn and come back. Thus the boys got three good, hungry, custom-sanctioned, long looks at the pretty faces from close quarters. They were not supposed to whisper—oh! no, never—and they always did.

Cornelia of course expected no one to whisper to her. The first time she passed before the line of eager eyes she even felt lonely, and then, the second time ——

"Cornelia! Cornelia Van Suttart!"

Her eyelids fluttered. Her heart came thumping into her throat. Up, up with her curling lashes. Lo! a flash of her hidden eyes of Irish blue. Just a glance, and down again. What a nice-looking boy, so tall, so gay, such pleased though startled eyes, such laughing lips! Who was he? Who could he be? Whence that voice, whispering her own name? Back, Cornelia, go back in memory. Further; still further. No! Yes! That nasty—that nice Harold Grimble who had tried to kiss her against her will long many years ago! That Harold Grimble whom Miad had licked but who had bloodied Miad's ear so that she had had to clean it with her own pocket handkerchief! No other! In justice she must snub the horrid boy.

The long line of girls turns for the final passing. Cornelia does not look up; she does not need to. Under the trees, an eddy of delicious warmth, an effulgence felt but yet unseen, an aura, a magnet, a brush of summer breezes drawing blood to paint a maiden's fleeting blush. As though that betrayal were not enough, at the exact moment of the closest conjunction of two palpitating planets of youth Cornelia's lips, throat and voice deal her pride and sensibility a stunning blow. To her confusion and amazement she hears herself murmur, "Hello, Harold."

On the night of the concert—after the concert hurry back to the Carolton House. Gleam of old mahogany furniture, never moved in a hundred years. Glow of involuted drugget rugs and rag carpets, all the colors of Joseph's coat. Shining, slim banister. Seize it; run up the stairs and into the room where flowers lie heaped upon the beds, the chairs, the floor. Stand and wait. Sit and wait. Stand again. Midnight at last. The tinkle of guitars and banjos, tuning up. Push the other girls aside. Snatch back the dimity curtain. Drop a flower. Throw a handful. Fill a pillow slip with fragrant blooms and send them out in a pelting shower! Then —— Hark! Listen—hand on fluttering breast. Harold's clear tenor voice, true as a bell, singing the song of songs of the day for that window alone:

"Thou art my true love, believe me;
Promise thou ne'er will deceive me ——"

In three years there are only three Junes; in three Junes there are only three moons at the full; and that was all that Harold Grimble got of Cornelia or Cornelia of Harold while she was at Barmingdale. Nevertheless it was only that you might share in the palpitating events of those three widely spaced moonlit nights that you have been dragged all the way from Miad Blake and Cobbled Court, Mr. Frete and East Broadway, to a village in Connecticut. Come back. Leave behind those lovely girls and that bracing air, just as Cornelia had to do, not once, but three separate times.

The first time she did not know what to make of Mr. Frete and his sister, Amantha. They were mysteriously changed. Amantha

Speak up for your legs

YOU DEPEND on them a lot and they deserve a lot of consideration—especially when you're buying garters. If your garters bind, or are heavy, your legs suffer.

That's Because

your garter has to hold up its own weight as well as the weight of your sock. Your leg has to hold up both.

Ivory Garters are the lightest garters made. They are all lively elastic—no dead cloth or iron clasps. They cling to your legs lightly, but not too tightly. They hold up your socks—not the circulation of your blood.

Doesn't It

stand to reason that the lightest garters made—all lively elastic—will be the most comfortable to wear? The very first time you put on a pair of Ivories and see how *comfortably* they *shape* themselves to the shape of your leg, you'll prove it! Your favorite style—wide or standard web—single or double grip—35 cents and up.

IVORY GARTER CO
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still did all the work of the house, but with such miraculous expedition that she was free to accompany Cornelia every time she went into the streets. Mr. Frete was no longer a silent shadow. He talked as freely as on the day when Cornelia had plunged down the stairs into his arms. The words he used began to give him shape, so that gradually he became a presence. During the summer she gathered certain outstanding impressions. One was that she was never left alone except when in the privacy of her own room; another, that she was denied no whim save freedom; a third, that Mr. Frete, stepping out from shadow land, seemed not to have aged by a day in all her years of memory of him.

Naturally Cornelia longed to run over to Cobbled Court for a visit with Miad, and dreamed of running into Harold Grimble on the way. Young girls are quick to dream such things, and slow to put them in action. They are strange creatures. They seem to live in a daze that appears to get a sharper pleasure from awaiting an event than from forcing it. They like to have love and other things call for them. Just as naturally Cornelia ascribed Mr. Frete's increasing attention and the solicitude which prevented her from going out alone to the fact that she was growing up and was even now one of the Barmingdale young ladies.

Thus the first summer slipped by with amazing swiftness, leaving behind it a feeling of surprised emptiness, which was in turn rapidly swallowed by the excitement of returning to school. Without knowing how or why, Cornelia's inward hunger sensed that something was wrong, and when the second June full moon came along she took pains to give Harold Grimble such a look beneath the elms as a man never forgets to his dying day—one of those looks that pass along from a girl's sixteenth summer to a boy's nineteenth, strike deep their barbs and hang on as long as lingers the memory of breathless youth.

In vain. No sooner did she return to East Broadway than Mr. Frete moved to the Metropolitan Hotel, while Cornelia was dispatched in the care of the silent Amantha to a watering place that was wholly uninteresting and unpeopled, since the look she had given Harold was not quite potent enough to guide him to her. Instead came Mr. Frete, every week-end, and took her for long walks on the sands. Gradually, so gradually that she could not mark the gradations of the change in him, he moved back into her world and became a live human being. She thought it was because she was growing up.

There came a day when she forgot all about being a loan child and asked him boldly for news of her parents. What were they? Who were they? What had become of them? A faint smile as of propitiation broke the curve of Mr. Frete's too full lips, and his pale eyes seemed to her to assume a benign look. They were sitting side by side on a broad flat rock. He laid his hand over hers and pressed it firmly.

"Listen, my dear," he said. "I do not wish for a moment to blacken the memory of your father and mother. Enough that they hurt me, Prosper Frete, almost as deeply as they wronged you when they went away. You will never know the magnitude of the burden their action cast upon my shoulders. Fortunately I was a young man—a very young man for such a responsibility. I slaved. I saved the honor of the old Van Suttart name. But that was not enough. There was you to think of, an infant, a baby still in arms."

He paused, and in the silence the lapping waves seemed to murmur, over and over again in moist echo of the good cook's words, "Believe me, my lone darling, your dear mother would never have left her baby of her own free will!"

"I do not wish you to think of me and Amantha as foster parents," resumed Mr. Frete's resonant voice. "Never that, my dear. Anything but that. Think of me as of one who has never considered you a burden, even in the most trying days. Regard me as one who welcomes you into womanhood without a thought of obligation on either side. The years will soon make us equals. Let us enter them not as ward and indulgent guardian, but as friends."

Hold it not against Cornelia that her ears were deafened by these words to the lapping echo of the good cook's oft-repeated saying. Remember her plastic youth, and measure the effect on a young girl of that phrase, "Regard me as one who welcomes you into womanhood." See the sweet gravity of her face deepen as she gently draws her hand away in the first conscious act of womanly reserve, and judge her not if, during her last year at school, the shining vision of Harold Grimble was sometimes dimmed by intruding thoughts of the goodness of Mr. Frete and of the great debt she owed him. At times she even made a calculation: Mr. Frete, at the least, though he did not look it, must be forty-two years old.

At the moment when Cornelia returned from her last term at Barmingdale and entered the somber house in East Broadway, Miad Blake was in Mr. Frete's library of that very house, but the great sliding doors were tightly closed, as were Miad's thin lips.

There are some people who change so completely in the course of a few years that they become strangers to their own pasts; but not so Miad. To look at his sturdy chunk of a body, belligerent eyes and ungovernable hair was to behold the selfsame perky atom of humanity which at the age of three had taken the withered heart of old man Crabbe by assault and established a right in fee simple to every nook and cranny of Cobbled Court and its environs.

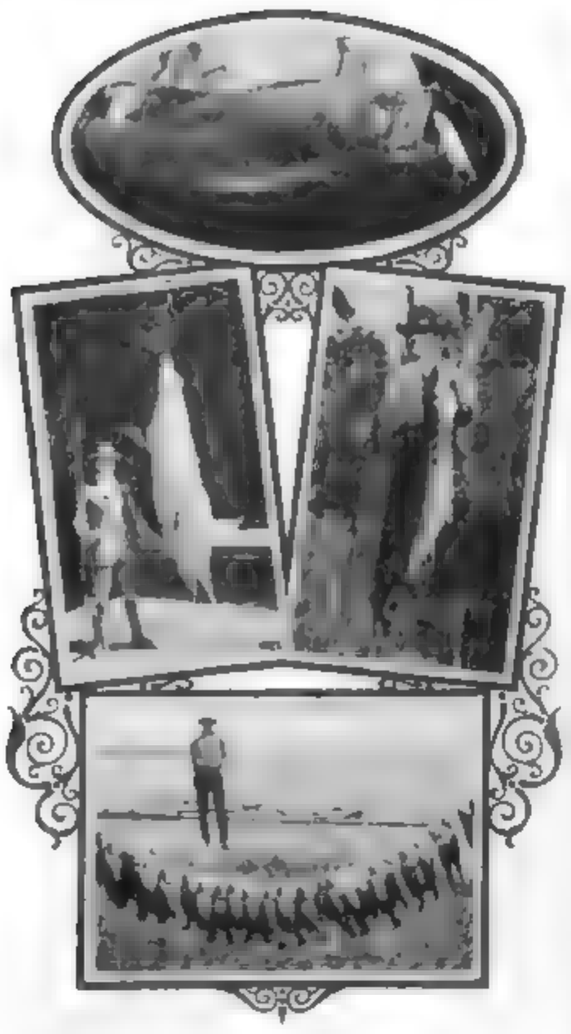
That being the case, what on earth was he doing in Mr. Frete's carefully guarded library at the age of twenty, and why were his lips so tightly compressed? He was sawing wood—working. An improvised bench had been erected in the light of the two windows that gave upon the back yard, and at it stood Miad, engaged in the most intricate of the vocations that old man Crabbe had taught him so thoroughly. At either side of him were bits of weird leathers, softly tanned: Snake skin, paper thin, glassy on one surface to the touch; the pale hide from the belly of a baby crocodile; and other parchments, still more gruesome—can any such be imagined?—littered the working table.

Directly before him were the books he was to bind, and it was the nature of the thoughts aroused by these clandestine volumes that kept his lips set in a straight white line. He was thinking of Mr. Frete as of something viscid like a snail, slimy as the mucous reptiles whose hides he coveted for the books nearest to his heart. For such repellent bindings—and secrecy—this oily man was willing to pay the very top price of a very high market. From time to time Miad would remember that Cornelia, the sweetest contact of all his life with a single exception, had been an inmate of this house.

At such moments a lump would pop into his throat, his heart would sink down and down, and he would stop work and glare unseeingly out of the window.

Who was this sleek beast, Mr. Frete, and who was his needle-nosed sister? Whence had they come into Cornelia's life? What had they to do with her? Why had she never opened her lips in regard to them? The house in which he found himself in the due course of business answered in part that last question. Considered as a whole, it was extremely commonplace; beheld in the side light of the scrofulous library, all

(Continued on Page 72



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$2000.00
FISH-PHOTO Contest

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8 First Prizes, cash .	75.00 each
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8 Third Prizes .	25.00 each
($25.00 South Bend Level-Winding Anti-Back-Lash Reel)	
8 Fourth Prizes . .	12.50 each
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40 (5th to 9th) Prizes	5.00 each
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Anyone may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind. All you need do is catch one or several fish with a South Bend Bait (if you do not have one, we'll loan you one upon request). Then secure a photograph of your catch and mail it to us for entry in the contest. Contest now on—ends October 31st, 1923.

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This book tells about the 8 fish classes open for competition. Gives full contest information and rules with necessary entry blanks. Get it at any South Bend Bait dealer. Most sporting goods stores sell South Bend Baits.

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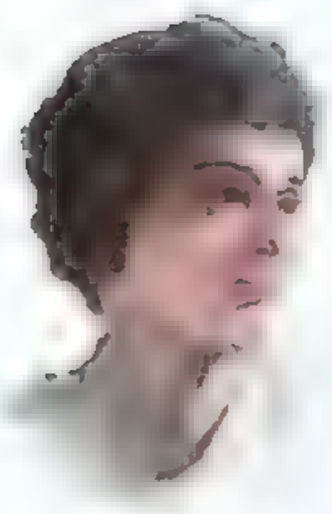
Sickness is bitter poverty!



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because thoughtful Mothers everywhere have enlisted in the Nation-wide fight against disease, Lifebuoy is now probably the widest-selling toilet soap in the world.

HEALTH makes life worth living—it means beauty to women and personality to men. It means the joy of achievement—growing income—*success*. Without health, money is a mockery.

You Mothers are "Health Doctors." Your responsibility is to guard family health—to ward off disease—to insure the healthy growth of children by *keeping them well*.

Public Health Bureaus and Great Foundations tell you that DIRT is the enemy to fight. They warn you that dirt on hands and face contains millions of invisible disease germs which enter the body through nose and mouth. Dirt may infect any tiny scratch or bruise and cause blood poisoning or ugly skin blemishes.

Your great ally in your fight against dirt is Lifebuoy—the health soap.

Purer soap cannot be made. Rich, natural oil of palm fruit and purest cocoanut oil give to Lifebuoy lather its bland, skin-soothing quality. Lifebuoy is red because palm-fruit oil is red.

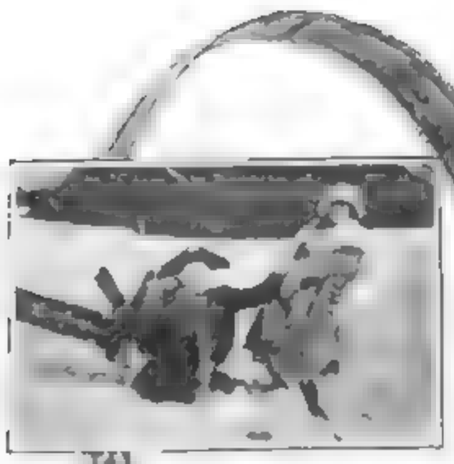
Why Lifebuoy Protects

But Lifebuoy contains a wonderful *extra* health ingredient. The rich, creamy lather of Lifebuoy carries this antiseptic deep down into the dirt-clogged pores. The skin is *really* cleaned—completely purified and deodorized. Lifebuoy's sure sanative action removes lurking disease germs.

Mothers—safeguard the health of every member of your family by placing a cake of Lifebuoy at every place where there is running water.

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

It is the health element which gives to Lifebuoy its wholesome odor. *The odor quickly vanishes but the protection remains*



The Spice of the Summer Program

is the Short Subject. The comedy, novelty, scenic drama, news reel, etc., are the ideal summer motion picture entertainment.

During the warm months ahead, every evening can be one of keen enjoyment if you will attend the theater whose Short Subjects are Educational Pictures.

You will know them by this trade-mark on the film and on lobby displays.

Educational Pictures

When you see this sign, go in—

It's the sign of a WHOLE evening's entertainment

CHRISTIE COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)
HAMILTON COMEDIES
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LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
WILDERNESS TALES
By Robert C. Bruce

AND SPECIALS SUCH AS
"The Message of Emile Coué"
"Man vs. Beast"
"Sea of Dreams"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. Hammons, President

(Continued from Page 70)

its shadows became sinister. Miad could understand without words the instinct that had led Cornelia, gay, imaginative, hungry for the sunshine of happiness, to turn her mind as she turned her back upon its peculiar gloom whenever occasion offered. Mr. Frete—Cornelia! He could not bracket them in the same thought. It was like trying to imagine the white splash of leprosy against healthy young flesh. Thank God she was away; pray God she might never come back!

On the second day after Cornelia's return, unknown to Miad, just after she had helped Amantha Frete clear the table of the midday meal she went up to her room on the third floor and chanced to look out of the window across East Broadway. For an instant she thought she dreamed; then, with one hand to her breast and the other holding the lawn curtains slightly apart, with her eyes sparkling and her lips quirking at the corners in silent laughter, she watched Mr. Harold Grimble, Master of Arts, alumnus of Yale, sometime member of the glee club and the football squad, walk up and down the opposite sidewalk with comical indecision, look at his watch, stop to stare at the house on the corner of Market Street, walk up and down, look at his watch again, stop again, start to cross, return to the curb, and, finally, make a determined dash.

By pressing her face against the glass Cornelia was able to witness the accosting of Mr. Frete by Mr. Grimble. Mr. Frete was already late in returning to his place of business and, besides, he was not accustomed to being addressed by total strangers. He answered the eager question over his shoulder sharply. A look of surprise and a deep flush swept over Mr. Grimble's face. He stood staring rather vapidly at the door from which Mr. Frete had issued, then turned and actually walked away! Vanish smile from Cornelia's eyes and lips. An astonished fatal pause. Quick! Open the window! Oh, treacherous catch! Run—run down the stairs. Faster. Faster! Throw open the front door, step out upon the stoop, glance down the crowded yet empty street. Alas! he is gone.

"What on earth are you doing, Cornelia?" said a voice at her back.

"Nothing, Miss Frete. The—the house seemed very close. I wished to go out."

"What! Without your hat?"

"It is true," said Cornelia with a pathetic droop of the lips which had so lately quirked to a mischievous smile. "I forgot my hat. I will fetch it."

When she came down a few minutes later she found Miss Frete ready to accompany her.

"Please do not bother, Miss Frete. I wish to go alone."

"Prosper would not like that, Cornelia. You must not forget that you are a grown young lady, so grown that he wishes you to call me Amantha and also to know and think of him by his given name."

"I could never do that," murmured Cornelia. "I might call you Amantha if you yourself wish it, but—not the other."

"Some day," said Miss Frete, eying her with a strained bradawl look which strove vainly to appear sentimental, "you will know all that you owe Prosper. In that day your heart will cry out his name from gratitude alone."

Cornelia's response would have been far different had this appeal occurred half an hour earlier, but somehow, with the memory fresh in mind of the blank look that had come over Harold Grimble's eager face at hearing certain curt words from Mr. Frete's lips, she did not experience any marked softening of the heart toward Amantha or her self-sacrificing brother. As she walked along she even felt that her companion's presence was more than superfluous. It dragged upon her, heavy as bail and chain, for there was just one thing she wished to do. She wished to go to Cobbled Court. She wished to see Miad.

It is possible that her impulse to turn to Cobbled Court and Miad in the hour of her need was due merely to the lasting grip of happy associations, but it is also possible that the motive was imbedded in the very foundations of instinct. Miad was closer than lover; dearer than friend. Why? She did not know. It had always been so, from the very first day, without words, without question and without solution. Just as he had been wont to say of herself, "She ain't my g'rl, she's just Cornelia," so was Miad just Miad to her thoughts and heart, and now she wanted to see him.

You may remember how supremely natural was the bond of sympathy that existed between them. Neither had ever paused to question it, yet, of course, there was the reason—such a reason as, had they known it, would have transformed the entire universe to each of them. At that time Brooklyn was still Brooklyn, and New York only New York, but even so, the city numbered considerably more than a million souls. Out of this million odd living human beings only one could have scratched its head and said "Miad, me boy, tell me now, wasn't your mother's born name Mary Malone?" or turned and said "Miss Cornelia, young lady, ain't nobody ever told you your mother's born name was Mary Malone?"

Totally unconscious of this lone needle in the haystack of humanity, Cornelia knew only that she wished to see Miad and that Miss Frete's presence made that consummation impossible. She walked along at some speed, but aimlessly, saying nothing to her unwelcome companion, and with her eyes down. The eyes are the barometer of life's weather. When we are gay we look up; when we are depressed we look down. Nevertheless something made Cornelia look up in time to see a sign that caused her to turn to the left almost without thinking and suddenly quicken her stride. If she could not see Miad she could the next best thing: she could see his father! When they reached the entrance to the dime museum she paused, stared at the flaming billboards, and presently insisted on entering.

Miss Frete demurred, but only for a moment. When a young lady of eighteen has been traveling with head down and then suddenly lifts it, there is just one thing to do—follow on and keep your eyes open. Once within the portals of the waxworks emporium, Cornelia constrained herself to many calculated pauses. She forced herself to take an interest in the effigy of the martyred Garfield and to come to a full stop before President Arthur—in life, dignified, sartorially correct; in wax, a caricature, terrible to behold. She identified the fake policeman and strove without success to recognize the live one whom she had kicked on the shin on that breathless day when she and Miad, side by side, had rediscovered the silent companion of many a happy hour spent in the cellar beneath Crabbe's wondrous shop.

Finally she sidled into the corner of that bygone revelation and raised her eyes slowly to the placid, the beloved face of John Blake, preserved.

There may be encounters more poignant to memory than that of Cornelia face to face with Miad's father—the father in whom she had been granted a half share long after he was dead—but none more lovely in their pathos. To be beautiful and alone is a terrible fate. Even the full heart of freckled youth cries out for sympathy, admiration and comfort, and finds it in most unexpected places. Miad, starved of so many of the bounties due to childhood, had known content in the meager companionship of his embalmed father, and here was Cornelia come to the same still source for consolation. Something of the untutored uprightness, something of the rough-hewn yet indescribably gentle strength of John Blake in life, must have endured through the cunning of old Crabbe's art. Else why should this exquisite bud on the branch of womanhood have thrilled and swayed before the ineffable peace in the dead man's face, and drunk deep of the soft dew of solace?

Wake up, Cornelia! Look behind you! Look at Miss Amantha Frete. See a shock pass in through her tiny eyes and out through her toes, leaving her rigid, all but her sharp proboscis. The tip of her nose quivers, squirms and twists in minute circles as if striving desperately to bore into the mystery before her. Needle-pointed questions writhe off it in staccato vibrations. John Blake! Is it indeed John Blake, the wartime porter of Hendricks, Jacob Hendricks, Van Suttart and Partners—that ancient, half-forgotten firm, so different from the Van Suttart & Co. of today! The John Blake who knew the elder Van Suttart? Who was said to have reeled and fainted with joy at the return of William Van Suttart from the dead? Who undoubtedly knew Mary Malone Van Suttart, Cornelia's mother? John Blake, who, should he open those lifelike lips and speak, could ——

Cornelia! What—what did Cornelia know of him? Of the porter—John Blake? Why ——

At this instant Cornelia passed on quietly to a ghastly murder reconstruction which had been in former times a favorite of hers and Miad's. Now it gave her no thrill save one of laughing horror at its crudity. She could smile at it only because of its associations with Miad and such thin-spread happiness as her childhood had known; also because the sight of John Blake had by some mysterious alchemy lifted up her heart. When Miss Frete, having regained a semblance of equanimity, plucked at her sleeve and suggested that it was time to go she was ready.

That evening, after Cornelia had gone up to bed, she gradually became conscious of a strange sound, and then wondered why it was strange. Fresh from the chattering clatter of Barmingdale, she had failed immediately to readjust herself to the lifelong peculiarities of the gloomy house in East Broadway. The sound was strange because never before had she heard within those walls the murmuring of voices. The inarticulate communion of years between the Fretes, male and female, had become vocal! So remote was the whispering, so accustomed was she to sleep the moment her glossy head touched the pillow, that she failed to detect a tone of faint, questioning alarm in the voices.

On the following day Mr. Frete was not himself. He came down meticulously dressed, but did not go to business. Instead he went for the first time in his life to a dime museum, and on the way thought of the absurdly young man who had asked if Miss Cornelia Van Suttart was at home and had looked so markedly crestfallen when informed that she had gone to Europe for the summer. Further proof that Prosper was not himself can be found in the fact that when he returned to the house he did not think to enter the library, where Miad was working doggedly, determined to finish on that very day a distasteful job.

Miad had come in simultaneously with the iceman through the areaway and gone up a narrow spiral stairway into the room from which even Miss Amantha Frete was excluded except for the forenoon of the first Monday in every quarter, when, after locking certain of the inclosed bookcases, Mr. Frete permitted her to dust and clean. It thus transpired that while Miad munched a sandwich in the library the Fretes and Cornelia partook of a silent meal in the dining room. Nor did Mr. Frete leave immediately thereafter. Instead, when the table was cleared and Cornelia, as was her custom, started to go to her room, he stopped her, took her by the hand and led her into the front parlor. Miss Frete abandoned her household duties rather ostentatiously and went upstairs.

"Cornelia," said Mr. Frete, still holding her hand, "the time has come when you and I must arrive at an understanding."

"An understanding, Mr. Frete?" asked Cornelia, instinctively sparring for time.

"Yes, my dear," continued Mr. Frete in his fullest voice. "I asked you through Amantha to call me Prosper. I now beg it of you myself. All your life I have watched over you and slaved for you. So far my only reward has been to see you grow from an abandoned babe into a resplendent woman. I never talked to you as a child. Do you know why? Because deep within me I have known always that the day of love would come and that I would need all the words of a lifetime to tell you of it."

"Oh, Mr. Frete!" cried Cornelia, striving to withdraw her hand. "Please, Mr. Frete. Please!"

"Don't," murmured Mr. Frete softly, even while he retained a firm hold. "Don't be frightened. Don't draw away from me. Listen, my dear Cornelia. Once within my arms I will carry you to worlds of which you have never dreamed. Do not struggle. Let me hold you close. Let me whisper to you of the mysteries and the wonders of all-embracing love."

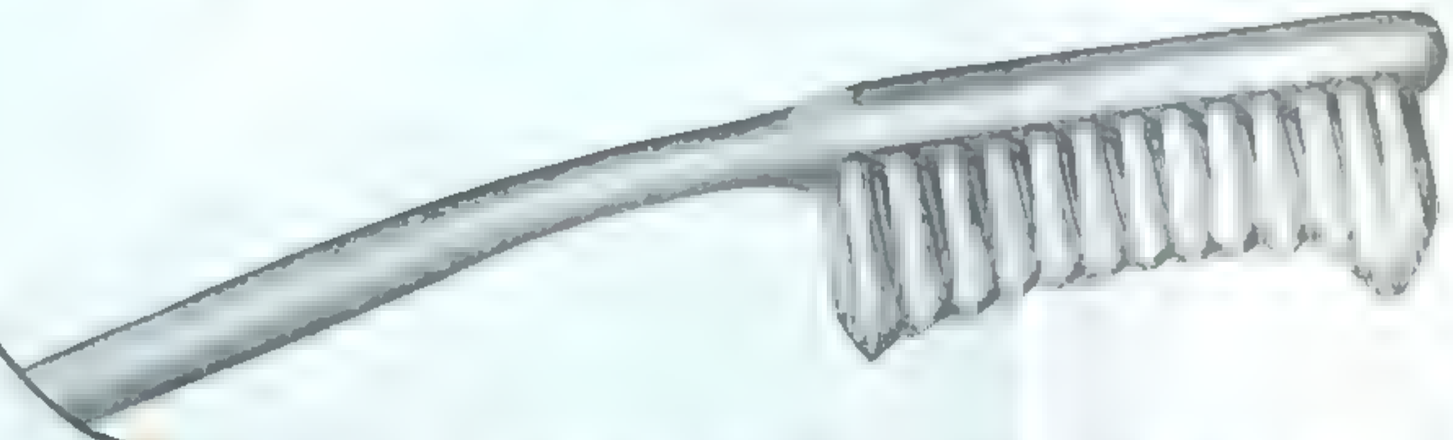
"Oh, Mr. Frete! Please! Please let me go!"

"No; no! I cannot let you go," cried Mr. Frete, in dead earnest. "Not until I have told you. Not until you have promised to be my own wife."

Quite suddenly Cornelia yielded to his importunity. Feeling her tense body relax, he released his hold in order to take her in his arms, but in the instant before he could do so she quickly drew up both hands, placed them against his chest and pushed him away with all her strength. Her wide eyes were no longer pleading nor frightened; they blazed.

(Continued on Page 75)

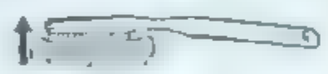
Not merely a type — but the correct brush



What happens when you brush your teeth

Brush your upper teeth downward.

Brush your lower teeth upward.



The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw like this

Instead of touching the teeth at a few points only, like this:

With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this:

Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this:

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this:

The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this:

Wrong Way Right Way

This brush will clean your teeth the *right way*

There's a right way and a wrong way to brush teeth. If you are brushing your teeth the wrong way, stop today, and begin the right way. It may mean breaking an old habit, but it's worth while.

You clean your teeth the right way when you use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, and brush away from the gums. The brush is shaped to fit the curve of your teeth.

The bristles are set wide apart and are serrated; that is, pointed like saw teeth. With this combination of curved brush shape and serrated, widely separated bristles, found in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, you will reach and clean crevices between the teeth that ordinary brushes merely bridge over.

You can even clean the backs of the back teeth. The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does this with the least effort. Perhaps you have noticed how *easy* it is to reach and clean the backs of the back teeth with the large end tuft, but have you ever noticed what makes it so easy? It is the way the handle of the brush is curved.

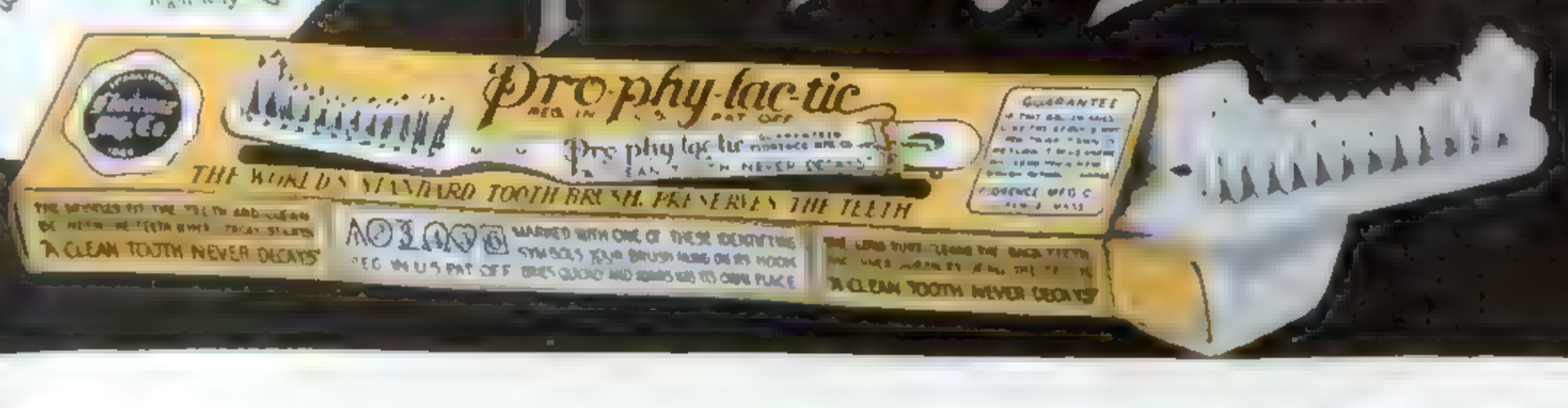
Leading dental authorities have approved and recommended the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush as being the utmost in proper tooth brush construction. It is not theoretical in design. It has been improved and perfected by practical experiment and over forty-three years of use. You are sure of keeping your teeth clean when the name Prophylactic is on the handle of your tooth brush.

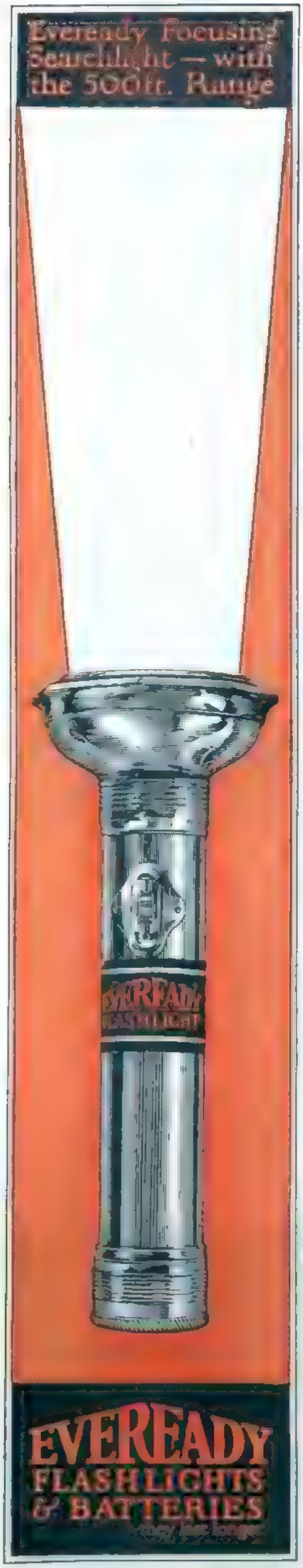
Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary **yellow box.** *Three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; made in three different textures of bristle—hard, medium, and soft.*

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush


Pro-phy-lac-tic
THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH. PRESERVES THE TEETH
A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS
A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS



"....FOUND 'EM AT LAST. BUT SAY, OUR EVEREADY WAS AS NECESSARY AS OUR STEERING WHEEL"

In the midst of darkness, there is a world of protection and help in the Eveready Flashlight—instant light where you need it, right on the spot you want it

Ever blunder along off shore trying to find a landing place? Irritating! Dangerous, too! Why not avoid it, and always see the right place to land by carrying an Eveready Focusing Searchlight with its 500-foot range?

On water or land, it means protection in the dark. Prevents accidents and mistakes by helping avoid them. The only light that defies wind and rain.

In traveling, in motoring, boating, sailing, hunting, fishing, camping, it is worth its cost over and over. The light of a thousand uses; and one use any hour may repay a thousand-fold the small price—$1.35 to $4.50.

Eveready Unit Cell Batteries fit and improve all makes of flashlights; they give a brighter light; they last longer. There are 60,000 Eveready dealers trained to deliver Eveready service with the sale of Eveready Flashlights and Unit Cell Batteries; at electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

(Continued from Page 72)

"Go away!" she cried. "Don't you dare to touch me again. I do not love you. I cannot love you. You are an old man."

The transformation that swept over Mr. Frete was so instantaneous as to be amazing. In the twinkling of an eye he had balanced all the chances for persuasion against the permanence of Cornelia's determination, and found them wanting. The foresight that had never yet failed him told him that never as long as she lived would she give herself to him willingly. The light in his eyes changed to a threatening gleam. His sleek head shot forward and his hands came up very slowly from his sides.

"Call out," he whispered hoarsely, "and no one will hear. Scream, and no one will come. Before you leave this room, you ungrateful little waif, you will go on your knees and beg me to marry you."

He did not rush at her; he came slowly, and as he moved Cornelia knew fear. Her eyes opened wider and wider. A lump surged into her throat. The blood pounded deafeningly in her ears and temples. She stepped backward and backward until she came against the wall. She extended her arms, pressed her open palms flat against the wall, raised her white face, closed her eyes.

"Miad," she murmured, half sobbing. "Oh, Miad!" Then suddenly she screamed it out loud with all the strength of her lungs.

"Miad!"

As she screamed she felt Mr. Frete's hot breath upon her cheek and his hands clutching at her throat, tearing shamefully as though they would rip the clothing from her body. She struck furiously but ineffectually with her closed fists at his lowered head.

Beyond the dining room the great doors of the library slid apart and Miad stepped out. For an instant he stood blinking, glancing to right and left as if he had been abruptly awakened from deep sleep; then his startled eyes awoke, comprehended, narrowed. His short body, already compact, seemed to draw together tighter and tighter. It was as though some alien force were molding him into a round bullet and drawing him back and back in the sling of a catapult. Snap the catch. Let the bullet fly. Shades of Mr. Levis and the fight of long ago in Cobbled Court, see the ball of fury hurtle across the floor. Look out, Mr. Frete. Look out!

From ten feet away Miad shot into the air, landing with the heel of his heavy boot on Mr. Frete's left leg, just below the knee. He had meant to break the leg and failed only because its muscles were so taut that it withstood the terrific strain. Even so, Mr. Frete reeled and fell under the excruciating blow, perforce releasing Cornelia at the same time. She opened her eyes and stared incredulously.

Miad? Why, it couldn't be Miad. Oh, miracle! Oh, potent prayer! Oh, faith! It was. It was Miad. Miad pouncing on the prone Mr. Frete, groping with stubby iron hands for Mr. Frete's throat, changing his mind presently as Mr. Frete's protruding tongue began to blacken, getting his fingers into Mr. Frete's long, sleek hair, gripping it and then beginning to pound Mr. Frete's head rhythmically on the floor. From Mr. Frete's released throat a horrible, raucous sound, scarcely distinguishable, issuing at regular spaced intervals.

"Help! Help! Help!"

Miad looked up from his task. "Run, Corny. You know where. Run there and wait. Do what I say, Corny."

Cornelia gathered her senses and started obediently for the door. Too late. Miss Frete, having entered the room, was just turning the key in the lock. Cornelia met her eyes and trembled. Never in her life had she seen such a look. What doors were locked? How get out? Which way? Which way was surest? She rushed into the dining room and her eyes fell on the cavernous dumb-waiter. Without a pause to think of the possible consequences she climbed into it, gave the rope a pull and let the heavy box crash to the basement floor. Presently came her voice.

"All right, Miad. Do you hear? All right."

Had it not been for Amantha Frete it is probable that in the end Miad Blake would have cracked Mr. Frete's skull and been forced, sooner or later, to stand trial for murder. In a manner of speaking it was fortunate for him that Miss Frete before entering the room had found time to snatch a long hatpin from the hall table. Thus armed she slithered across the parlor and with more venom than anatomical science drove her murderous weapon deep into Miad's back. He flinched from the sharp pain, but did not cry out. Instead, instantly aware of his peril, he let go his hold on Mr. Frete's hair, threw himself flat and rolled.

Miss Frete pursued him, holding the hatpin parallel with her scarcely less pointed nose, whose tip quivered and gyrated as if it were a seismograph needle indicating a terrific internal convulsion. Miad whirled on his back preparatory to kicking her with both feet, but thought better of it. Scorning to manhandle a woman, he reached out, caught her skirts and gave them such a violent pull as no waistband could withstand. Oh, Barmingdale three-leafed screen, where art thou? Miss Frete dropped the hatpin, clutched at her falling petticoats and screamed. Miad leaped to his feet, jumped over the body of the groaning Mr. Frete, dashed into the library, down the spiral stairs and out through the area door, which Cornelia in her haste had left wide open.

Here steps in history, ready as usual to repeat itself, only with a difference. Go back to the fall of 1870. Do you remember how John Blake, staggered but not downed by the discovery that the woman he thought to be his wife was another's, hovered tenderly outside the room where Mary Malone was going through the torment of abandoning her first-born for his good and her own honor before God? John Blake was at his greatest in that rôle. Now behold Miad, John's son and Mary Malone's son, doing a like thing outside the same room, except that it was for Cornelia Van Suttart—and with a difference. The commotion that was shaking Cornelia's breast during these days could not be called a torment by any stretch of the word.

Name it adventure, or awakening, or romance, or just love. Call it any old thing as long as you realize how she looked and felt and moved within the hidden room in Cobbled Court where Miad Blake was born. Outside, Mr. Frete and certain paid agents, watching the front entrance to the house, guarding both ends of Hague Street, the alley under the northern eaves of Brooklyn Bridge and the great gate and greater arch which looked toward Cliff Street. Within, Cornelia, wondering by day how long her pulses could beat so fast without bursting, and at night, piloted by Miad, creeping stealthily down the stairs, through the shop, through the cellar, through the long passage to a vaultlike chamber beneath Hague Street, where sat beside a scarred workbench, lighted by a single candle, old man Crabbe—and Mr. Harold Grimble.

What did they talk about, these four most diverse persons in the history of the somnolent city of New York? Well, for the most part they speculated aloud on the strange procedure of Mr. Frete, which indicated sinister strength and at the same time proclaimed some suspected but as yet undiscovered weakness. Harold was all for calling in his father, stepping out into the open and fighting the strength, whatever it proved to be; but the minds of Mr. Crabbe and of Miad congenitally lingered on the note of weakness. If there was some reason why Mr. Frete dared not accuse them of abduction and bring in the law to aid him in resuming guardianship over the person of Cornelia Van Suttart, spinster, there were a dozen reasons why old man Crabbe and his youthful partner preferred to let him have his way and, in the end, beat him at his own game. In other words, they felt more at ease with things illicit than licit and the mere mention of Mr. Grimble in his capacity of lawyer made them squirm.

Naturally they got tired of talking about Mr. Frete and what he could or would do in the course of time. At such moments Mr. Crabbe, who was growing doddering old, would fall into reminiscence of prewar days and describe the workings of the Underground Route so graphically that the damp dark chamber and its darker exits would teem with white eyes, shining from black, negro faces; and Cornelia would draw closer still to Harold, even letting him hold her hand. Sometimes these two murmured *sotto voce* to each other, but what they said is nobody's business. Miad, for the most part, was purposefully silent. When at last he decided to speak he talked for half an hour without stopping, and every word that fell from his lips was strictly to the point.

"It's this way," he concluded. "The way I see it is that Mr. Frete wants to marry Cornelia, see? Whatever Mr. Frete wants is what we don't want, see? Now we don't know what will make her marry him, but we do know just one thing that will surely make it so he can't, see? Harold, you got to marry Cornelia and do it quick."

Harold's eyes lighted for an instant, and then he turned a deep red.

"Miad," he said, holding tightly to Cornelia's hand, "there isn't anything on earth I want to do except marry Cornelia. But listen, Miad; listen, Mr. Crabbe. What my father pays me at present wouldn't keep two sparrows alive. He even has to feed me."

"That's all right," replied Miad. "Cornelia ain't a pauper, Harold. She's had three thousand dollars in the bank at compound interest ever since she helped get the reward for the Luxendorf pearls. If you're too all-fired proud to borrow it from her and start on that—why, I guess me or Mr. Crabbe will have to marry her. What do you say, Cornelia?"

Cornelia gave him a deep and tender glance. "I think," she said gently, "perhaps I'll marry Harold, if you don't mind, Miad."

"Naw, I don't mind," said Miad—and he meant it.

Two days later at half past eleven a scout rushed off to find Mr. Frete and inform him that a smart carriage and pair had entered and come to an inexplicable stop in the narrow gullet of Hague Street. Ten minutes later Mr. Frete was accosting the coachman and getting not even a glance for his pains. Two minutes later he dashed boldly into Crabbe's shop, where he came face to face with the old man himself.

"Listen to me!" he cried. "What funny business are you and that dirty little swipe of a partner of yours up to? I've gone easy with you so far for reasons of my own, but if you think you can abduct an innocent young girl and get away without the law putting you where you belong for the rest of your natural life, guess again, Mr. Crabbe. Guess again!"

Mr. Crabbe had heard that sort of language at least once before. He laid down the tool with which he was working, pushed his glasses high on his forehead and eyed the irate Mr. Frete for a calm long moment. When he spoke his voice and words were as smooth as butter.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Frete; indeed I am. I don't know what will become of me and my business on account of that Miad Blake. You wait here, Mr. Frete, and I'll see what I can do. Indeed I will, Mr. Frete."

The old man went to the back of the shop, descended the stairs into the cellar, made sure that Mr. Frete was not following, dodged into the long underground passage and presently emerged in the front room, wooden shutters closed, of the middle one of the five houses on the south side of Hague Street. He was just in time. In that very room, at high noon on the twenty-ninth day of July, 1890, as is witnessed by the signatures of old man Crabbe, of Mike the stable hand, and of Miad Blake, who lied about his age, the marriage of Cornelia Van Suttart and Harold Grimble was lawfully solemnized.

The narrow door of the house in Hague Street opened outward, striking against the wheels of the waiting carriage and making the horses plunge. The scout dashed into Cobbled Court in search of Mr. Frete. Down the three steep steps of the house in Hague Street came Harold Grimble, his hatless bride upon his arm. Around the corner from Cobbled Court rushed Mr. Frete.

Feeling the weight of passengers on the carriage step, the horses champed their bits and pawed the cobblestones. The coachman gave them their heads. As they dashed away toward Pearl, Mr. Crabbe, in spectacles and leather apron, stepped into the center of Hague Street, directly in the path of the oncoming Mr. Frete.

"Say, where do you think you're going?" asked the old man with a toothless leer. "Won't the place wait for you?"

"Going!" muttered Mr. Frete venomously, coming to a sudden stop. "I'll show you where I'm going, you white-headed jailbird! I'm going to have the law on you! That's where I'm going!"

"I wonder," said Mr. Crabbe coolly, pinching his underlip and boring with gimlet eyes into his erstwhile patron. "I wonder a lot; I do indeed, Mr. Frete, and I'll tell you why. I grant you a skunk can defend himself, but – can he go to law?"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of five stories by Mr Chamberlain. The next will appear in an early issue.

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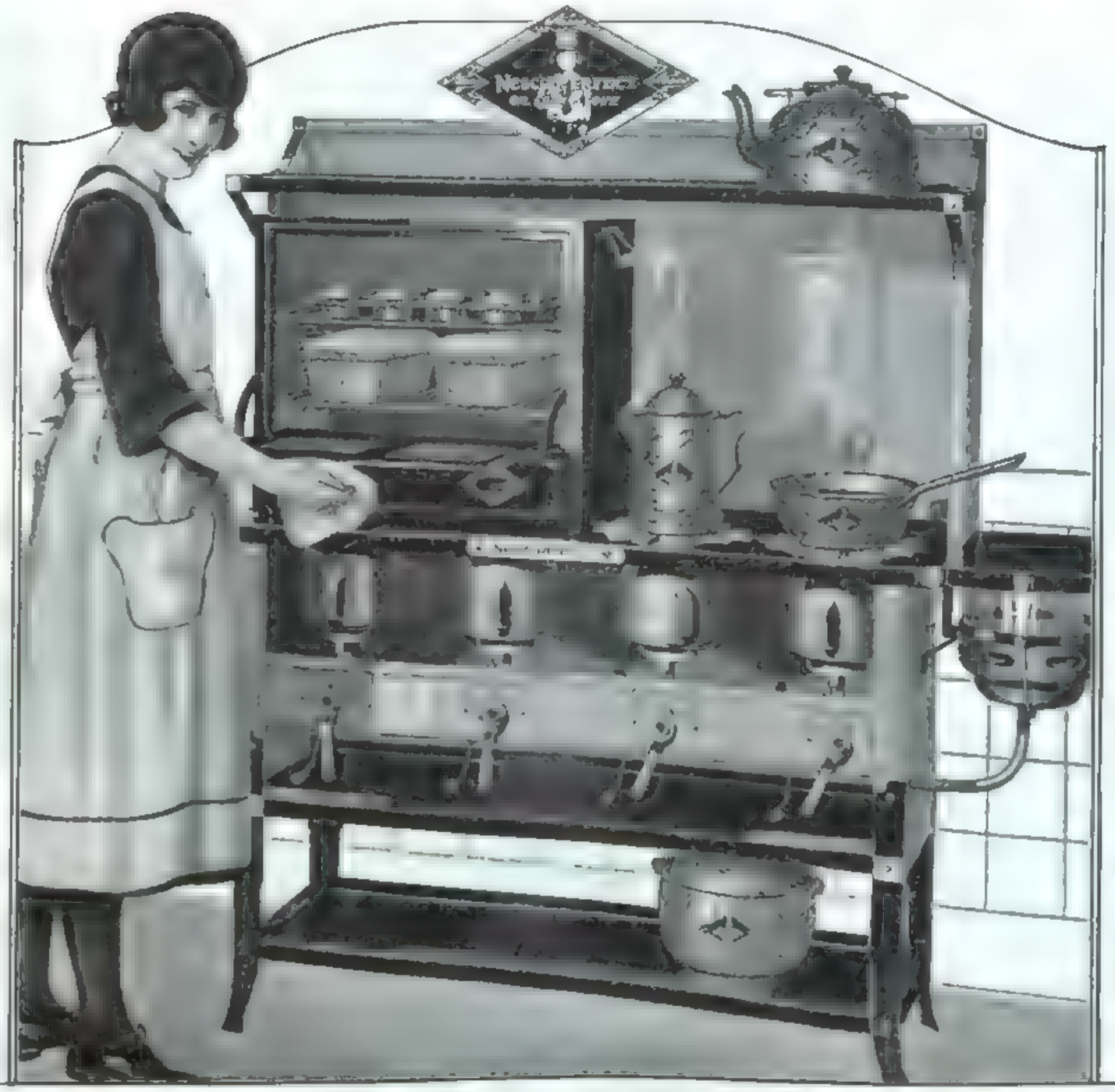

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Toast "Perfect'-ly

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Steak! Seared quickly so that all juicy flavors are retained in the meat. Fowl! A crisp, golden-brown skin, with meat firm and tender. Roasts! Delightfully done, palatable and nourishing. Potatoes! White and mealy. Toast! As though held over charcoal embers. Pies! Cakes! Vegetables! Cereals! Preserves! Everything!—cooked exactly to the family's liking, quickly and easily on a Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove.

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NESCO PERFECT
OIL COOK STOVE

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 11)

world, its battered and gleaming boats that stop there for a long breath before going on to unheard-of places—there in Colon I got my first glimpse of the exotic life I was expecting to find south of Panama.

The only South American family on the boat was composed of father and mother and six daughters. The old gentleman was something of a grand seignior, tall, thin, quite well dressed and rather a martinet, with all the hall-marks of being used to the best the world afforded. In a way he suggested—not in appearance, for he was quite dark, sallow and with burning black eyes—the domineering type of the English pater familias. His wife was purely Latin—South American Latin—rather fat, very smartly dressed, with magnificent jewels which she wore at all hours of the day, and made up in a way that gave her the appearance of being exactly the age of her daughters.

The daughters were in a class by themselves; a description of them is somewhat baffling. They spoke English and French as perfectly as they did Spanish; they had traveled a great deal and had a smattering knowledge of superficial things; they were well-bred in an indifferent, cold way, and showed a rather harsh attitude towards life that robbed them of the freshness and enthusiasms of youth. The only thing that seemed to arouse any spark of interest in them was when they described their recent visit to the United States. The freedom of American girls—North American, they were careful to say—was a new experience to them. They had visited friends in Washington and had had the unheard-of adventure of going out alone with men in motors, to the movies and to dances, always unchaperoned.

Their mother listened to their stories with disapproving shakes of the head. She said the United States had ruined them. What was she going to do with them when they got back to their home in Chile, where there was nothing for them to do but stroll once a week in the plaza when the band played, go to mass in the morning and receive their friends in the presence of the whole family? It was all well enough for North American girls to have so much freedom, but it was impossible to give Latin girls the same—at least in their own country. Latin men and North American men were so different. A young girl could be trusted alone with the latter; with the former—never! Not that she entirely approved of North American girls, this young-looking mother admitted. They appeared to her at times wanting in respect to their elders; and were they not a bit difficult to manage? On the whole, she was inclined to believe a South American girl would make a better wife and surely a more peaceful home for her husband. At least she was not brought up with the idea that she could do anything that popped into her head.

A Day in Lima

It was amusing to hear this family discuss us, and they were courteous enough to put their more caustic criticisms in the form of questions—all of them except the old gentleman. Stretched in a steamer chair, with his querulous, shining eyes taking in everything, he very frankly admitted that he heartily disapproved of all our much-advertised customs and much-vaunted democracy. His family had come down from the days of the Spanish conquistadors, they had always had slaves, they had lived without making an effort, they had dominated the lower classes and made them work—and both, his class and the others, had been happier for it. He was a royalist, a feudalist and a despot—and he looked the part.

His obsession, as we neared Peru, was to explain to me in detail the real object and result of what he called the war of the Pacific. He almost had a stroke of apoplexy when I asked him if he were going to spend the day in Lima.

"Put my foot on that accursed land? Never!"

"But you aren't at war now."

"In our hearts we are."

Then followed another long recountal of the Tacna-Arica affair, and an explanation—entirely from a Chilean point of view—of the famous Treaty of Ancon; all of which was most useful to a diplomat going to a country where this question had been the important one for so many years.

A day in Lima left fleeting impressions quite contrary to expectations. I seem to remember a swarm of flivvers rushing at death speed up and down narrow asphalted streets; policemen of small stature and dark faces standing at corners and holding up the palms of their hands to denote the stop and go of traffic regulations—which no one appeared to observe, as the motors continued their fatal speed in whatever direction they wished; arcaded streets where vivid-colored stuffs were hung out for sale; a palm-bordered plaza; an uninteresting cathedral with the dried body of Pizarro, which supplied an irresistible attraction to all visitors; dusky women rendered more dusky by the application of several layers of powder—which they didn't need at all, as the natural pallor which came from fear as they clutched the sides of the flivver that was hurling them straight into eternity was whiter than any powder; and the strong scent of Spanish cigarettes—an unforgetable odor. Where were all the romance, the voices of the past, the evidences of Spanish days and Inca wonders?

But wait! I was almost on the point of wronging Lima. There was one moment, one fleeting vision, that made up for all the bitter disappointment. I don't think it was due to my imagination, though it was so quickly gone that it seems so now. In a victoria drawn by two handsome horses, the hood raised, a woman passed. Far back in the protecting shadows her face shone, pale, passionate, gentle, very sweet, very—somehow—fragrant. A white lace mantilla was draped over her black hair and high comb with infinite grace; a flaming hibiscus drooped over one ear; a fan was held so that the face rose above it very much as though it were some fantastic creation of head alone; and in her eyes was something I had expected of Lima—they held the quintessence of romance.

The Land of Nitrate

The coast of Chile rose abruptly out of a colorless sea, strangely bare and forsaken and very grim. The Humboldt current has made this west coast of the continent as barren and dull as the Gulf Stream has made the other side tropically verdant. Towns, built almost exclusively of galvanized iron, appeared now and then on the seemingly endless coast line, as dreary as the precipitous mountains that towered behind them. And the climate gradually changed from the oppressive heat of the equator to a mild and then a searchingly chilly atmosphere. It was almost impossible to believe that we were going steadily towards the south; the brisk, stimulating air suggested only northern climes.

Nitrate became more and more the god of the world; people discussed nothing else; every tramp steamer appeared loaded with it; every port at which we stopped was congested with it; and everyone delighted in repeating the story of how the Scotchman accidentally discovered it in finding that his fruit trees grew to extraordinary proportions when fertilized with it. This favorite topic was sometimes varied with other stories of the wonders of Chile and what it had given the world. Did I know that potatoes were first found there? Parmentier had discovered them and taken them back to France with him, though the French had refused to eat them until Louis XIV had them served in soup at one of his court dinners. And was I aware of the fact that the cocktail had been invented by a Chilean?—a story I was very much inclined to doubt until, the first day of my arrival in Santiago, I was taken to the club and invited and expected to drink ten of these so-called national concoctions before luncheon. Even if the Chileans did not invent the cocktail, they are past masters in the art of consuming them. By the time Valparaiso rose gracefully from the sea—its gentle, vine-clad hills suggesting the aspect of Naples, though without its color—I was prepared to land in a country every bit as fabulous as had been painted by those first Spanish adventurers.

I had telegraphed ahead to the consul at Valparaiso and asked him to be good enough to meet me and get me started on the five-hour journey to Santiago. Fortunately he responded, for leaving the boat far out in

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Children have small stomachs which cannot hold a five-hour food supply. Let them eat whenever they are hungry.

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Give them supreme foods—whole grains and milk.

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The grains are puffed to airy globules, 8 times normal size. They are flimsy, crisp and flavory—enticing in their texture and their taste.

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You want your children to eat more whole grains and more milk. Then make them tempting. These whole grains are food confections.

Whole wheat supplies, among other things, 12 essential minerals. Without them, children cannot thrive. And they need the bran on wheat.

Every day, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice will take the place of lesser foods if you keep them handy.

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Serve with cream and sugar. Blend with any fruit. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children to eat like peanuts or popcorn. Use like nut meats on ice cream or in candy making

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Nothing makes the milk dish so inviting as these airy, flaky, toasted globules of Puffed Wheat.

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It illustrates a variety of styles for men and women and tells the best shoe for sport or work.

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the harbor and climbing down into a small launch, trying to have trunks and bags come along at the same time, and being besieged and pulled about by natives whose language it was impossible to understand, made the landing somewhat difficult. But once ashore, the modern side of Chile—which the minister at Rome had grown so enthusiastic about—became immediately apparent. There were rather handsome buildings and a somewhat spick-and-span look to everything. The trip up to Santiago—in an American Pullman car—gave charming vistas of fertile fields, poplar-bordered roads, luxuriant farms and the most amazing background of mountains I had ever seen; and Santiago itself, reached at night, gave me the impression of being the most brilliantly lighted place in the world, though it appeared at first glance to be suffering from the same nerve-racking epidemic of recklessly driven flivvers as Lima.

I was fortunate—at least from the point of view of studying South American politics—in arriving in Chile during a presidential election. Even before landing I had found out that nothing else in the world mattered—and wouldn't—until this very serious contest had been settled. Fortunately this upheaval comes only every six years. I hardly dare think what the nervous systems of the inhabitants would be if the momentous event occurred oftener. Business, amusements, ordinary life are apparently laid aside or become absorbed in the burning topic. On the steamer two insistently repeated names impressed themselves on my mind—Barros Borgoño and Alessandri. They sounded out above everything; in the train they were roared out like a tornado; and in Santiago you could hear them in spite of dashing flivvers.

Whirlwind Politics

My first entrance into these discussions took place the night of my arrival. I had just begun dinner when a burst of rather terrifying yells came from the street. I could make out only two words "Viva Arturo!" My waiter paused to listen, holding a plate in midair at a dangerous angle. His face, a stolid Indian type, which had been absolutely blank up to this moment, suddenly lit up as with an inner fire. With the plate still held at a fatal angle, he made a gesture of silent cheering. It was very plain that the noise without had struck a responsive chord in him.

"What is it?" I asked, curious to know if my first night in South America was to be spent in the very center of a revolution. The cheering had a very threatening, ominous sound.

The waiter's eyes rolled in rapt gaze towards the window.

"They are cheering for Arturo."

"Yes; but who is Arturo?"

He looked at me in bewilderment.

"Who is Arturo? Arturo Alessandri!"

"Oh, one of the presidential candidates."

"The candidate," he corrected me.

"Then you are sure of his election?"

For a moment an ugly expression flashed into his eyes; then he answered with dramatic simplicity, "He is the choice of the people."

"Why? Tell me about him. I have just arrived. I know nothing."

He finally placed the plate on the table—to my great relief, for it held a delicious salad of alligator pears—and looked down at me with a strangely brutal, primitive expression. He must have been of undiluted Araucanian ancestry.

"For a hundred years no one has done anything for us. Arturo has promised us that he will see that we have our rights. He says that this country will no longer be run for the rich, who have crushed us down under their feet until we are starving. He says he is going to run it for us—for the poor."

On and on he went with an amazing story of what this wonderful Arturo had promised, combined with an explanation of undefined hopes of creating a leisure class from the ranks of the laboring masses. He cited numerous instances to illustrate his arguments. Had I noticed the head waiter? He was so sure of Arturo's election that he had already given notice to the hotel that he would not work after his election.

"But why not? Everyone has to work to make a living."

"He says he won't—that none of the poor will. This country owes them a living. The rich will have to work—yes—because they have never done it. But the poor—no. This is to be our time."

"And you—aren't you going to work either?"

"If they pay me what I ask—yes; but just as it pleases me. You have come at the right moment, señor. There are going to be great events in the next few weeks. The whole place is going to be turned upside down."

This, anyone will admit, was rather alarming news to hear on the first night of my arrival. It was bad enough to have left New York at the beginning of spring and, within three weeks, reach a country that was approaching winter; a country in which, as a singer explained, if one wished to be understood one had to sing, "Oh, that we two were Novembering." That was upside down enough to start with; but to be told that a governmental and social régime was on the verge of complete annihilation made all the stories I had heard of South American revolutions too real to be amusing. And these first disconcerting impressions were only intensified when, a few hours later—while I was standing at an open window gazing spellbound at the sweeping line of twelve-thousand-foot snow-capped Andes—the whole building rocked from its foundations, swayed to and fro, seemingly shook hands with houses across the street and finally settled back in its original place. I had been through earthquakes in Italy; but they now appeared like child's play compared with this convulsion of Nature. The waiter had said the whole place was going to be turned upside down; but I had no idea he was such a reliable Cassandra. War-stricken Europe suddenly appeared the most tranquil and peaceful spot in the world. Why had I ever been lured away from it?

The embassy in Santiago—a house rented by the ambassador—was imposing enough for any European capital. In fact it was handsomer than any I had seen in more important places. White columns, broad terrace and steps and a garden filled with palms and tropical plants made it attractive as an exterior; and the interior, with spacious rooms and a large chancery, made it practical for work as well as entertaining. We all felt it was most unfortunate that it could not be bought, especially as at the time I arrived in Santiago our Congress had just passed a bill appropriating one hundred and thirty thousand dollars for the purchase of an embassy there—one of those inexplicable gestures sometimes made by our Government. An appropriation of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars for an embassy in Chile when we were still homeless in London and Paris! And again, as so often happens, when the sum was finally appropriated the house decided upon had already been sold.

Hunting for an Embassy

Witness the recent complication in Paris, where a house was found that was admirably suited in every way for our embassy and which, when Congress finally made up its mind to vote the necessary three hundred thousand for the purchase, was found to have changed hands and was no longer on the market. At any rate, the news that we had such an amount with which to buy an embassy brought everyone in the whole of Chile to us with plans and photographs and demands to come and look his place over. One even went so far as to suggest that the embassy be moved to Valparaiso, where he had for sale a sumptuous villa overlooking the sea. In a way this appropriation offered an exceptional opportunity to see what houses in Chile were like and how people lived in them, for almost every day after luncheon the ambassador and I would start out on tours of inspection.

Some of the places offered for sale were quite wonderful, in more ways than one; one was a building of a hundred and forty rooms arranged in suites with patios between—all on one floor. You can imagine the amount of ground it covered. One was a sort of reproduction—though on a larger scale, I'm sure—of the Alhambra. One, after having been entirely surrounded by galleries of stained glass—red predominating—was further enhanced by a garden which included a reproduction of the Blue Grotto, something like Mammoth Cave and Lake Como. And still another had a swimming pool of Moorish tiles, a tennis court on the roof and a large theater for amateur theatricals.

I have never seen or imagined anything like these houses, though many of them were extremely comfortable and livable, and possessed a good deal of the charm of old Spanish estates. Most of them were furnished with beautiful pieces of old furniture brought from Spain, which would have been a joy to a collector. When the Spanish note did not appear it was modern French taste, which apparently permeated the whole of Chilean life, as it does of all South America. There was hardly a family there that did not spend at least several months of each year in Paris.

As one lady expressed it, "We remain here just long enough to gather together a sufficient amount of money to go to Paris. That is the height of every Chilean's ambition."

And this predilection for everything French was shown in the dress of the women—at least in the afternoon and evening. In the morning they usually go to mass and always wear mantillas, as no woman is allowed in the churches with a hat. But in the afternoon at the races—and every living soul in Chile goes to the races—they blossom out in the very latest Paris styles, which they accept long before we do, though, as confessed to me by a French shopkeeper there, their purchases are confined to dresses and hats and never extend to the fine lingerie for which Paris is so celebrated.

When asked why this was, he said, with a glance about to see that no Chilean customers were within hearing distance, "Because it can't be seen."

Calls of Ceremony

Making diplomatic calls in Santiago had much the same atmosphere as that of Europe, with some amusing differences. One of the difficult problems of housekeeping seemed to be to find anyone to answer the doorbell. This was somewhat overcome by having a wire—very often it was a piece of string—attached to the front door and connecting with some remote interior department in such a way that the door could be opened, the reason for the call demanded and a reply be given without anyone being seen. I often was told from dark interiors or from the top of stairs to leave my cards on a chair in the hall; and once, being greeted by a woman who was evidently doing the family washing, as her hands were covered with soapsuds, I was told to drop my cards in her apron.

The first official call was, as always, on the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and when the ambassador told me a time had been appointed for this function he counseled me to put on the smartest clothes I had, and by all means a top hat, which is worn on every possible occasion. This came as a surprise after Europe, where formal dressing had practically disappeared during the war; but then, of course, Chile had not entered the war—a fact which was always striking me, I must confess, somewhat unfavorably. To arrive in a country which was apparently so prosperous and so far removed from any signs of the world conflict I had been witnessing for the past four years created in me a feeling of resentment—a resentment that reached climax when I went to a review of the Chilean Army and could easily have imagined myself witnessing a review at Potsdam. But again I should have known what to expect; the Chilean Army had been trained, uniformed and outfitted by specially selected German officers, and its exaggerated interpretation of the famous goose step must have put its instructors to shame.

The Moneda—a handsome building of two stories with an immense courtyard—housed both the offices of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and the residence of the president. Here I went to be presented to the minister and to the president, the former a gentleman very much of the old school, who spoke English fluently—he had been minister only a few weeks, a long term, as cabinets change there frequently; the latter a very large, imposing-looking man, rather a more modern type, who came into the room wrapped up in a heavy overcoat, and very sensibly so, too, for there was no heat in the whole building and the temperature was just about at the freezing point.

This lack of heat in Chilean houses is one of the most trying problems one has to endure. For some unknown reason very few of the houses have any heating apparatus. They may have elevators to take you up one flight, elaborate bathrooms and extensive ballrooms, but rarely either fireplaces

(Continued on Page 80)

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It's Quicker, Cleaner and Better Served This Way

In "two shakes of a lamb's tail" the waiter can lift "tab" of the Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap and insert straw through opening. You then drink out of the original *sterilized* container—far cleaner than a hand-washed glass. Many restaurants, lunch rooms and cafeterias are serving milk this *cleaner* Sealright way. Not only pleases customers but saves expense of washing glasses, broken glasses and spilled milk.

School Children, too like milk served this way. "Drinking it through a straw" prevents gulping and aids digestion No glasses to break and no "spilt milk."

Mothers and housewives appreciate the Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap. It is "3 times more useful" 1 cap is removed cleanly by pulling tab. 2 tab can be lifted without removing cap and milk poured without spilling 3 tab can be lifted and straw inserted for drinking milk at home.

Ask your dealer to deliver milk to you in bottles capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps.

Send for samples to show your dealer.

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Operating the largest plant in the world making milk bottle caps. Pouring-Pull Caps—Ordinary flat or "Common Sense" Caps.—Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers

SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

(Continued from Page 78)

or furnaces. I suppose this is due to the fact that the original settlers thought they had arrived in a country similar to Spain, and never having lived in a heated house, naturally knew nothing about them; but the climates of Spain and Chile are as different as those two countries are widely separated. Braziers burning charcoal, foot muffs of fur into which you slip your feet when sitting in the house, and overcoats that are worn more indoors than out seem to be enough to keep Chileans from dying of pneumonia, if not from actually freezing to death; but a foreigner is continually risking his life. The first dinner I went to almost ended my career in that distant—or any other—land. The temperature must have been below forty; there were two oil stoves in the hall—which was of marble and about the size of the Grand Central Station; and in the dining room, equally vast, there was a single brazier. In spite of this frigid atmosphere, ladies appeared in full—or scanty—evening dress, and apparently, up to the time of leaving, were still in robust health. I suppose it is possible to get used to anything, as the old adage says. "It will be the making of you if you live through it"; but I never got used to the bitterly cold houses of Santiago. I had the novel experience of talking to people with my teeth chattering, a thing I had read of but never believed really happened; and perhaps what made it even more poignant was the psychic suggestion that it was all so abnormal, being in those traditionally hot months of July and August. When it snowed on the Fourth of July I felt the climax of everything impossible had been achieved.

Studies of Local Politics

My official duties in Santiago began—and for that matter continued throughout my term there—with an attempt to understand the complicated political situation which had been presented, at least from one angle, the evening of my arrival. I read the papers industriously, which, by the way, are excellent, one of them having been founded over one hundred years ago by an American; in fact, I have been told that the news associations find their best customers in Latin-American countries, and judging by the foreign news printed I should think this was quite true. The arrangement of news struck me as being exceedingly well planned. Two pages were given to incidents occurring all over the world and arranged under headlines denoting the country of origin. This system made reading very easy, as, for example, if you were more interested in what was going on in Italy than in other countries, you had only to turn to the column marked "Italy" and read there the news of the past twenty-four hours.

After reading one of these papers I decided it was politically impartial, as it gave one entire page to one of the presidential candidates and one to the other. The contrast was interesting. The platform of one candidate was appealing in its proposed changes compulsory education, stabilization of exchange, good roads, reduction in governmental expenses, bettering of labor conditions and a just arrangement between capital and labor. It might have been more impressive if the last two columns had not been devoted to an exposition of the crimes and maladministration that would surely curse the country if the opposing candidate was elected. The opposing candidate's page was more conservative in its statements; not nearly so appealing to the imagination, but became eloquent when it ended with a violent denunciation of the new political party. These contrasting pages, I soon learned, were paid for by each party and were frankly propaganda; they had nothing to do with the political inclinations of the editor and owners. The impression I got from these papers, after reading them for a week or two, was that the political situation was a fight to the death between those who were determined to cling to an old regime of conservative oligarchy and those who wanted to move with the times and radically shake up the country.

It was impossible not to feel the excitement of this campaign; in fact you couldn't talk to anyone about anything else, and one of its most interesting phases was to contrast those who were so determined to retain the old régime with those who felt their salvation depended on the new. The crowds in the streets particularly interested me. On the way from the hotel to the embassy I had to walk along the Alameda—Santiago's Fifth Avenue—and passed each morning the house of Alessandri. There were usually hundreds of people standing there, gazing at the house with fanatical expressions which seemed to say that it was the temple that held all that was dear to them. Except for their unkempt appearance, which gave them a primitive, savage look—most of this lower class were Indians, with now and then a mixture of European races—they appeared a peaceful enough lot, though the evidences of their sordid poverty were pitiful. Some of them actually looked green with starvation. I had always thought Italy presented the most depressing examples of poverty; it was nothing in comparison with Chile.

All sorts of alarming rumors were going the rounds. Open demonstrations against the leisure class were expected at almost any moment. A traveled, cosmopolitan Chilean told me, when I asked if there was any real cause for this uneasiness, that he hoped not, but that the situation was such that anything might happen.

"In a way, we have brought all this on ourselves. We have been criminally indifferent to the poor. We have selfishly worked them for our own interests and done nothing for them in return. They are poor, ignorant, diseased, hopeless, and are just beginning to awaken to their real condition through the teachings and stories told them by those who have been to Europe or read of present-day conditions there. Unrest is all over the world; naturally we are feeling it here.

"Alessandri is an opportunist. He knows this is the moment to appeal to these poor devils, and he has done it. They have never had a voice in our country; they are quite unorganized; they have no real leader; and now this man comes along and tells them he is running for the presidency for their sakes; that he is determined they shall have a better chance in every way. He is a very clever man. If he should be elected—though I assure you he will not be; we"—here he struck his chest proudly—"will never permit it; but if by some strange fate he should be he may be able to stir up trouble for a while. But, after all, we know how to hold the reins of power. We have held them for a hundred years and more. We have no intention of giving up now. Let this crowd of ignorant *rotos* howl as much as they please. They can do nothing. If they go too far we still have the army with us. Cold steel will be a quieting influence."

Chile to the Fore

The Union Club—that historic meeting place of Santiago, of which the conservative candidate was president and where all the ramifications of the thirty-two families of Chile meet at noon for their cocktails and an exchange of political views—proved a most useful place to gather news and get to know people. All South American capitals seem to have developed the club idea much more in accordance with ours than with that of Continental countries. They are the gathering places for men. Their restaurants are the best in town—the one in Santiago was suggestive of a London club dining room, with waiters in livery and perfectly served delicious food—and all privileges are usually extended to diplomats free of expense. Here, among the younger men especially, I found now and then someone who was willing to admit stringent changes were necessary in the political administration of the country.

"The Panama Canal has put Chile conspicuously before the world," one of them once said to me. "You don't have to go all the way down to Patagonia to reach us now. It is no longer possible for us to remain a little Russia. We have got to face modern changes and accept them. We have grown too much to continue our feudal methods. This election is the first step in the right direction. I myself am a conservative, because my family always has been; and I believe our candidate will bring about decided changes; but he is not willing to appeal to the lower classes to give him a chance."

The momentous day came and passed, outwardly calm. The next morning the papers printed full pages—each rented by a contesting party—proclaiming on one sheet the victory of one candidate and on the other the overwhelming success of the other. But to an onlooker the situation appeared settled, if one were to judge by the demonstrations in the streets They were filled with workingmen and their families—parents, aunts, uncles, cousins and their numerous children—all bearing aloft Alessandri's picture and singing their rollicking campaign song. A parade of tram conductresses—with their dangerously tilted straw hats and fancy aprons—gave the necessary suffragette note.

There was a washerwoman's procession, too, headed by some worthy lady who, I felt sure, was going to see to it that I washed my own dirty linen from that day forward. And the miners from the mountains came to town, also a delegation riding their sturdy horses and proudly flaunting their ponchos to the wind, dashed about the streets—all of them wearing the Alessandri badge. Everything suggested an overwhelming victory for the people's candidate; yet three days passed without any proclamation by the government as to the result of the election.

On the fourth day the announcement was made that a mass meeting of Alessandri's followers would be held in the Plaza de Armas before the intendente's palace, where the votes were being counted, and the result demanded. The streets showed expectation of trouble. Soldiers were everywhere; and about the plaza cavalry made an imposing display with their fine horses, their long lances and floating pennants. A government order had been issued to let no one enter the plaza.

A Box for the Revolution

The window of my room at the hotel gave on the Calle Ahumada, one of the streets leading into the plaza. It was like a private box for a specially got-up performance of a South American revolution. I sat there all morning awaiting the crisis, but saw nothing but soldiers and cavalry pass by. At one o'clock my friendly waiter burst into the room and announced that the crowd was coming, that they had assembled before Alessandri's house and were moving in a body towards the Plaza de Armas. A few minutes later the street was a seething mass of people—and such people! Most of them were in tattered, filthy clothes; some carried long branches of trees; some had hewed themselves staves, at the end of which were tied knives; many carried baskets of stones. They came steadily and noisily up to the mass of mounted soldiers. Here they stopped and argued with the cavalrymen. Some used pleading voices, some cried aloud that the army was for Arturo and would not stop his followers, and some hurled insults at these so-called employes of the government. Finally a stone was thrown.

The stolid countenances of the soldiers gave no evidence that they had either seen or heard the threatening mob. Another stone was thrown and a soldier fell from his horse, stunned. Perhaps twenty stones followed. Then, very coolly, very quietly, the captain of the squad got off his horse, ordered his men to do the same, and gave the command to level their rifles over the heads of the crowd and fire.

When the smoke cleared away a voice sounded out loud and clear, "A threat! They don't dare harm us!"

The captain, driven this time to more drastic measures, ordered his men to charge the crowd, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the whole of the Calle Ahumada was as empty as a graveyard at midnight. But this peace was of short duration.

A few hours later another crowd attempted the same tactics. However, when the excitement was at its highest, and I felt sure missing lunch and sitting all day in a window was going to bring a reward, a strange thing happened. A sudden hush fell over the roaring mob; though still facing the soldiers with fanatical determination, all of them seemed to have become paralyzed into dead silence. I leaned far out of the window and finally made out a group of men coming from the Plaza de Armas. There were not more than twelve in the group, and in their midst walked a man holding his hat in his hand who appeared to be saying a few words to the crowds as he passed along. The soldiers made way for this group and let them pass quietly down the street, and as they went along the mob turned and silently followed. A few minutes later the soldiers were left alone in their glory.

Again my door burst open. "Did you see him?" cried my campaign instructor.

"Who?"

(Continued on Page 83)

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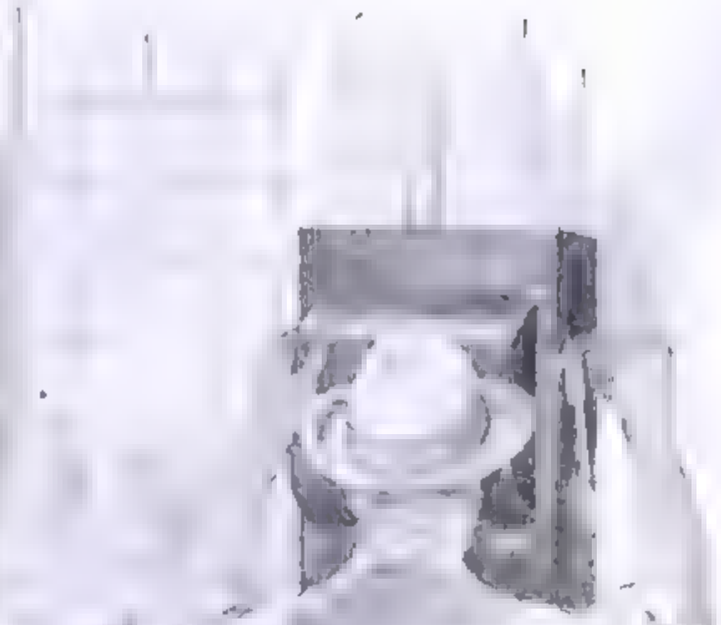

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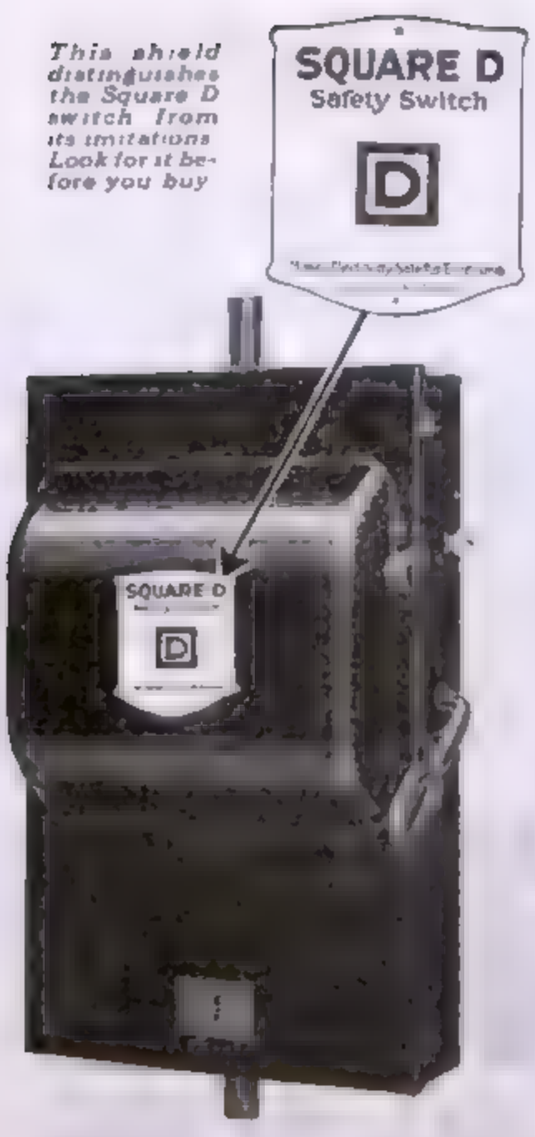

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Safety Switch

(Continued from Page 80)

"Arturo. He went by with his friends. He came out to stop the trouble. He told them he was elected; that the government would have to announce his success in a few days; that there was nothing to worry about; that there was no use of blood being shed; that everyone must go home and wait quietly."

So ended my first and only experience in a South American revolution; a near-revolution, I suppose it ought to be called; but, though the crisis was passed, the uncertainty lasted for weeks and weeks, and nothing definite was announced until a method very similar to the one employed by us during that memorable Tilden and Hayes struggle was resorted to. Everyone had become so worn out with the continued upheaval—each party charged the other with fraud, cheating, withholding of votes, and the like—that it was finally fairly easy to form what was called a tribunal of honor, composed of men from both parties, who studied the details of the election and rendered a decision which was accepted by the whole country.

Living conditions in Chile were rather complicated for the foreigner; and the expense, after Europe, fairly brought on consternation. My salary at that time was four thousand dollars—I had been promoted just before reaching there to Class I of the diplomatic service—with a post allowance of six hundred dollars. A single man might have got along very well on this; but for a married man it was quite impossible. The hotel was good enough in a way; but when we got fed up on it and started out to find a furnished house the most impossible problem in the world confronted us.

In despair, we finally chose a house in the suburbs of the city which had as its only recommendation a beautiful garden and a stupendous view of snow-capped Andes. The flowers in the garden surpassed any I have ever seen. When we moved in, in October, the roses were just beginning to bloom and covered the whole place with over life-size blossoms; borders of huge irises, immense violets and pergolas of wistaria fashioned by giants stretched in every direction; fruit trees with cherries the size of plums, plums the size of peaches and peaches the size of melons were everywhere; and just beyond all this fantastic development rose, seemingly just outside the garden walls, those weirdly gorgeous mountains. No wonder Pedro Valdivia thought he had found the promised land when he arrived there from rainless Peru!

Music and the Drama

But the house! Every window protected with prisonlike iron bars; walls covered with blazing red-and-green paper; plush-upholstered furniture; and plumbing whose only outlet was the gutter before the front door! And the servants—almost all of them Indians whose ideas of living were perfectly in accord with the days of the Spanish invasion of their country! As for obtaining a diplomatic clause in the lease which would allow a transferred diplomat to give up the house on short notice—a custom in use in most European countries—no such thing had ever been heard of; a fact that left me, after having moved in and eaten a first dinner, faced with the desperate problem of paying six months' rent on a house in Chile at the same time that I should be paying for another in Portugal.

Amusements were extraordinarily good. The National Theater—usually the most conspicuous building in any Latin-American capital is the opera house—was very handsome, and during the season, beginning in June and ending in September, offered such varied attractions as a good Italian opera company, a French company made up of actors from the Comédie Française, the famous Guerrero family, who gave all the classic dramas of Spain with exceptionally good stage settings, Maud Allen with her Salome dance, Strauss with his own orchestra, and exceptionally good concerts at which noted pianists and violinists from all over the world appeared. The Chileans were particularly fond of pianists, and showed intense enthusiasm over the appearance of an American pianist, Frances Nash, who, they said, convinced them for the first time that we were actually beginning to produce artists of some value.

There was, of course, the usual endless round of entertainments given by the diplomatic corps, which, in a way, were most instructive; for every time I found I had to go to a reception in honor of the national fête of Bolivia or Paraguay or Ecuador or Colombia, I immediately went to work to find out exactly where these countries were, what their history had been, what the political crisis of that moment was and what our relations with them amounted to. The longer I remained in South America the more extensive my diplomatic education became, and in an entirely different direction from ever before. The official functions of the government were really most impressive, well planned and carried out with considerable appreciation of the spectacular. They spared no expense; in fact that was one of the difficulties complained of by the entire diplomatic corps. You could not entertain Chileans simply. If you gave a reception you could not get by with tea and coffee, cakes and sandwiches and lemonade, which usually completes the menu in Europe; you had to serve champagne in great quantities. Our Fourth of July reception—on the day it snowed—cost the ambassador a round thousand dollars, most of which went for an old vintage popular there at the time.

The opening of parliament was really gorgeous, with a lavish use of handsomely uniformed soldiers, stretches of red carpet, much ceremony, picturesque carriages and a very handsome setting furnished by the building itself. Funerals, too, were occasions for great effectiveness, in a cathedral which lent itself to dramatic display; in fact, everything pertaining to the church was done in that spectacular vein demanded by countries that draw their inspiration from Spain. Even the diplomatic corps was given a touch of the picturesque by the constant presence of the nuncio—the Pope's representative—who not only had first place at every function, even above ambassadors, but invariably dominated every gathering with his gorgeous apparel.

Luxury in Sport

Dinners in Santiago were not so much in favor as balls; large gatherings amused people more; and some of the big houses gave entertainments that were the last word in lavishness. In fact, lavishness was one of the salient characteristics of this far-distant land. The races, the betting and the magnificent race course—I suppose there is none in the world to equal it in beauty—were planned and attended on an extraordinary scale; the country club, with tiled tennis courts, ballrooms and restaurant, the golf course, the polo field, the paper chases, were all done on an extravagant plan. Indeed, I was continually amazed at the contrasting note which was always evident between the two classes—the rich and the poor. As far as I could make out, there was no such thing as a middle class. One either drove in luxurious limousines over the few paved streets or scrambled onto an overcrowded tram; one either attended a concert at which the tickets cost ten dollars or listened to free music in the plaza; one either ate at a restaurant where a simple dinner cost fifteen dollars or made a meal out of scraps; one either wore clothes that came from Paris or London or contented himself with a woolen shawl woven by Araucanian Indians; one either drank the rarest vintages of champagne or got noisily drunk on chicha.

I left Chile on Christmas Day, having lived through a series of celebrations—heaven knows how!—got up in honor of the fourth centennial of the discovery of the Strait of Magellan, at which the Infante Fernando came all the way from Spain to strengthen the accord with the mother country and fitly to inaugurate Don Arturo Alessandri as president of the republic. My last official visit was to the Moneda to congratulate this famous gentleman upon his success and wish him well.

As I drove to the station—a terrifically hot day—children were playing about their Christmas trees in the gardens, flowers and fruits were filling the market places, and people were walking about in the thinnest clothes they could find. From the station platform I could see the immense barrier of snow-capped mountains that lay between me and the Argentine, where I was to find a boat to take me to another unknown land—Portugal. Yes, diplomacy is an unusually varied career; you hardly get started on one subject before you find yourself in the middle of another one.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Richardson. The next will appear in an early issue.

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BARBRY

(Continued from Page 25)

"What else am I thinkin' of?" he retorted severely. "Her and you. I got your welfare to heart. Most young women, hearin' such a piece of news, would welcome it. Some'd jump out their skins for joy. Folks round here'll be astonished. A real good inheritance, raked and pinched and hid away so cute, and now droppin' from a clear sky to you as their adopted daughter. What say?"

Barbara said nothing.

"I s'pose you foller what I'm tellin' ye," he drawled. "Because you better. I s'pose you have always looked on yourself as their adopted daughter?"

"I never thought about it," she replied.

Ransom tilted back his head, and with eyes half closed gave her or the ceiling a confidential, superior grin.

"Land, you do need a practical man to look after ye!" he declared. "You'll have to change your mind and hitch up with me, Barbry."

She gave an impatient start.

"Wait!" Ransom's hand lazily checked her. "We've only begun. You never thought about it, hey? Took it for granted like everybody else round here? Well, now ——"

Still grinning, he reached into a pocket of his formal brown sparrow-colored clothes and drew out a paper. This he spread carefully, the folded edges being worn to tatters.

"There!" Without disturbing himself to rise, he held it out toward her. "Do you reco'nize them signatures?"

From where she stood Barbara saw Bion's name, her father's and that of Horatio N. Mowle.

"Drawn up and witnessed in a rum shop," continued Mr. Hill. "That's where Bine took you from. He kep' the document in his wallet, and she, the widow, left it 'mongst her others in our office. I've read it through. Nobody else has."

Poking his legs out at full stretch, and ramming both hands into pockets, he lolled on his chair with a kind of insolence. Barbara did not regard him. She was looking through the past, into the darkness of Old Gunjerboo's den, where a child sat holding on her lap a bright-red knitted hood and two bars of striped candy, clove and peppermint, both shopworn. She remembered her father's voice behind a curtain.

"The paper's worthless. You never was adopted."

Her eyes returned to Ransom. Why did he stare so hard, and bark at her?

"Do ye hear me, or don't ye? Bine, the ignorant old fool, never took no legal steps. He thought 'twas done right and let her rip. I knew this all along, when I came made my offer. Now I make it again. They took you out of a rum seller's, and all these years you been, what you're left now, nothin' but their unpaid hired girl!"

She gave him a little odd, slow smile. He dragged in his legs, frowning, as though disquieted.

"What ye see to laugh at?"

"The gallant's way of wooing."

Ransom drew together his loose-jointed frame and jumped up. Rainy light and green foliage, with their reflection from the glossy, bleak wall paper, stained his face very sallow and made the long pink seam of scar ugly. Anger was not becoming to him. Barbara suddenly pitied the man.

"Why, Ransom, I didn't mean to hurt you!" she said. "But if you'd spoken like that to some girls, not"—she laughed—"not so tough as I am, it might have sounded cruel."

He gaped and stood still. His pale green eyes winked with bewilderment and rage.

"Cruel?" he broke out. "You—you onreasonable woman, you! And me guardin' your int'rists for ye—your own int'rists!" With an effort he grew calmer. "Now hark, Barbry! You ain't dull—you're smart's a whip; so quit foolin', understand me. You're commonly known for their 'dopted child; the Savorys meant you to be; give it out you was; made all hands think you are; her brother's family, where she died, never harbored no doubts of it; don't hold an inklin' that you ain't. Who'd go delve into it, as I done, without they saw this paper of Bine's?" He fluttered the worn sheet at her. "Nobody ever will see it, only you and me. Why, Providence jumped in for ye! It was a Tuesday I went through the 'doption reckids, and the nex' Thursday night a wastebaskit fire gutted two rooms and wiped 'em out. You're safe. By gorry, Barbry, jest say the word and I'll protect you up to the hilt. This old couple died intestate. If you and me go partners for life, you apply for letters of administration and I'll handle it, I'll see you righted! Half the estate's better'n ——"

Barbara stopped him.

"What if her brother's family did know?"

"They'd take all." Ransom grinned. "They could turn you outdoor."

"You mean I've no right to stay in this house?"

"Why, no! That's a fact, too," he agreed. "Not one stick of her's yourn, or a foot of land—in law. O' course, morally ——"

Her eyes kindled with that gradual dark fire which he misunderstood.

"Morally, if no one knows, you'd see me—righted?"

"Now you're talkin'!" he cried in relief. "You got good sense! That's the ticket!"

Barbara stood very tranquil, as if waiting.

"Don't you want to change your mind?" she said at last. "Suppose I didn't agree."

It seemed a mild obstinacy, a dying spark of rebellion, or so Ransom thought. He answered mildly, therefore, slipping the time-eaten paper into his breast pocket and tapping it as he spoke.

"I could always mail this to her brother, and write him a line."

"Oh, dear, morals are such wiggly things!" Barbara sighed and turned away. "Sit down, please. Wait a moment."

She went quickly into the kitchen, leaving the door open, chose a leaf of Jen's ruled and embossed paper, took the rusty pen and the gray ink, drew a chair to the vacant end of the table and sat down. She wrote, slowly at first, with painful weighing of words, then all in a rush. At the end, looking up, she found that Ransom had followed her out from the parlor and stood on the hearth.

"This will save you the trouble of writing," she said. "It's to her brother. The first page we'll skip, for that's only—only part of a woman's feelings, Ransom. But here's the rest."

She read aloud:

"—— having learned today for the first time, on good authority, that they never legally adopted me as their child. You should know this at once, I believe, in order that your sister's estate may be properly administered——"

Barbara stopped and glanced at him.

"It goes on to speak of their kindness. Is that part correct?"

He made a clumsy dash across the room and pounced at her, trying to snatch the letter, trying to argue.

"You're crazy!" he shouted. "Gimme it! You're by the head!"

Barbara's young arm put him aside like a wisp of hay.

"We've passed enough hard words. I'd leave the house now," she said, "if the poor beasts weren't out there to be cared for."

"Hard words? Me? By Godfrey!" he raged. "Me, tryin' to do for you what I ——"

Ransom choked, his eyes watered. He went reeling back, caught from the mantel her open book, dashed it to the hearth and stamped on it. The blue jug tottered, fell, but striking his chest, then his knee, rolled along the floor unbroken. A strange memory of Jen and her paring knife, on the same hearth, sped through Barbara's mind.

"If you had smashed that," she said quietly, "I might have killed you."

Ransom glared.

"Oh, I know you now!" he shouted. "Hard words, hey? You want pooty, soft, sweet ones, like what Skip' Pagan goes and marks in your poetry book for ye! Yah. Ask him what pooty words he tells his black girls down to the West Injies! Go on, ask him!"

Barbara threw back her head and laughed.

"Now, Ransom," she said, "I don't believe you ever looked Andrew straight in the eye, or you'd know better. The silliest thing yet!"

He lurched past her blindly.

"I'll send a man tomorrer!" he exclaimed. "You laugh at me! You disfiggered me for life! I'll see to you, young lady!"

With that he plunged out and slammed the kitchen door. It made a tremendous

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Bryce Canyon—One of Utah's Scenic Wonders

bang; but this effect was presently weakened by his return, when he stumped glumly through the house without word or look and tore down his wet coat and hat in the front passage. Barbara politely showed him out. This time he slammed the storm door.

Barbara would have been glad to laugh, glad to cry, but could do neither. The splash of rain covered his footsteps.

XXIII

NOTHING happened for two days afterward; rain continued to pour, the sound of it undisturbed by any voice; and Barbara, who in the intervals of work had made ready to go, began wondering when she might, if at all. Everything there, house, hill, barn, fields lost purpose and went slack, now that she made the homely round of them, doing the habitual necessary trifles and feeling this or that to be done perhaps for the last time. It was a melancholy, restless ebb of waiting. At one moment she hoped, at another feared, that Ransom had repented and would send no one to take her place.

On the third morning, however, when sea fog hid all outdoors but the bank of bleeding heart under the window, a man appeared suddenly in the open kitchen door and tapped on the jamb.

"Mornin', marm," said he timidly. "My name is Bullock. Young Hill there, ye see, he tolt me for to—for to show up, kind of."

Barbara welcomed him. She knew the man—a sober little graybeard, trustworthy, and a good worker.

"Have you had breakfast?"

"Yes, marm. Thank ye all the same." He spoke with constraint, ill at ease. "I don't seem to git at this to rights, marm. A man he hates to wade in where he don't hit bottom. If you'd ruther my room than my company, speak your mind, and I'll put back and tell him so on the clean jump."

The spirit of his words greatly pleased her.

"I take that kind of you." She smiled on him. "You make my going easier. The place will be in good hands."

Mr. Bullock's face brightened.

"Well, that's fair enough said, too," he replied, "so we're even steven. A lo'd off my mind."

To show him all the farm, pointing out, explaining, answering questions, was her final task there. Old friends among the living creatures got no more than a pat, or a customary word in passing, for good-by. It was of the kitchen, when Mr. Bullock had begun work and half the morning gone, that she took her farewell, standing by the hearth. As a child she had come frightened into this room, and now she almost feared to leave it; but with a wrench, at last, she turned and hurried out. Like a playmate left behind, the tinkle of running water called after her in the fog.

Both to sight and to thought, her journey was blind. Outside a little ring of misty grass and leaves, a blurred circle that drifted in half-seen change at every step, Barbara saw nothing; and she had no clearer knowledge of what she meant to do, where to go. Under each arm she carried a bundle. One of these proving unwieldy, she stopped on the bridge among the alders and put them both down to consider.

"Here you go, like the old woman who told your fortune."

She remembered the strange family who had passed her there, tramping the road, climbing the hill, vanishing into black fir woods. She had envied them, that day, and longed to follow. Now, being free, she could neither stay nor wander, but had gone across a threshold and was lost at once.

"Andrew said he'd come back in time to help me cut the rowen. Where will he find me?"

On this came crowding another question.

"You can go to your father, now. But where shall you find him?"

She leaned on the rail, watched the brown water below curl under smoky alders, and seeing minnows dart there laughed presently at her woebegone mood.

"If Andrew's right, the whale will get his ton of herring for breakfast. . . . Here are your bundles to deal with. That much is plain."

A few minutes later, holding only half her burden, she stood ready to go—up the river road, or down; she had not chosen even yet—when there came the rapid, complicated beat of two horses trotting together and a light grinding of wheels. Through the fog a darkness rushed toward her.

"Wo'a!" rang out a deep voice. "Where ye bound?"

A pair of young horses, clipped buckskins with blond manes, reared and shied from her before stopping; above them, on a spidery little wagon, loomed the great head and shoulders of Captain Barzy. His beard looked whiter than the fog. He sharpened his eyebrows.

"I was coming to see the female sarpent," he growled; "the tiger in woman's skin who robbed me of my boy. You gaffed onto him, did you?"

Barbara quailed before this, till she caught his old blue eyes looking their wickedest, laughing at her.

"So you're his fancy?"

"Yes, captain."

"I hope you told him no?"

"I couldn't."

The captain meditated aloft.

"It's the best note these mortal ears have heard," he declared, "since Parepa Rosa hit her high izzard and downed a whole fire company, whangin' anvils in their red shirts, to the Peace Jubilee. Climb up!"

His comparison baffled her, but not his voice and look. Beyond mistake, he was hugely satisfied. She owned a corner of that old heart where she might creep in and be warmed.

"Climb up! Heave your dunnage in aft. I'll drive you where you're heading for."

Barbara suddenly felt ashamed.

"I don't know," she stammered—"I don't know where I'm going."

Captain Barzy frowned.

"What's this? What's all this?" he exclaimed. "I only got home last night. They tell me the old torment's gone, poor soul. You don't mean to say that she had you turned out?"

"No, no," replied Barbara; "Jen didn't. I did it myself."

"Go on," he said gruffly. "What happened?"

He heard her story through, made no comment, but reaching down took the bundle from her arms and dropped it on the floor of the wagon.

"Wait till I wear ship."

The two young golden horses backed and swung round as if he had hoisted them bodily in air. Light harness and clipped hides gave them a naked look. Wearing no blinders, they rolled the white of their eyes in apprehension of what this giant behind them would do next.

"Come aboard."

"Where ——"

"I know where."

He beckoned, and meant to be obeyed.

"If—well, just a minute!"

She ran down the wheel ruts that forded the brook, disappeared under the bridge and returned, carrying her second bundle, a clumsy globe of brown paper. Captain Pagan eyed her quizzically.

"That where you cool your butter?"

She lifted it in beside its fellow.

"Your jar of wild honey. I couldn't bear to leave it for strangers."

He laughed, gave her one hand and pulled her up flying to the seat.

"How do you like my new span? Step out, boys!"

Barbara felt a padded thump in the small of her back, recovered balance, held her hat and gasped. The salt fog rushed exhilarating in her face, the clink of eight horseshoes made music on the road and dark hints of foliage went swaying by. She had never gone so fast in her life.

"Are they running away?"

"Won't run fur. Boxb'ry Hill'll stop 'em if the reins can't." His talk went on as deliberate as from an armchair, but all blew past her in snatches. The reins he mentioned hung drooping from his bronze fist, like odd bits of leather picked up by chance, which had no value or connection. "That weasel-gutted young Pharisee! What call had he to send Bullock—nor, nobody else—never you mind—workin' out pooty."

A steepness in the road might have been Boxberry Hill. His wild horses galloped thundering up, snorted like deer, tossed their blond manes and swept on through fir woods that darkened the mist. Captain Pagan let them go, and muttered some private wisdom in his beard. Though still clutching her hat, Barbara now began to feel the glory in this terror. One such draught of living motion was worth a broken neck—here it came; they were spilled in the ditch; no, they had only swerved to the right and whisked off toward a new point of the compass. The hoofs rang on harder surface; the spidery wheels in dust of pink granite ripped out a noise like tearing silk. By the long dip and rise of ground under them, she guessed they were traveling the captain's own road, that gentle acclivity in three swooping curves which he had likened to the flight of a swallow.

"—— let their hair grow. Bought 'em clipped. Onsightly. Couple o' scalt hogs."

Another whirl—to the left this time—a quick rumble of planks and a new darkness overcasting the fog told her they had spun from the open road and gone racing under trees. On the off side loomed great pines, thick as a forest, on the nigh, a border of mown grass and thriving apple trees. Then the white front of a house, rather long and low, jumped into view, blocking their way, so that the captain drew rein just as Barbara thought the buckskins would plunge through one of many green-shuttered windows.

"Adoniram," he said placidly. "Adoniram."

Long shanks came striding from nowhere.

"Well, cap'n." A swarthy, lantern-jawed fellow in blue canvas took the horses' heads. "How'd they make out?"

"They frogged it for home a mod'rate stiddy gait," replied the captain. "They can trot square when they buckle down."

This meek report, and the change from fury to calm, took away what breath remained. Over the wheel her charioteer sprang like a boy, and reaching back swung her lightly after him to ground; without an eye for anything but the horses, Adoniram led them away; and for one dizzy moment, collecting her wits, Barbara saw that she had landed in a garden or flowery wilderness. Many-colored masses of flowers, bright under the fog, surrounded her knee-high, growing haphazard among sweet fern, beehives, Indian corn, squash vines, green tufts of young goldenrod, sweet peas, raspberries, all mixed in a pleasant jungle. Brook water ran beyond it, and somewhere a turkey gobbled.

"Good fruit, good herbs, good posies," chanted the captain, "and plenty of garden sarce. I hope you'll get so's to like it."

He stood holding her parcels, and beckoned her with a wag of his beard.

"Come in, girl."

A pink oleander on one hand, a white oleander on the other, each in a willow-green tub, flanked the front door, where an old iron stirrup hung as knocker. Captain Barzillai bunted the house open with his elbow and waved her to pass before him.

The long room which they entered was cheerful and bright, though fog veiled the row of windows. Braided rugs, a motley of soft blue, pink and gray, lay on a floor painted orange; all woodwork elsewhere—mantel, cupboards, beams in the ceiling close above his head—wore a subdued color, grayish, kindly to the eye; there was the good smell, unlike any other, of an old house well kept and lived in for years; and the plain furniture looked as if built—created by hand, Barbara thought, like the pitchfork Goliah—for a race of comfortable giants.

"Here we be." The captain set down her bundles on a window box. "All hunky-dory. Thanks to that young squirt, I got me my wish."

Barbara could not speak.

"What you stargazing at?"

Words came slowly to her.

"A chamber of peace."

Her friend laughed.

"Well, 'tis so," he agreed. "It's been a good-humored old Injun camp."

A long spyglass, leather-bound, brass-mounted, hung over the mantel, and was the only trace or relic of seafaring. In one corner stood an aged piano with mother-of-pearl keys. Against it leaned a cello, while on its polished top lay books and sheets of music, a fiddle, a most ornate glittering accordion, two ocarinas, an autoharp and other instruments of which Barbara did not know the names.

"All this cultch," observed their owner, "I learnt to play on long voyages, or most part of 'em. I don't undertake to say what my crew suffered. But it helps to pass a winter evening at home, and so long as an old sir can scrape or puff one or t'other of those utensils, it keeps his heart up to know the grasshopper ain't become a burden on him yet, nor the daughters of music brought low. And they fetch back ports and men you've seen in time gone by. One harbor up north, summer nights when the sun kep' you awake, the seals use' to come poke their heads out o' water when you played, and hang round listening like so many anointed cats. Then, as I say, in my time sailors were sailors; they could put up with more. The hands never took and rose and hove me overboard onto a dolphin back, anyhow."

Laying hands on the cello, he plucked the strings and leaned it again in place before the little harplike sound had ceased to vibrate.

"My old hoss fiddle, she can talk solemn," he said. "But for real creepy wailing pain in the stummick, hand me a bautboy any day."

He paused.

"Speaking of sailors," he continued, "Andrew's more the old kind. He'll be home again soon; only gone coastwise this voyage. How'd you like to see his vessel go by?"

A look at her face apparently gave him answer enough.

"Maybe we can time it right, if the fog burns off. I'd like to see her myself."

Thus far the captain had gone roving about the room, indulging his random talk as though to put them both at their ease; but now he came near, took her by the hands and looked down with his gravest and gentlest mien.

"Barbry, 'tain't safe to foretell human happiness, but I guess we're headed right. This house—well, it's his and it's yours. If his father could speak with the tongue of angels, why, then I might knock the bung out of my feelings. And make a pretty mess, too, most likely. But I couldn't mean more than what I do, my dear. Welcome home."

She clung to his hands.

"Captain, if I could tell you—I can't. No creature on earth ever deserved such—such ——"

He gave her a clumsy pat on the shoulder.

"There! Come! Let it be! All said and done, he's only a big gormin' boy who showed a grain of sense one time in his life."

At that she rebelled.

"And what do I bring him? Look there!"

She pointed at the bundles on the window seat.

"What's wrong with 'em?" asked the captain.

"They're all I have," said Barbara; "every sole thing I could carry from her house without stealing. Your wild honey, two or three books, a handful of clothes and a blue jug. All I own in this world!"

Captain Pagan turned away, and with his foot began sliding toward her a vast old chair, a gulf of worn leather. This he squared to the fireplace, where between brass andirons a cluster of last autumn's rowan berries, in a cylinder of white-birch bark sewn together with sweet grass, maintained their dusky, faded glow on a clean hearth.

"He's got you," said Andrew's father. "We're clos' traders in our family. But do you think he wants anything to boot?"

Barbara surrendered, laughing weakly.

"He was right," she said. "A full ton of herring. It's too much. A minute ago on the road—and now here—I can't talk sense, captain. You don't mind?"

The captain smacked the leather of his armchair.

"Want to do something to please me?" he inquired. "A thing you haven't done for years? Well, then, here! Sit down and rest you!"

XXIV

REST, as the old man said, was new to her; and in Andrew's house, with a reminder of him at every turn, it was both new and strange. All afternoon, all evening, in her sleep that night and her waking hours next day, Barbara could enjoy it but not believe. The homely paradise would disappear; or rather it would last, but she, a pretender, sitting with folded hands, be driven out when the real heir to such bliss arrived.

Early in the second afternoon Captain Pagan came heaving from the garden with an armful of yellow oilskins.

"Want to go down on Gram's Head?" he called. "Fog's begun to onhitch her claws. We shan't see a tops'l of nobody, and it may rain; but my bones call me not to stay home this weather breeder."

They sat in the spindling wagon, and Adoniram, dark observer of nothing but

(Continued on Page 91)

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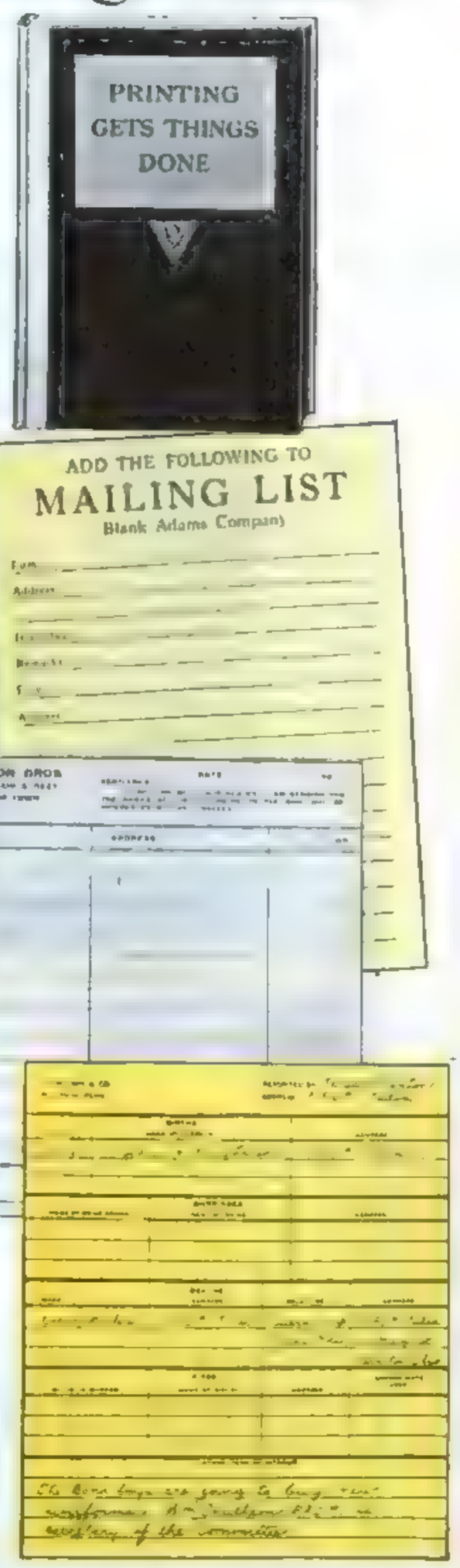

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(Continued from Page 86

horse, had let go the buckskins' heads before the captain spoke again. Barbara was by that time clinging to the handrail, as the planks of the bridge thundered, and all turned without overturning.

"I got the fidgets," he growled, "worse'n old Aunt Nabby o' Marblehead, who banked her house with tea grounds; 'Lijah Kellogg lets on she did. Even if this fog blows loose, we won't spy one timber of the Bugle Horn, thank God; but I can't keep away. We'll just get us a good whiff o' sea air and be back 'fore dark."

Fog streamed across them from right to left. Ahead, the long swerving flights of the road unwound smokily. The buckskins tossed their pale manes, flicked their ears fore and aft, gave each other sidelong nudges of the head in wantonness and flew downward. Behind, two or three barn swallows followed the wagon, skimming zigzag no higher than its wheels, crossing and recrossing the lane of sight, vanishing with a blink of faint color in the mist.

"Andrew's first command she was—the Bugle Horn." Captain Pagan still drove and talked with that armchair carelessness of his. "I handed him on the family luck, our pirate's bo't call. Generations ago, an old shellback who'd sailed with Sawkins under the red-and-green flag, he gave it when dyin' to some disord'ly forefather of ours. Blown many's the time for callin' all hands to turn to and raise hell right out by the roots. Wouldn't lose it, though, for the world."

Barbara's hand stole to her throat guiltily. Through the stuff of her dress her fingers hunted and found the outline of the silver whistle.

"He asked me to keep it for him," she confessed. "It's on a ribbon round my neck."

The captain switched his beard about and glared at her.

"What?" His voice made the horses jump. "Don't you go lose it!" He had no sooner spoken than his anger melted in a funny look of sheepishness. "Why, good gorry," said he, "come to overhaul things, I did the very same! His mother kep' it for me that way, 'fore we were married."

They spun round a turn, into the river road, and steeply down a tremendous hill. Here the captain checked his horses, and holding them up short aided them to pick their way in slant diagonals. For a moment he drove with caution; but they were not halfway down when to Barbara's dismay he passed the reins loosely into one hand, while with the other he clutched her arm and gave a friendly shake.

"So you keep her, Barbry," he added. "I'll resk it!"

With a shout he sent the horses galloping down that hill, up the next, over a crest. Somewhere in their flight they had left the fog behind. Spruce and birches, rail fence and stone wall, vines running wild in the ditch, dusty clematis hanging on the border of the woods, went by them as though snatched away, but all showed clear. The horses now were only trotting, yet a livelier breeze blew in her face.

"Wind comin'." Captain Barzy looked aloft as if his wagon had been a ship. "A good stiff lee set from the south'ard."

Barbara saw a dark, turbid sky, against which black motes of gulls far above went circling and falling away inland. When the horses had run up another hill a blast of wind met them. Down a blue-black ravine of evergreen points appeared for a glimpse in passing, the bay water lashed into whitecaps and a small round island of pink granite and fir plowing up surf to windward like the forefoot of a ship in motion. After this Barbara saw and heard little, for the wind stung her eyes full of water and swept all words behind her.

Once in a cedar hollow the captain pulled up.

"Want to go back?"

"No, no!"

"Put on your oilskin." Crooking one arm, he helped her into a yellow cloak with a hood. "My wife's. Kep' it ever since, hung up cool in the dark and dressed regular with neat's-foot. There, my dear. Ye look like a black-eyed canary. Hers were blue. Wait till I pull the boot well round ye. Hurrup!"

They were out of shelter, into the wind again.

"Power behind this—mod'rate gale—can't last long ——"

The buckskins raced on doggedly, boring their heads down and sneezing. One tail or another blew over the dashboard, like a raveling of new rope. His moderate gale, thought Barbara, had power enough to send horses and all clean over the wagon. It came harder, making at times a long-drawn moan above the steady rush of it, and bending branches toward them. The top of a dead tree on the sky line whiffed off and away as light as a shred of paper.

At last they drove down an endless bare hill, on which the wind had a new sound and a more staggering force. Barbara, who closed her eyes against the blur, wondered how the driver could see, and how long the horses could go on thus, fresh as ever.

Perhaps Two Seconds Went By While She Loathed Her Own Being, and the Sound Traveled

Then suddenly darkness and calm fell round her.

"Under two hours," the captain said. "We'll go home faster, runnin' before it."

She opened her eyes. Team and wagon had stopped in a warm little barn that smelled of hay. Her companion was already over the wheel, busy with a rope and a ringbolt.

"We can leave 'em here at Amasy Hatt's. Take a stretch up on the Head and back in twenty minutes."

Wind fought them every step of the way across a barnyard, a stubble field and a pasture; but up the back, or inland, slope of Gram's Head allowed them to scramble in a kind of intermittent shelter. Now some cattle track gave a hold, now some granite ledge; and where, already bleached to death on rocky soil, yellow spears of grass bent and slipped underfoot like grease, there the captain gave both hands to swing her uphill. Cakes of foam like clotted soap bubbles flew overhead or sailed down within reach.

"Cling on," he warned. "Here we are atop. The breeze ——"

For a moment, though they stood with arms locked, she expected the wind to blow them down all the way they had come.

High in air, flat as a table, yellow with grass that lay wriggling like a surface on fire, the long summit of Gram's Head ran out and broke off against a dark sky. The roar of surf, mounting from under crags, poured by and seemed to carry the clotted bubbles, here and there, as fragments of its own volume. A few bowlders dotted the ground; a few gnarled scrubs of trees, their bark salted gray, toughly endured one more among the many gales that had canted them as far inland as they could lean; and behind some of these windbreaks, out on the point of the Head, stood or crouched men watching the sea. Barbara and the captain worked along to join them.

A little man in a blue reefer stood peering over a hump of granite. By the sagging arms and half-shut hands, it was Rigger Lapthorn, still carrying his pair of invisible crowbars. He moved edgewise to lend the newcomers room; but, lost in what he saw, gave them no greeting.

"Like a white squall in the Brazils!" he shouted; and even behind this rock the shout passed feebly. "Blowin' right out endways all to oncet."

A rough cap, with side bands drawn down as for winter, let a comical tuft of gray wool bulge over each gold earring. His visored eyes, black and sharp, returned to their watching of the sea.

Barbara felt the captain, beside her, give a start.

"Horn spoon!" came his voice. "That one's a goner!"

A straining bunch of pennyroyal in a cranny tickled her face and bothered her sight. She bent it down. Over their granite parapet she saw the rim of the crag near by, a far-curving smother of surf to right and left under the coast walls, an ocean white with seas of which the tops were cut off and driven landward in sheets, a bank of murderous cloud that came pouring rain like black sand, and out in the midst a vessel—a two-masted schooner standing off with reefed foresail, reefed mainsail and storm staysail, all dark canvas patched with drab.

"She's a goner!"

The two men, elbow to elbow, shouted. Barbara leaned close.

"Is that the Bugle Horn?" she tried to ask, but the wind sang in her mouth and wiped it of speech as one wipes out a cup. What she first heard was reassuring.

"I know her, I-cod, the Sandpiper! Ninety year old! End of her now! Onhandy as a three-cornered old maid, and she makes leeway faster'n a punt. Nobody's fault. Might happen to you or me."

"Yeah, that's right," bawled the rigger.

"The cussid fog, and then this gurry. Tried to make the river, like's not, and keep clear o' the Gravestones. Judgment wa'n't lackin'. But now—Lord help 'em!"

Lapthorn chewed mournfully, as if his cud were bitter.

"Her riggin'," came his reply – "her riggin's rotten as a puffball."

The captain bent toward him and shouted again. Barbara caught only the word "Tugbo't."

Old Mr. Lapthorn shook his head. "Hain't one livin' towbo't nigher than Head-o'-the-Tide."

Captain Barzy hammered the rock with his fist.

"She's a goner! Her, they'll never claw her off to wind'ard, not in this world!" He stood silent, on the watch, his beard tossing and broadening. "By jimbo, they handle her smart, for all that, you! They got them a sailor on board!"

"Oh, he'll git her off, if anybody kin!"

"Who?" bellowed the captain. "Who's the man?"

Rigger Lapthorn turned and stared at him, then at Barbara. She saw wonder and dread in the stare.

"Good God, cap'n, don't you know? It's your boy!"

Everything stopped for her, but went on when the captain answered.

"She's the Sandpiper, I tell ye! She ain't Andrew's vessel! He's in the Bugle Horn, ye old stootchit!"

The rigger drew in his head like a turtle. All three suddenly came closer, crouching together, as men shield a lighted match.

"Didn' you hear?" croaked Lapthorn. "Old Man Hatt, he had word f'm young Amasy ——"

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 91)

The smell of his tobacco, warm and cloying, reminded her of church and a bass rumble in the hymn.

"The Bugle Horn wan't ready. Hauled up on Gardiner's railway. Your boy took out the Sandpiper for 'em instead."

Barbara felt only a tightened grip on her arm, a pinch of fingers that let go at once. Afterward she recalled it as pain. Except for this, Captain Barzy took the news like part of their rock. He turned his head toward her, met her eyes with steadying firmness, and gave a gruff laugh.

"Told you they had them a sailor on board, girl," said he. "Andrew, he'll get 'em out safe."

She leaned on the granite for help, then caught breath, faced the wind and bent all her faculties to the single act of watching. His vessel, the Sandpiper, that gloomy bulk out in the white squall, those funereal sails patched with drab squares and bands, became the center of her life. She could not lose one movement in its wallowing. It was out there vastly alone, while ignorance gripped her so that even her helpless thought could not accompany him, guess what he was doing or tell if the black dots which her eyes pretended to see were men, of whom one might be Andrew. She knew only that his vessel was pointing out to the blur of an evergreen headland on their right, and long afterward, pointing at another blur on their left, a thumb-cap island, rock and spray. Beside her, yet miles off, sounded the talk of the two old men. They used Andrew's tongue, the language of the sea, incomprehensible to her. Surely it was a dream. He never would drown before her eyes.

A word or two had meaning. Barbara listened.

"Who's in her with him?"

"Young Hatt," shouted the rigger, "a Jimason boy, Hod Mowle, or some say Bang Smith, and Herb Longmedder f'm the western islants."

After a pause the captain spoke.

"It'd kill Hatt's mother. Her only child. And to think—all Herb's young ones!"

"Your boy, he'll put in his best licks for 'em, this hour," replied Lapthorn. "Dragins and all deeps never turnt his midge a particle."

"Thank ye, Davy," came the other voice. "I guess he will so—keep his end up, like all hands of 'em."

Barbara felt a sudden rebuke. His father was not grieving for him alone, but for the sons of other men. It helped nothing to strain her eyes after the ship, which now, though laboring nearer, grew indistinct as the rain burst and whitened like a smudge of chalk dust. She bowed her forehead on the ledge; once more the stem in its cranny brushed her cheek, to recall poor Jen and the widow's geraniums, for through life she would hate the scent of pennyroyal; yet she put away that hatred with the leaves. In what the rigger had called this hour, little things had no place. Andrew did not think of her out there. He fought the sea for the sons of men, and was already removed from her by a consecration.

When she looked up, daylight had begun to fail and the rain beaten them for a long time. The schooner appeared as a shadow, too near for any more doubt. The rigger had just returned from somewhere.

"Ropes and lantruns!"

"All we can do!"

Rain, wind and the slow menace of evening wore on. Time was a thing Barbara could no longer measure. The strain of waiting grew unbearably taut, then it snapped. She heard the old men shout together, felt them bound upright and saw them point their arms over the rock.

"His main peak halyards has carried away!"

"No, sir, cap'n! He's dropped his peak! He knows what he's about! Goin' to wear! See him! See him haul his stays'l to wind'ard? Flat's a board ——"

"Have the sticks out of her!"

"Not that boy! He's goin' to wear her. Watch him ease off his mainsheet! Man alive, he done it!"

A strange laugh rang on the dusk.

"Tryin' to make a dent in old Gram?" cried the captain.

Barbara knew by the sound that he had given up hope. Below them, an altered shape, the Sandpiper came driving with the wind as though straight for the prow of the headland. Always before she had appeared to move slowly; now her black bulk leaped and swelled and rushed by, a blot in the rain.

"Goin' round the Head? What in thunder?"

They were running, all three, across the grass toward the far side of the crag. The schooner, flying at a terrific speed, suddenly dropped her foresail with a roar of blocks and vanished under the height.

"That's the stuff! He'll git round!"

Barbara's arm ached in the captain's fist as they pulled up hard and dug heels into a slant of gravel. Men crowded round them; lanterns burned, one with a rain-cracked chimney guttering; where the wet gravel ended, eight feet below, dusk and empty air yawned.

"Jug Hole! By gravy, son, Jug Hole's the ticket for 'em!"

Deep into the bottom of a cleft ran, like the wedge that had split the crags from underneath, a narrow beach. As Barbara stared down it changed incessantly from gray to white, from white to gray.

"They got a chance!"

"No, sir-ree! Never make it! They'll carry on by!"

"Hev so! Didn' ye hear him drop fores'l? One in a hund'ed!"

"And tide as she is, you? She'll lap 'em out like a cat's tongue."

"Cap'n, your boy beats Pede and Sank! Fought her so long's day lasted, and kep' Jug Hole for trump!"

The tumult of voices died, as round into view again heaved that blot of leaning canvas which reeled, swung, changed form and dived straight into the Hole with a crash that mounted even against the wind. Her shadow clung down there, violently swaying.

"Ropes! Git your ropes, there! A lantrun! No way up nor down! Plumb rock and slipp'ry! See 'em? Jumpin' off her bow like rats!"

Barbara tugged at the captain's arm.

"What is it? Not now! What is it?"

"He's coming up the mast—Andrew. I know him! I see him!"

"Nonsense, girl! Which mast? They'll slam right out of her next crack!"

"He is! There, he waved one arm! He's running down!"

Another crash followed, and whatever she had seen melted, subsiding in a criss-cross tangle at the bottom.

"Sticks gone!"

Barbara, flat on her face, began crawling down the slope of wet gravel. Hands clutched her by the ankles.

"No, no! Don't pull!" she begged. "He threw something! Let me go! See that white thread? Oh, don't pull back!"

She felt the captain give way, easing her down a foot or so, and heard him, close behind, talking to himself.

"Her eyes quicker'n mine. Maybe so he did. He could always throw, Andrew. Put a snowball over Crossport steeple at fourteen."

Her arms reached below the lantern light, where she rather knew than saw that a thread lay stretching past what might have been a glowworm. She raked the thread up in her fingers. It was good stout cod line. Along with it came dragging the glowworm—a heavy nut of iron, smeared with wet matches, all smoldering phosphorus. He had done this, her man, the indomitable, the quick-witted. A moment ago it was in his hand. If the masts had fallen with him, then this —— While his father pulled her up again, she contrived to press the iron against her lips, and tasted brimstone.

"The boy got his line to us, 'fore ourn!"

Barbara stood aside, holding a lantern, guarding it with her yellow oilskin and watching the cod line fly up hand over hand, to become a rope, which Rigger Lapthorn seized and ran off with.

"All fast!" he cried.

The rope suddenly twitched, grew straight, then bit into the gravel.

"Someb'dy alive down there! She's taut!"

A man unsnarled the cod line from about his feet. Barbara gave him her lantern.

"Pass that down on your end of it!"

He nodded.

"One good head here!" he roared; and tying the bail in a swift knot paid the light down the Hole. They could catch the glimmer from beneath and guess at a movement of shadows on foam. Andrew's rope began to vibrate.

"Comin' up! Don't heave there, Chubbuck! They're climbin'!"

Barbara could not endure that slow vibration. It brought news of him. She glanced away. Late comers had joined their company, among whom, with his long

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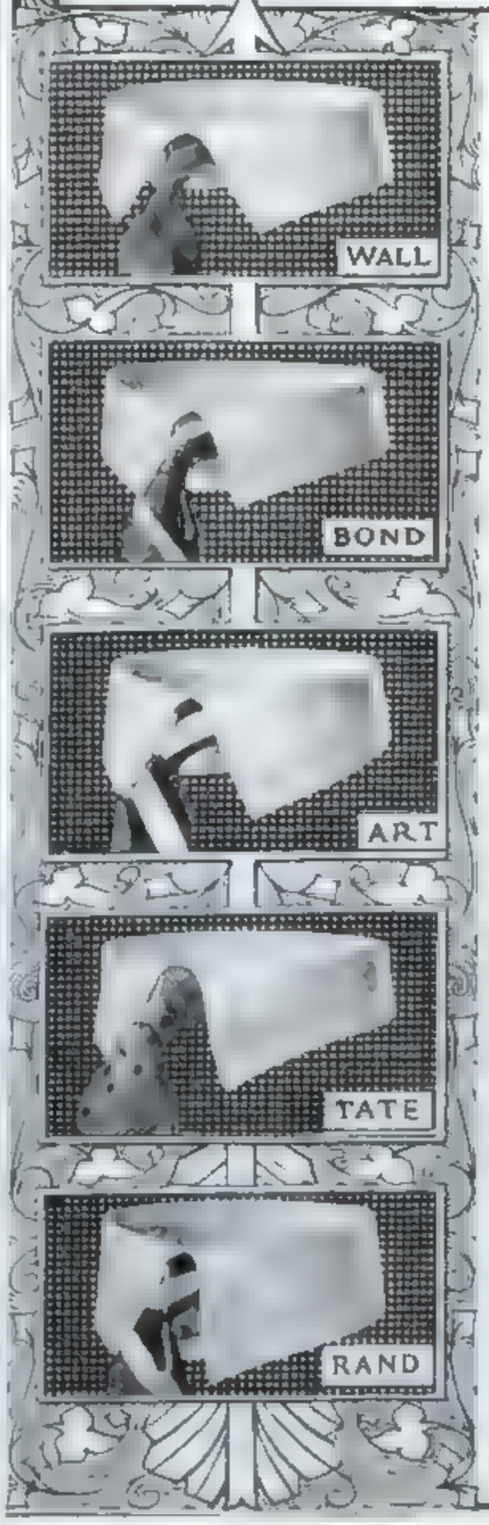

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wet coat flapping, stood Ransom Hill. The rope drew her eyes to it again, shaking, lying rigid, shaking. Two men lashed with other ropes waited by it on the brink.

"Hurray!"

Something like a monster with two heads rose out of the dark. It was Andrew with a man on his back. He climbed through a lane of arms and hands, refusing them, and bawling angrily, "Keep off! Easy! This fellow's broke a leg!"

He lowered his burden carefully on the grass and turned at once to go down.

"Want any help, Skipper? Some of us there below?"

Her young giant shook his head.

"No; stay where you are," he ordered in a quiet, weary voice. "We can manage better without."

Gripping the rope and swinging his feet over, he disappeared. Idlers buzzed round the man on the grass—a red-haired youngster, limp, wet, who had blood on his face and grinned with pain.

"I'm all right," he told them. "There was worse'n me."

"Shut your head!" A dripping ghost of old Oddy Mowle staggered from arm to arm and dropped beside him. "You shut your head, Amasy! Keep her shut, what's more!"

Captain Pagan the elder took charge of them.

"Get these men under cover," he commanded, "'stead o' garpin' at 'em! Young Hatt, your mother wants ye. And you want a bone set. Here, you"—he collared Ransom Hill, on whom he thrust a lantern—"you can lug that much for 'em. Light 'em home!"

Barbara watched the rope again. Her knees trembled under her, but she had strength enough now. Andrew was alive. He had conquered and would return soon.

One by one the other heads whom he had fought for came up from darkness: three more sops of men, who were caught, wrapped in lendings and taken away.

When at last he came, their captain, bringing her lantern snarled in cod line, he walked heavily, saw no one, and plumping on the grass hugged his knees.

"You're all right, Skipper!"

He sat staring into the rain. Half a shirt hung from one shoulder; his bronze head, neck and forearm seemed parts from another statue joined to one of ivory; and he moved no more than if the semblance had been fact.

"The whol' crew, boy!"

Barbara made bold to touch him. He turned, exactly as he had turned at the wrestling match, years ago, but stared up at her without recognition. Perhaps his mother's yellow hood cast a shadow. Barbara pushed it back.

He moved the lantern, saw and knew her; but instead of welcome, or of any light, a change crept over his face. It went hollow, gaunt. He gave her a strange look of horror.

"No, we lost one," he replied, and took his head in both hands.

XXV

CAPTAIN BARZY drew her away, while people stared.

"Run down where we left the colts hitched," he said, "and I'll bring him to ye. Run along, my dear!"

The old man's eyes told her that he knew, whatever it was, the enigma, the chill frightening her. They should have rejoiced, father and son, and she with them; but here, after one strange look had left her numb, was a yet stranger, of pity.

"Go on! This man will light ye there safe. Get indoors and get warm."

All the way down the back of Gram's Head a man carrying a lantern helped her in silence. His face and name Barbara never knew; but his manner, the feeling of his arm, betrayed a rough compassion or respect that stirred and quickened her fears.

"What happened?" she asked him.

"I can't jes' tell ye, marm," he replied. "I dassay they was upsot, kind of."

The rain had stopped. To climb more easily down, she removed her flapping oilskin cloak and would have carried it; but her guide took the thing with that same disquieting, subdued courtesy. The wind, streaming loud overhead, caught them in a gust or two, hurried their steps, left them unnaturally becalmed, then drove them on. It dispersed her thoughts, if those were thoughts which flew like dead leaves, came whirling back, smothered her and stuffed the hollow of the night with foreboding. She knew only one permanence in it all—Andrew's look of frozen despair.

The wind blew them round a house, under the lee of which a door stood open, warm with light. Trees made a rushing noise, and flung down rain, the last great drops wrung from them by the gale. Barbara spied people inside a room, hearth fire, a lamp, the young red-haired sailor on a cot, his mother—all seeming a picture, not alive.

"Better go in, marm."

A man came and stood in the doorway. He was lean, high-shouldered. After peering, he stepped down to them quickly. It was Ransom Hill.

"Come in, Barbry." He took not only the cloak and lantern, but with them, as it were, the office, the condoling manner of her guide, who disappeared. "I'm awful, tarrible sorry for you."

She caught Ransom's free hand in both of hers.

"What was it? What did happen?"

His hand was cold as ever, but there seemed no more enmity.

"You don't know? Maybe I'd better wait."

Her will made him speak.

"They lost one man," said Ransom. "It was your father."

Even then Barbara knew there was worse behind. She stood firm. It was he who became shaken.

"And I wish that was all of it, Barbry." Above the lantern top, though his face wavered in shadow, his eyes had an obscure gleam, hot as the snuff of scorching tin and lampblack that he breathed in common with her. She read no sorrow there, but an evil, half-hidden triumph. "Barbry—your father—Andrew Pagan killed him!"

She dropped his hand and stood back. A lie so monstrous and silly came as relief. None of it could have happened. Then, as Ransom put the lantern on the ground, she knew that he believed what he was telling, for his face confirmed and repeated it again and again, without a word.

"Andrew Pagan killed him!"

She did not move.

"Barbry, I wish to God," he said aloud, with a gulp of remorse and a sudden horrible tenderness full of all that was best and worst in the man—"I wish my tongue had never out with that. It's true, ye poor thing. Go in, ask young Hatt. He give it away. I been thinkin' so much of you, Barbry, I—I'm a dog, that's what I am!"

When Ransom looked up he stood there alone.

No one had gone past him into the house, nothing moved but the rush of leaves and the scattering rain drip.

Where she had gone, where she was going, Barbara knew no more than he. Down the wind she went, blown away. Sometimes a road lay under her feet, sometimes grass of the fields; once, for a long time, the mud of plowed furrow on furrow that weighted every step like lead; and more than once a fallen tree to be stepped over, or its tangle of wet leaves a maze to retreat from and skirt round by sense of touch in darkness. The gale carried her where it would. After hours of wandering, a change covered heaven, a pallor, dissolution, rack, and then the light of stars. This weary body which she dragged along stopped often of its own accord. Stars, renewed and clean, burned overhead. Antares red on a hill, blue Vega paining her throat and eyes with its altitude. There flew the Swan in the Milky Way—the Silver River; it was he who had called it by that foreign name, so she did not look up again. Long afterward, a lighthouse flashing behind, over tree tops that now were still, would have told her she had gone many miles, passed a bay and islands and followed up the river; but she turned away without caring, went on, and hardly understood that the wind had dropped in a dead calm, for it was all dead. She often sat by the way, not to rest, not to think, for those occupations also were ended.

Dawn came, then sunrise; birds had sung and stopped; trees glittered, and a puddle shone blue here and there among untidy strippings, leaves and twigs, thrown along the road by the gale.

Her feet burned like fire inside her wet boots. Beside her the gnawed end of a wooden spout let water trickle clear and cool into a horse trough. She found that she was very thirsty, and had sat down by the fork of Pagan's road. Having drunk, she moved to the still end of the trough, where by its mirror she made herself ready for the day, ready to go on. She could not think, however, and sat down again by a chokecherry bush that overhung with clusters ripened almost black. There she remained so long, so still, that robins came and ate among the leaves near her head.

Where the road entered the woods it might be better, now that morning was here and time for travelers to begin passing; but before strength came to raise and take her on she heard footsteps. The robins flew off.

Andrew Pagan himself came to the runnel, stooped, drank from his hand and rose. He did not see her till then.

"Oh, it's you!"

They stood looking at each other, both pale, tired, beat; and he, in borrowed clothes too tight for him, ungainly. The kindness of his blue eyes made her ache.

"Is it true?"

Andrew shut his lips tight, but they quivered. He gave a short, quick nod.

"Poor old Ranse," he said. "Must have been hard hit."

Then it was true. Her body, not her mind, had been wandering all night. Barbara came to the end, the worst.

"You can't stay here," he began.

She could not look at him, or at anything visible; but saw her father as a little, ragged, swarthy man, crying alone on trampled snow and weak as a child.

"How could you?"

With her hand she made a sign for him to go. Having waited, she heard him at last obey, move and walk slowly past the bush, up the hill homeward.

A rustle of leaves followed. The robins, no doubt, were coming back. But this noise was from the wrong direction, for the hazels, fern and cedar hiding the mouth of the old smugglers' road parted as a man jumped out and rushed at her.

"Git up! Up, ye fool, and run after him!"

Oddy Mowle, his cheeks red and eyes blazing, hissed at her like a small rat-toothed fury.

"Up, run, go on your knees to the boy! Or set there and ruin a couple o' lives! Your father! What was your father?"

Barbara sprang on foot, awake and angry in a flash.

"Don't you say one word against him!"

Mowle shoved her down on the bank with a violence that she had never felt in her life before. It seemed to quiet him.

"Set there," he whispered grimly. "You'll hear what I got to say, bad or good. Make no mistake about that. My father, my grandfather kep' an honest tarvern for man and beast on the Air Line, and if I am a rum seller and tough as a tholepin, you, cust if I don't know men! Him you sent away, he took us alive out the teeth o' the Almighty's own storm. Your father! What was he?"

Barbara struggled to rise, but old Mowle, now in full career, put her down with no more than the pointing of a finger.

"Your father! Well, come to it, girl! Have it out like a wisdom tooth! There's plenty can get a child and not deserve no heavenly crown. A harmless, witty man, a fust-rate fiddler, better'n me, good company at one time. I knowed him; I liked him. But when your mother died, him we called Johnny Vannes died too. The spark sputtered out of him; 'twas the shell and peelin' of a man hung round afterwards. You know 'twas. He sold ye, girl, in my back shop one Chris'mastime for money. . . . Don't git up! You know he did! That was the last o' him. Was ever he any more to you than the word 'father,' the word not made flesh nor fish nor wool nor bread nor shoe lutther? No, by Godfrey, he wan't, him, not Fiddler John. When up to your barn you ast me news of him I hat to lie, fear he was in jail."

The speaker scraped his wet forehead with an index finger. Barbara shrank.

"Now, aboard the Sandpeep," said Horatio Nelson Mowle, all his vehemence gone. He looked down at her sadly. "Aboard where Andrew let him ship, not worth a brass farden but for your sake. When we was on a lee shore of rocks, your father"—he paused and cast round for words, blinking—"your father couldn't face down the fear o' death. We're not passin' verdick, you 'n' me. But he got him a cleaver out the cook's galley and bust aft, run at us to kill, run at the riggin' to chop her down, run at Captain Andrew Pagan, when, God bless him, he had the old cold judgment and the go-bo-inkum to up and wear a rotten ship. There stood Andrew at our hellum, half nakit, and a wild man atop him with a meat ax. All Andrew done was cuff the poor devil, flat of his hand, so, like a gnat. Down he went. Ov'board. And we was saved, if that counts."

Tough as a tholepin Oddy Mowle might be, but the tears ran down his wind-burnt cheeks.

"And you send him away! Fate kind of kep' me in the grain box handy, always, didn' she? Girl, run after your man and ketch him, or you hain't fit to live! Run, 'less your heart's drier'n a limeston'!"

He broke off, crossed the road and went brushing down the smugglers' way. Barbara sat alone. He had told her the truth, but too late, for she could not act on it. There was pride.

"I must go on."

Captain Barzy and his buckskin colts would not come to take her off the road a second time. She belonged here now. The old woman had been right who told her fortune, some rag of nonsense—blood running athwart when she most needed to be happy; it had come, blood and a piece of silver.

Barbara started upright and lifted her hand to her throat, as with the movement something shifted on her breast, Andrew's luck, the silver boat call, which she had forgotten to give back. She drew on the ribbon and pulled it from her dress:

"*Las Cinco Llagas.*"

His mother had kept it. She, Barbara, was not fit to keep it. The engraved words, rubbed almost out, went dancing before her eyes. The freebooter's pipe, a relic of vile bloodshed, was yet sacred, and warm in her hand.

"You can't! I will!"

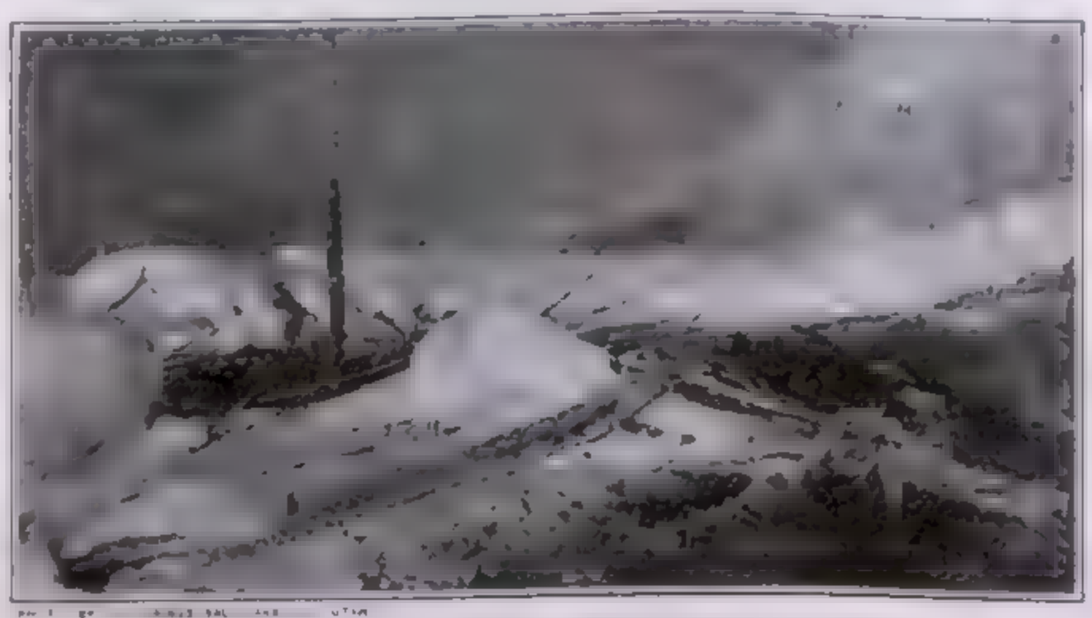
Barbara put the whistle to her lips and blew. A shrill, sweet, mounting note cut the sunlight.

Far up on its road home a tired figure went climbing. It did not stop. The charm had failed. She would not blow again, not for the world, not for him. Perhaps two seconds went by while she loathed her own being, and the sound traveled.

"He heard me!"

The figure turned. Down green fields and groves, the long road so airily curving drew toward her like three leaps of a greyhound, three flights of a swallow. Andrew was running down it. Before she knew what to say, Barbara saw him clearly. On those legs which had worried Lola the Indian, he came rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

(THE END)



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SANDOVAL

(Continued from Page 34)

past shops and through looking movements of people, and we both were thinking of the statue in Uncle Pat's gambling house. So we talked about the weather, and when Neddy's ship would get to San Francisco, and his wife's next baby. We bowed to ladies. Men stopped us. My feet ached less, standing still, and I saw Thorold Gaar in a window where fabrics were darkly hung over crutches that kept them suave to catch eyes. We were all moving statues with secrets in our middles. Tremendous thinking, that! I approved of Thorold Gaar, and we came down Fourteenth Street to the brick doorstep of the gymnasium. Two youths in gray, hard hats were smoking pipes and talking to a girl with muddy eyes.

"Mr. Cray upstairs?"

One of the youths asked, "Want to know? Well, whyn't you go up and look then?" and the girl laughed.

Showing off in front of this tawdry girl! I scowled and walked up the stairs behind Christian's black coat. This New York was full of people trying to show off, and here was the statue flaunting its muscles under lamplight, with the club still whirled back over its shoulder. Christian rapped its knee with the blue ring on his little finger and there came the hollow, small noise to tell him that it was empty. I coughed in the smoke that would not flee about the cherry curtains rimmed with day at the long windows.

My brother said, "Ho! There's Jo Mansfield!" and chuckled.

She was a woman whose hair was hidden in a frothy hat while she leaned on a green table, fingering a ball. There was a tall man behind her white gown who drank some yellow stuff and smiled when her hat turned. Who was she? I did not care; she could have her secrets while her train lay in lumps of snow on the dark floor, and deep beauty sank in the polished wood as she moved. I must watch her smile and stoop her breast to bet on a number while something spun in a brass ring far down the table's green. Yet Christian was talking to our uncle.

"Pretty good-lookin', Pat. Must have cost a penny."

Cray complained, "Now! You act like your father! If a feller knows New York like I do it ain't hard to fit a room up. Six thousand to the outside, Christy." He beamed at his vapid paintings of bare women and the green paper above his afternoon's traffic, pleased with this gaudiness. "Your father thinks I can't run a business solid. No, if you know where to look for things!"

"Well, but this statue? That must have cost—what? Couple of thousand?"

"Go to Jerusalem! It didn't cost me a cent!"

Christian looked up at the grooved back and the glows on the formal, curling hair.

He asked, "Oh, rented?" heavily, and put a gray glove to his chin.

"Better'n that! Your pa gave it to me. Had it down in the cellar at the bank. He ——"

"Where'd he get it?"

"Oh, bought it off some feller out West. Well, nobody was buyin' statuary back in the war. I had it stored at Hoffheimer's place in Bleecker Street. Done Hoffheimer plenty of favors. It don't weigh so much as you'd think. . . . Have a drink?"

When we were on the stairs my brother said "A sane man ain't shocked at things." And when we were facing the light that showered from the west down the street's motion he said "Well, there goes pa's honor!" while his mouth stiffened from end to end. He looked so again years afterward, when one of his sons was badly hurt at polo.

"Go home an' wait for me, Blacky. . . . Pa was in it. Mr. Almy gave him a partnership to shut him up. . . . Go home," he said, and strode off to find a cab, with his head high.

IX

NOTHING hurt me while I sat on Christian's desk through twilight and watched the balls of paper glimmer as flowers on the gray planks that faded below my feet. Pictures entertained me. Here were Mr. Almy and father digging gold pieces out of glazed cold wax in a cellar, with gold spread on the stones of this cellar. They were always two slim men in a cellar torturing gold out of the black statue. I could only think in pictures.

It was all simple. Father had wanted money to be fashionable and he had helped Mr. Almy in this trick on Sandoval's friends. Then he became a partner in Almy & Co. Mother bought her red bracelets; I was sent to school at Wallingford, a thief's son! Not a thief! Sandoval's friends were trying to help the rebellion; they wanted Louis Napoleon to send over an army of men in red trousers to help the South. Red trousers ran with gray trousers up the map, pushed back blue trousers. No, it was smart of Mr. Almy and father to do this! They had helped the North to win. It was smart.

It was not smart! It was a stinking trick; dishonorable. What was honor? It was something among the pictures that went on without stopping in my head as the desk carried me in blackness without noise.

Yet I had no pain at all. The men in the cellar were immaterial and outside my grasping wonder. I saw them do all this without horror, coldly. But if another boy liked his father it would hurt, and I knew that. I watched the dishonor and was hungry, in the blind room, until Christian came to say "Thor?" in the doorway. I mumbled, and he lighted the globes above the green cups of the mantel. Then he took his thick watch from a black waistcoat, and asked "What time's it, son?" staring at me, with the dial glowing on his palm.

"It's after ten, Christy."

"Sandoval said to come and see him at nine." He brooded, kicking the papers into the hearth. "Been tryin' to write a piece about politics for three days. Funny how your mind kind of stops, ain't it? I had to go all the way out home after pa. He'd taken some men out to stay all night. This is Saturday."

"What did he say?"

Christian was tinkling the cups on the mantel, and it struck through me that his pain must be dreadful, outside imagination. He liked our father.

But he said, "He didn't—well, it's all true though! Yes, he gave Pat the old statue. Says he bought it in Cinc—— That place in Ohio. Told me I must be crazy. But he didn't get mad, Blacky. He stood and said that Sandoval had better keep his mouth shut. The money was sent for a treasonable purpose. Of course, Sandoval ain't got any proof of this. No law to keep him from yellin' it in all the bars in town. War's over." He paused, his small sentiment about these green cups twisting him. Gaar had given them to him last fall. "No, though. It's all straight. But how's pa look at it? Does he think this was all right? Or just smart, a smart trick on a lot of fools. He says I'm a fool to pay any attention." He brooded, "It's a hell of a town! Dunno what I'll do now. Have to go see Sandoval. Come on."

It made me feel strong and his equal to see Christian puzzle as we were driven up Broadway. He was not puzzled; the thing was simple to him. He must get money somewhere and pay Sandoval's ruined friends so that the vain jackass would not take this tale to May Almy. A waterfall drummed in his silence and his pulses flurried in the pressure of sheer fright that kept him dumb. He felt me near him, as a man might know in darkness that a dog sniffed his hand; but he said he thought of me as a small boy, while I grew majestic, happy in so much to think about. All the world was pared away from us, and I drifted in the void of my conceit, watching men loll coatless in new heat on rails of Union Square.

"Blacky, I can't let this fool go and see her—y'know?"

"But he wouldn't!"

"Dunno. No, he's a gentleman," said Christian, and chuckled, "He says so often enough. . . . Hey, get along, driver! I'll die of this!"

We were turned westward along Sixteenth Street, and a church amazed me by colored globes on its front. It shocked me as indecent, theatrical; and when we got down before the arch of Rupert's hotel, here were more colored globes in a curve between yellow walls. The square garden waved up and down in lit stirring of people, and a man bounced on a great tambourine in the middle, bawling out the chorus of Naughty Girls, while an orchestra boomed the stale music behind him. The place heaved to my hungry excitement, and tables of black iron were steady as rocks in a surf. The hotel squirted waiters and their trays from a low door under a balcony that streaked the ocher brick, and my eyes mounted to a second and a third long gallery before I saw the line of roof and the diminished stars.

"Big crowd. Saturday night. Let's have a drink," said Christian, and pushed me to a table by the monstrous tambourine, which was a circular stage when I looked again.

Lilacs seemed brittle paper against three walls, and women wore veils often, in the receding groups that took on charm far from the central lamps above the capering fellow's song. Women again were golden hurrying shapes at a dance behind the lowest balcony. They swam past long windows, and the inner lamps must be red. A waiter poured some chill, grayish wine into our goblets; and a stout, blond man bowed to Christian, with his white waistcoat creasing.

"That's Rupert, sonny. . . . Hey, there's Sandoval!"

I looked up from the black coat of Mr. Rupert and saw at once a white suit on the highest balcony. The man stood and seemed hung out there, against the long redness of his window, for the stare of the garden. The low railing cut his whiteness at the knees. Then he sat sideways on the iron bar and gazed down through the lights, unmoving. I think that people looked up all around us.

A woman asked "Who's that, Ed?" and a man didn't know.

Sandoval sat, and the kinkajou posed beside him on the rail, with its silver chain wagging. The hotel's dim brick and the window thrust him at me, and I cringed in the music. He was atrocious, vengeful, sitting there. We were on the bad side of his ghostly war; honor lay with him.

"We've got to sing small," said Christian. "He's a fool and he's vulgar, but —— You go somewhere and get some grub, Blacky. The food ain't much here. Or d'you want to come up?"

"No."

My brother dropped a bill on the table and walked about the curving stage. The low door under the hotel's height took him in, and Sandoval's red room was a demoniac cavern, a hell. Dislike lifted me from my chair; then the white suit rose and passed into the glowing window, a door, on some signal; and the kinkajou carried his chain along the balcony to a rope of wistaria in an angle, vanished. A girl spun on the stage and her six skirts of differing colors bellied out around jeweled legs. I was in the tumbling sound of applause, aware of hissing laughter, while she set slim hands on hips and minced to the rim of the platform, tranquilly getting eyes fixed to her waist's black girdle, a corset of hard velvet. She was pretty, strutting so, and the violins whipped up an empty tune for her nasal song:

"All the boys I know are just so awful poor!
Nobody that's rich comes drivin' up to our front door.
Ma says it's a shame with all the swells in town;
None of 'em'll buy a girl a wedding gown.
But down around the corner ——"

If mother heard the heavy beat of this I would have it daily on her harp. I hoped she wouldn't meet it at Buford Springs; but she would hear it and learn it, because it pleased this crowd. I turned to look at the tables, and a brass button sewn to blue cloth jerked past my eyes.

"You're under arrest, Miss Duval."

The girl nodded to the affable policeman and asked, "Got any order?"

"Sure! Judge Fleming. . . . Hello, Mr. Rupert."

"Now, officer," Rupert said pleasantly. "Again! What's this for?"

"Appearance on a public stage indecently dressed, sir. The judge has been havin' more complaints from them people uptown. You'll have to come too."

Mr. Rupert said, still pleasantly, "Outrageous! Miss Duval's dressed as a Bavaroise—a German girl, you know. That is not a corset." And men came to sympathize with Miss Duval, who was amused by all this. Ladies giggled among the lilacs, and a waiter brought the dancer's cloak.

"At this rate," said Mr. Rupert, "all our *chanteuses* must appear in waterproof

(Continued on Page 101)

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coats. Yes, with boots on! What a country! . . . Back pretty soon," he told a man in gray, and strolled out of the archway with Miss Duval on his arm.

The business bubbled and sank from my irritation by the bared stage; it was silly, and the chattering people were sillier. I stared up at Sandoval's window and hated him. Then a lank youth dressed as a country lout hopped on the platform to a grunt of drums and yelled that he would show the folks how a little boy washed his ears before Sunday school.

Was he going to please New York's gayest with this jape that had bored us at Doctor Randall's when a lad from Hartford showed it off in the lavatories three years ago? I got up as he made piggish noises and the people brayed. New York laughed me out of the garden, and I ran, I think, under the arch of globes westward, to see a green lamp and a mast's identity against the softer stars.

Water cradled this rocky forest filled with strut and dull laughter. Christian must take me away; his mind should shelter mine while we shot buffalo and found pretty women on a prairie somewhere; we would be soldiers of the Russian Czar or sailors in a lacquered junk like the one that swayed in Doctor Randall's study when the wind came up meadows to console the hearing of Greek verbs. A rhetoric of wrath possessed my hunger; May ebbed and was a silvery point in my distress; Christian and I could find another girl who liked my music and didn't think him ugly. The city was a mush; people stole black statues and laughed at stupid jokes; here was no honor. No one thought. They strutted and stole Christian and I were detached, floating off from all this. A happy rage came on me. I had a Chinese wife and eighteen sons sworn to destroy New York; Christian led purple armies out of ships and sacked the town; society went to refuge in St. Mark's Church. This was adolescence raving, very hungry, down a hot street that grew vague and startled me to steadiness. Perhaps I was fainting.

The stars were erased and a thin wind brought fog more thickly through channels. A lad said to a smaller boy, "Bust along, Jim. Ma'll git scared," and they trotted. My consequences waned in the cooling vapor, and a cab made little noise on Broadway. New York was quenched and the mist stroked my face out of wrinkles. Grand Street had a dignity with voices hushed, and the fog was silver around windows.

Charity crept from the silvery fog. I was tired anyhow, and thinking would stop in bed. The clock of Mrs. Worth's room jangled midnight romantically, and I felt my age to be coming upstairs calmly, with tragic matters in my head, and to whistle as I opened the door on lights.

All thought was stale again, and I beamed at a globe until Captain Lassiter got up from a chair and said, "I've been waitin' for Mr. Christian, youngster."

"He—I don't know when he'll be in, sir. . . . How's May?"

"She's feeling better. Considerably upset by that uncomfortable business the other night. She's at her friend Miss Ayres' house in Eighteenth Street."

The rosy man shook hands gravely and sat down in Christian's chair by the desk, smiling and fingering a white flower in his coat. He was a soothing fog of manners and little courtesies, asking questions. Christian was all right? My mother had got safely to Buford Springs?

"Yes, we're all right, sir."

"I'm taking May to my mother in Baltimore on the early train in the morning. She's been most distressed. I think it's better—privately viewing the situation—to get her away from Mrs. Almy's—peculiarities." He raised a hand as I snarled "Black cat!" and went on: "Most curiously jealous of anybody who shows the least feelin' for May. May will be for some time with my mother and sister, and she'll be glad to hear from you. We came down on the nine o'clock train from Irvington. Drove by your house, but the servants said you and Mr. Christian would be found here."

The kind man drawled this far and then walked to admire the glasses of the mantel. His voice lifted.

"Also—you'll tell this to your brother directly he comes in?—also, this peacock puppy of a De Sandoval's had the impudence to address a letter to May. Condescends to say that he asked to be presented to her at your mother's ball so as to discover if she seemed an honorable person—eh?"

"He wrote to her!"

"He did! The letter came this afternoon just after—well, when she was feelin' more comfortable than she had been. It distressed her greatly. The nasty fellow had the impertinence to say that her father owed some friends of his two hundred thousand dollars, the grounds of the claim bein' that Mr. Almy had promised to forward money to Europe six years ago and had accepted two hundred thousand dollars from these people. There's no need to recite the rest of his farrago, because it's too absurd to be believed by a tipsy nigger. But he first practically accuses Mr. Almy of embezzlin' funds, and then adds a lot of tilly-lolly nonsense about this being a debt of honor. . . . Honor? He does not know what the word means. It's not excusable on any grounds. I've written him at May's order to tell him to go to the devil or produce legal evidence. But you'd best warn your brother that the fellow's an irreclaimable liar to begin with, and a swine besides. You won't care to be associated with such a character. Even if there was an iota of truth in his statement, he had no right to distress a lady with it. He's been sulking at Sandoval until he's lost his manners."

I think that I said, "He'd no business writin' May!"

"Precisely so. He's utterly lost his manners. I shan't keep you out of bed, but be sure to tell your brother directly in the morning. Good night. You must come to lunch with me next week."

He smiled and took his gentility down the stairs, and for a little time his cane tapped Grand Street's silence with its tiny life. The South had formally damned Sandoval's manners; he had slapped a woman's face; he was a sulky beast that sprang through our sentiments to claw the silver dress.

One of the green cups smashed into the fireplace and beryls spun out on the gray floor; a shelf hurt my shoulder and I reeled around the room hunting a door; yellow flares passed in my head with vehement noises beyond all sound; a woman grew out of fog and exclaimed as I passed her near some corner; since the fog was silver, I was running with May around me, going in a cloud to avenge her; my mouth charred and a stream of images rolled, rolled in me while the stilled city was vacant to my rage; I ran up a red staircase in a silver mist, pitiless. I was going to kill him.

This could not last. My pace fell to a shamble, and I recall blue globes on the Grand Opera and a bulging woman's gown that wabbled. Some reason worked in me; let Christian thrash him. There was a kind of right in the man's act. He had some right to do this. I couldn't throw him down from his balcony and kill him. There had been a war and someone had done something wrong. . . . There was one bare gas jet on the arch of the hotel's gate, and I stood surprised at the dulled garden. Moist tables were hidden; fog and Sunday morning had driven off the herd. The low door at the building's root glowed shyly, but the round stage was a fallen moon of reddish glory from the slanted beating that came out of Sandoval's long window, the one brightness of the dim hotel. Christian was there yet; I would go and tell him. I would see him smash Sandoval's teeth. I walked around the stage, and my sleeve touched an iron chair briskly with a click of the button. Then something tinkled.

The kinkajou dragged his chain closer to me and I looked down at a white shapelessness bent double beside a chair on the gravel, stained a little by the lower door. Then my body swayed and swayed until the inescapable moment of my scream.

x

BY A PROCESS of motions I became a black statue in the corner of a glaring room and watched men drape Sandoval in a tablecloth on some chairs pulled together. They had given me the kinkajou to hold, and it sat on my arm, licking its hands in comfort.

We looked at each other; and a fellow in underclothes, a young waiter, came to tell César, "*Oh, mon pauvre!*" Meanwhile I gazed at the tables of this bar, and at the counter with one orange solid on the level shimmer of mahogany.

Christian had killed him. Christian had flung him down from the window and his skull was crushed. It was all done. Men repeated in French "He fell; he must have fallen; he fell," and this young waiter said, "He took much champagne at dinner." A woman came in and screamed gently. I am aware that it seemed a scream of enjoyment, and that her feet were jammed into purple velvet slippers. The kinkajou wound his tail around my arm and looked at her until she went away. Then all the servants were talking to a blond man, who was Rupert in a dressing gown.

"He fell –must have fallen. Raoul says that he took much champagne at dinner."

A jet streaked up in pure gold flame and a table glimmered in long prettiness. It stayed, and was the lid of a gilded box. It was a coffin, and I stared from it to Rupert, lighting a cigarette. He came to me, the black statue, and spoke to me.

"You, sir?"

"My name's Thor—Thorold Gaar."

The man bowed to me and smiled. "Mr. Gaar. A brother, perhaps, of Mr. Christian Gaar? Mr. Charles Gaar's son? So! Now, this is uncomfortable!"

It was uncomfortable to be a black statue watching a gilded coffin go sliding up a lane in all this heat. They never hung rich men though.

Rupert said, "The balustrade—too low. I have often argued with the landlord. What can one do? Last week an accident. . . . He fell?"

"Yes."

"Ah! It gives a hotel a bad name! And this beast of his climbs everywhere. . . . You knew monsieur?"

"Yes; met him. I was going up to his room."

"This beast—it goes out in the street and children pursue it back."

I said, "Out in the street? . . . Well, I was going up to his room," and tried to get my wrist out of the kinkajou's brown tail.

"Exactly! Someone must always chase this brute and bring it back! The police officer should be here at once. . . .Please sit down; so uncomfortable; please."

The black statue sat on a plush chair and looked over the gilded coffin at an orange on the bar. Mr. Rupert blew rings of smoke and rubbed a scratch on his chin. . . . A long way back all this began with a war. Gray men chased blue men up the map and people bribed shimmering women in Paris to talk to emperors. I did not care. They must not put Christian in a coffin.

"Such things give a house a bad name.. I am already in difficulties with the police—complaints."

"Yes; that girl that danced."

"To call a Bavaroise costume corsets! These people!"

I did not care about the girl and her costumes. A man in blue came out of fog and wiped his face. He was the policeman. His face had rosy patches on the cheeks. He lived abominably before me, and said, "Well, Mr. Rupert!" undoing the brass buttons of his tunic.

"This gentleman fell from his room—from the balcony."

"Dead?"

"Now, Mory! He fell from the third stage! Of course!"

The policeman cast his cap on the bar and stood jerking off the blue coat. It shocked me that he was naked to the waist, and his rosy skin had streaks of rash.

"You'd think the weather'd cool down some. September! I'm destroyed with prickly heat! . . . Drunk, was he?"

"Oh, perhaps!" Mr. Rupert offered a cigarette from the green paper and smiled a little when it was refused. The officer stood rubbing his thick chest carefully, and his eyebrows rippled; but I was watching the blond owner of this hotel Rupert smiled in the same fashion, and one of his feet in a slipper of brown leather moved. "But must I be in the news, Mory? Come! I have already been enough. These things give the house a bad name. Come!"

"Go on, you French divvil!"

They both grinned. Rupert's flat, jolly face bore the expression for a long time; some kind of game began. An arrest came in my thought. This was to be kept hidden, hushed if Rupert could do it. They were callous, grinning at each other, and the muddle of waiters had receded beside the door into a shadow made by a hanging towel on a rack that swung above Sandoval's significance.

"Well, what happened, then? What's his name?"

"I will spell it: C. C. de that is d-e - French, you see? S-a-n-d-o-v-a-l, of New Orleans He came on Sunday." Rupert surveyed the man writing, and his air was

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one of watchful ownership. He was older than the bare-shouldered Irish fellow, who looked up from a scrubby notebook and grunted. Rupert said, hitching his silk robe's pockets with both hands, "He drank much champagne at dinner. The balustrade is very much—much too low. I have often spoken to the landlord. He drank—Raoul, *dis donc!* This is his waiter."

The young waiter trotted and spoke eagerly, passionately, "Oh, much! Champagne and two big cordials—chartreuse and a cognac."

"What's a connac?"

"Old brandy," said Rupert.

The waiter wanted to be looked at, noticed. He was shuffling his socks and twisting. "And afterwards I took up two more cognac with coffee while he had a visitor. He was certainly drunk. The balustrade is very low too. Yes! Too low!" Rupert nodded.

"Sit out on this balcony much?"

"A good deal. Besides," Rupert said, "he was very handsome and liked to be seen."

"Good it did him! So he dropped over the edge. Who found him?"

Then he would ask who had last seen him. Christian would come in now. I opened my lips.

Rupert answered, "This gentleman." Then he said slowly, "This is Mr. Gaar—you know? G-a-a-r. He is a son of Mr. Charles Gaar—you know? The banker." He repeated, "The banker—you know?"

The rosy policeman knew, writing my name. He looked at me lightly, with blue eyes, and studied César on my black knee.

"What kind of monkey's that?"

"It is Mr. Sandoval's—a damned nuisance. It ran all over the hotel. Mr. Gaar finds it and is bringing it in, and Mr. Sandoval fell over the balustrade. That is all. Will you look at him?"

"I will not! Them things give me the bad dreams! . . . The young gentleman seen him fall over. . . . I dunno it's a case for a coroner. . . . I don't see nothin' more in it."

Nothing in it. They never hang rich men's sons. No questions. Not a lie even. A soft sound came through my head. Everything was hushing down. Corruption sank in corruption rottenly before me. Or did they believe this? Perhaps they did.

"Where you live at, sir?"

"Dobbs Ferry. I'm stayin' in town right now though."

"Know this San—Sandoval?"

"I met him."

"Well, it's kind of nasty. Dunno but what you better come over to the station, Mr. Rupert, and tell about it." He had not written my address. This was Rupert's affair. He pulled on his coat over the rash and winced, "God, now! This late in September!"

Rupert asked, "Who is at the station?"

"Winslow."

"Very well. I will get on my clothes and come. You," he said in French to the waiters, "will say to the people upstairs that a gentleman has died of a fall. These railings are too low. I do not wish any more of these accidents. They give us a bad name. And someone gets a cab for monsieur here."

A waiter ran. The young waiter came to squat near me and talk to César in a tender chatter. "*Le pauvre—ton maître——*"

The kinkajou listened and curved his tail, crawling down my leg. They sat and looked at each other happily.

"If there was any of suicide in this," said the officer, "I'd have to—but there ain't. . . . Where's his room, now?"

"Come with me." They were gone.

An older waiter said in English "Good there ain't many in the house. . . . I don't see why I'm standin' here!" and walked out discontentedly, dragging up his trousers. In lucid weariness I watched the other pale men shift by the door. This was an ugly nothing: a guest had died in the rowdy hotel and Mr. Rupert would keep it out of the news. A pattering French voice said, "But always a big fuss! The papers must be sealed. The relatives send letters to ask what has been stolen—stupid! A death in a hotel is always stupid . . . The cab for the young gentleman"

I would not look up at the red window. The cab rolled me away, and this soft sound was in my head again. Glows passed on a rag of carpet under my feet in clear reflections, white from the misted lamps.

XI

THE room was black when I opened the door, and Christian did not speak as the brightness of the hall washed across his legs, sprawled from a chair. I shut the door and he said, "Been waitin' for you, sonny. . . . A thing happened."

"It's all right, Christy."

"What is?"

"Up at the hotel. They think he fell over the rail—just fell over."

Should I go and hold him, and say that I didn't care, wasn't going to be ashamed of him? But we had no caresses for each other, and it seemed absurd, female, to do such a thing.

I leaned on the door, and Christian asked, "Who was there?"

"I found him lyin'. Then Rupert told the policeman that I saw him fall off the balcony."

Christian drawled, "Trust Rupert to get out of it easy. No, it'll just be an accident in the papers. Rupert'll fix that smooth as silk. What's honorable? If I go and say I hit him, why, there'll be a trial, and they'll have May in it. She'll have to be mentioned. Can't just say I hit this feller because he'd written some woman a letter. . . . Questions I'm a poor liar too. Nothin' would happen, but——"

He must be thinking how he had fearfully hit Sandoval, and how the white suit went swirling over the low rail. I shivered; he would go and tell and they would try him.

"He slapped me. I hit him—then this happened. When I came downstairs he was dead already. So mad I just walked out—cab in Fourteenth Street. . . . The fool!" said Christian queerly. "What's dog in French?"

"*Chien.*"

"That ain't it. . . . *Va!* What's that mean? *Va!*"

"Get out or go out."

My brother sighed. I had relieved his brain of a question and he was soothed at once, drawling, "Lassiter says the feller's mother was a cheap actress. He must have watched her carry on and kind of taken after her. . . . Listen!"

As he came into the square bedroom Sandoval was finishing a glass of brandy, and Christian watched his hand shake a trifle.

The brown man asked "You have seen your father?" and Christian answered that he must see Gaar again before he would undertake to do anything, muttered that there were guests in Dobbs Ferry.

Sandoval shrugged and was gracious. There was no hurry. The gentlemen in New Orleans and Mobile had waited, could wait a little longer. It was all disconcerting.

"Certainly," he tapped, "I will wait Mr. Gaar's leisure. He has the books, the records of the bank. Let him look—you see?—and he will find that money was deposited without cause on such and such a date. That will show Miss Almy that there is no mistake."

He walked to the bell rope beside the window and rang. Then he lounged through the long portal and appeared on the balcony, to be admired by the garden, a knee on the dangerous rail. And there his white suit stayed, with gleams mounting it until the young waiter popped in to get an order for more cognac.

Sloth had fallen on the man. He drooped across a chair and spoke of New York with an inconsequent brevity. The shops were vulgar after Paris. The low women had no style and the ladies were stiff. But it was interesting—a metropolis of a sort, very active. He might go abroad again after a time and visit Rome.

"Although I am agnostic, one should see Rome," he yawned.

My brother had a vision of Sandoval patronizing Rome from some balcony, while the man lounged off again to sit on the rail and look down, a Napoleonic hand in the white coat. Then he drank brandy and spoke of New Orleans.

The manners of New Orleans were in ill repair. Even the services of gentlemen to a cause were being forgotten. And certain persons were chilly; one was not responsible for the conduct of one's connections; a female relative—under the fallacious guidance of her warm heart—had offended etiquette; was he responsible? No?. However, after his success in the matter of the money there would be a change. The brandy sloshed in a large tumbler, and Christian wondered if the one motive behind the man's acts was a wish to be admired by some vague circle in the far city.

"We all want to be admired," Christian fretted. "But was that all he wanted? I took him for a kind of patriot. . . . Dunno. Well, he talked."

Sandoval talked, and as Christian didn't want his brandy, the man took it slowly, petting César on his knee. The gas burned in frosted shades on the red walls and the kinkajou's eyes matched his master's stare. There was another journey to the balcony, and César was scolded as he climbed down the wistaria. Christian began to sweat, and the fog showed suddenly as a dome crumbling into the garden. Women squealed, and my brother went to watch the effusion of skirts, with Rupert bowing from the edge of the stage and globes being deadened by the waiters. Everything swept off, and the windows of the hotel did not reach the gravel. Only the stage maintained itself under Sandoval's ray; a violin howled as a musician cased its strings. César came back with a walnut shell and was petted.

"Here," Christian said, "let's talk about our business. . . . Suppose I pay you twenty-five or thirty thousand. You can go down and begin gettin' these gentlemen paid off."

But Sandoval made his disapproving sound. Why should Christian inconvenience himself? It was generous, but let the heirs of this infamy make the thing right. He seemed to have no idea of our father's hand in the matter. A melancholy rode him now. He admired, he pitied these gentlemen; but they had blamed his uncle for accepting Ross' word and pleading them into such a scheme. They had never taken himself as a man of intelligence. His overseer, in fact, Aristide Breaux, was considered to be the veritable cause of his prosperity. As if any man of sense could not control a thousand good acres and see that the mill was cleaned properly! Christian humbly waited while Sandoval described a melon that would surpass other melons. He also heard that other families of Cotys in Louisiana were in no way connected. Sandoval's grandfather had been the Colonel Coty who broke his sword before Robespierre and was saved by that monster's fall from the guillotine. My brother cut the pedigree.

"Suppose that my father ain't willin' to talk to the Almys? It'll be pretty hard work to begin. You'd better let me pay you something and——"

Sandoval shrugged and walked back to the table for his last sip of brandy. He said, "Oh, we will see what their attitude is. I wrote to Miss Almy last night," and drank, set down the tumbler for the kinkajou to sniff.

Christian said "Wrote her?" and a pale streak went past his eyes. He gulped, "You dirty dog! Where's your honor?" and Sandoval slapped him across the mouth.

The white suit towered. Sandoval stalked toward the bell rope and then turned again. The fog was a shivering drapery in the long window behind him, and the balcony's floor was black with wetness. Before all this the brown man stood shaking; one hand ceaselesaly rose and fell as if he aimed a ball. Christian put on his hat and then walked up to the white shape. He felt a necessity in him and struck Sandoval on the cheek with his open hand twice. As he hit, the damp flesh pulsed against his palm and he felt the man's strength shudder.

"Get out!" Sandoval said.

He swung his whole body in a gesture that rocked him, and, whirling, walked into the balcony. The fog abated his whiteness. He seemed gray, ghostly, and sank on the rail to glare at Christian, a foot twitching. Then he said "*Va!*" and the white arm swung again in the action of his outrageous vanity. As if his hand met a hand that dragged him, he was swayed backward and the fog seemed to suck him away. There was no noise, and my brother stared at the mist without sense.

"Then he killed himself, Christy!"

"I hit him. . . . Shook himself clean over the rail—just to shake his hand at me! But he was right in this business! He was right! Almy and pa did a stinkin' trick on these men! He was right, but he had to act like a fool! . . . He was the vainest man I ever saw! And now May knows!"

I gasped "But she don't believe it!" and gabbled about Lassiter.

Christian lighted the globes; and I saw him, quite unshaken, folding slabs of cheese into white bread beside the green cups, nodding at me.

"She and Lassiter wouldn't believe it. . . . Taking her to Baltimore? Do her good. . . . Awful nice girl. . . . Hated her like poison yesterday. . . . A man's mind's funny. Wonder if she'll marry——" He ate some bread. Then he asked, "Feel all right?"

The city pushed at me through these walls, and I had a thought of father kissing my cheek and the flash of mother's bracelets; all but this one figure and the fluttering passage of May's silvery dress were things minutely stained by my distrust. Sentiment forced a rage on me and I cried, "Let's go off somewheres! Russia! I don't care where!" and gulped that I hated everybody.

"Go on! You ain't but seventeen!"

"There's lots of girls, Christy! Let's go off and ——"

He said, "You go to bed! . . . Really want a trip?"

"Oh, Christian, what's the good of hangin' round here?"

Christian said "Go to bed, Blacky," and stood twisting a green glass for a time. Then he grinned and looked at me. "You just stand there and let Rupert tell the police that you saw him fall off the railin'?"

"Sure!"

He grinned and colored up to his eyes Then he said, "Well, bust along to bed, Blacky. Hustle!" He laughed, and some shadow shoved me toward my bed. I had the fancy of starting off to school in the morning, and my valise kept me wakeful for a moment by its dull lump on the floor. After a time someone swore; people spoke of socks; I had too few socks; Neddy thought it scandalous when we were so rich; Christian said, "Well, he can wear mine—plenty!" Trailing silver passed in my head with a tone of music and a sense of some lost fight in nightmare. Then Christian rinsed my face in cold water that dazzled with light on its drops. I growled, pulling on shoes and breeches. Coffee was bitter from a tin cup, and my feet ached; but Christian had telegraphed mother that we were going somewhere.

Russia?

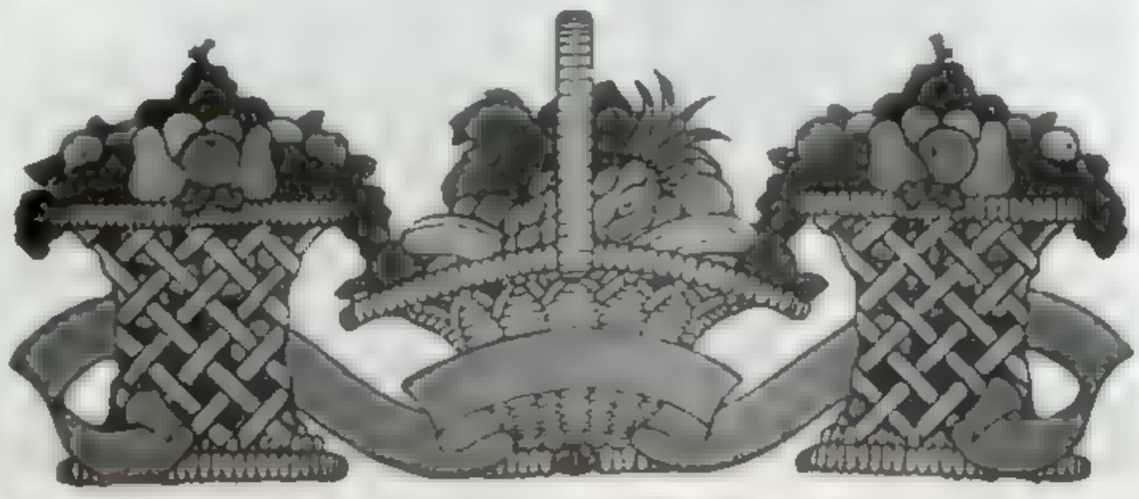
"Won't San Francisco do, son?"

Anywhere would do while his mind sheltered mine, but my feet ached, and father might come to kiss me at any minute. I glared at a lout lugging off the green glasses in a case, and some corded books jogged on a shoulder in blue wool. A baby came to watch me knot my tie. Then a sailor lifted a brown arm against the sun, and bare feet ran on a plane of painted boards, while a tug put up a parasol of curly smoke and a pink ferryboat languished into the peacock water of its slip. Women waved on a pier and sails rose from gray folds to a white, lofty shimmer as the world heaved softly, thrusting from us the red and bronze of the stretched city.

"Say, son, who's playin' the piano?"

A dark-haired boy in shabby clothes swung his legs from the white deck house and told Christian "Sister," while he looked at me without rudeness, as boys do, and the gallantry of a march danced toward the sails, toward the sun's unconquered youth in the clean sky.

(THE END)



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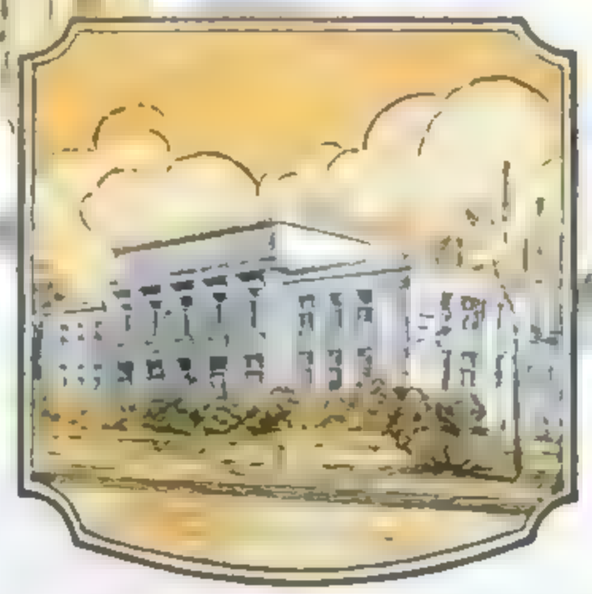

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MODERNS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Good Lord, if you could only get it into your head that fear is your own destruction! Once you get the principles of harmonial law you are your own protection."

"Why, I'm not afraid; there's—there's nothing to be afraid of in Olivia's little investigations," Mrs. Brown denied unsteadily. "I—I must say I do get a little mixed up, though, with all these modern notions."

The energetic exponent of harmonial law, however, was concerned with matters more immediately at hand. She dropped down on a straight-backed chair, motioning her hostess to a small rocker.

"Is this the dress you're going to wear to be introduced to Jim?"

"Why, yes; it's my second-best one. Did you have a good meeting at Harmonial Hall last night?"

Mrs. Winters was not to be decoyed. Her bright Irish eyes roamed unapprovingly over the slender black figure before her, and the drawn little face with its heaven-blue eyes.

"Can't you rip out that yoke? Your throat'd look right pretty in a V neck."

Mrs. Brown's fingers went protectingly to the high-collared dickey of her somber black dress.

"Oh, gracious, no!" she gasped. "You see, I'm mourning; and besides, I'm almost sixty years old."

"What of it? You speak as if it was worse than smallpox. Makes me feel disgraced to be fifty-nine. But we won't argue about it. One of our first harmonial laws is that argument is the seed of discord. But I don't see any use in your trying to look as old as Methuselah. If you'd fluff your hair out a little over your ears it'd help a lot. Everybody's wearing it that way. Jim's just telephoned. He and Eb'll be up in a few minutes, now. I'm sure you two'll get along just fine. Now do chirk up a little."

Even now that Olivia was gone and that there was no danger of her learning the secret, Annie Brown could not gather enough courage to tell Mrs. Winters that she had known Jim Daniels long before he went to Texas—long before Mrs. Winters had ever even heard of him. She had been desperately afraid to ask anything about him, lest Olivia should divine all that she learned. She had known for four days that Jim Daniels was coming, but she had left the one great question unasked. Even now she could not ask it outright, boldly; instead she tiptoed into the realm of strategy.

"Why doesn't your friend's wife come with him? Don't they get along?"

"Great lands! Jim hasn't any wife. What put that in your head?"

"Why—it seemed to me you said something the other day about Kate not coming with him."

As if she did not know who Kate was—Kate, who had once tripped her into the mill pond.

"Oh! Why, Kate's his old-maid sister. Tongue like a razor blade. But my, she was a good neighbor. No, Jim's never married. You see, Kate was a good housekeeper, and I guess he finished with women 'fore ever he came to Texas; some scatterbrained girl jilted him back in his old home town. Funny thing, how 'most always the finest men fall in love with no-account girls."

Diligently Mrs. Brown searched her mending basket for a needle that was not there. She got a thread in her throat, and coughed, finally finding words.

"Seems dreadful strange for a man to remember a girl that long."

"Yes, don't it? Still, I don't suppose he really remembers her. Just got in the habit of not being married. It's been so long since Kate told me about it that I've forgotten, but I think Jim and this girl had been sweethearts from the time they were youngsters; she was a banker's orphan and Jim didn't have any money and he didn't want to marry her till he did have. Jim's always been awful proud. Well, he hadn't been gone any time at all till the little hoyden went and married somebody else."

As if following Annie Brown's thoughts her eyes turned to the bookcase; stopped.

"Why, what's become of your husband's picture? Your daughter take it with her?"

"Oh! Why—why, I guess it got put in the top drawer when we dusted."

"Your daughter was dreadful fond of her father, I guess."

"Oh! Yes. They—they both had such fine minds."

"Well, fine minds are all right if you make folks happy with 'em," Sally reflected harmonially. "I must run along now and have a little bite ready for the men. Why don't you come in, too, and be helping me when they get here?"

Courage flowed out of Annie Brown as through an open artery. She pleaded a headache. "Then go and lie down a minute," prescribed Sally; "just relax and hold the thought of harmony and you'll wake up fresh as a fritter." Pausing in the doorway she delivered a final edict: "Looks funny without your husband's picture there. I kind of like it, though. No use harboring heartaches. Those who loved us 'd want us to be happy."

Her Daughter's Voice Became a Part of the Stillness. "Father! Father! Come. Come. Help Me to Find the Barrier That Hampers Our Communication"

Something told Annie Brown that Mrs. Winters did not think she was harboring heartaches. In a strange dull way it was a relief to have someone know it. And it was pleasant not to have his picture there, watching her. Oh, the years, the years he had watched her stealthily, gloatingly, pleasurably. For more than John Brown's pride in his judgeship, more than his pride in his increasing financial prowess, more even than his pride in Olivia, who wrote thoughtful articles for several state newspapers; even more than all these things combined was his peculiar pride in having his small admiring world notice how wholly and adoringly his faded little wife loved him.

Annie Brown realized now, from Olivia's recent researches, that this passion of his partook of the nature of inhibitions and complexes; it was certainly a repressed emotion. No one in all the world except Annie Brown and Maggie Hartwell—the old nurse who had died long ago—so much as dreamed of the queer distorted obsession that ruled John Brown. Maggie Hartwell had kept her secret well—she would have kept it just as safely for fifty dollars, but Judge Brown had given her five hundred; ten new crisp fifty-dollar bills. He had not risked the imperiling evidence of a check; it was so monstrous, so heinous a thing to him.

If it had not been for the terrible agonizing bewildering pain that Olivia had brought with her birth he would never have known that his wife loved another man; she would have gone on staunchly with her pretense. For she had learned well in that one year the immensity of her husband's littleness, and she knew the overwhelming humiliation it would be to him if he ever learned the truth in her heart.

And then—Olivia. Blackness—pain—delirium. Broken with agony, she had cried and begged for the boy she loved, the boy she had played with since babyhood, the boy she had promised to marry, the boy she had jilted—Jim Daniels. She had screamed until John Brown held her cries back with his big hands, cursing. Maggie Hartwell told her; and that was why the doctor was not sent for, in time. John Brown would have let her die rather than let his neighbors gossip about the shame that had befallen him.

And she had not known that she had betrayed herself. After her consciousness crept back to her, after she had seen Olivia, who weighed nine pounds, then he came into the room, came close and leaned over her, and she held her arms up to him to continue her poor pretense. He threw her arms down on the bed. As his face came closer she knew that something terrible had happened to him. And he called her a name that Annie Brown had never heard anyone called except poor brazen painted creatures whom she scarcely thought of as women. He called her that name twice, and, after an instant, the third time.

"Listen," he said, and for many days the marks of his fingers patterned her shoulder: "if you let anybody suspect you love that young fool I'll kill you, so help me God!" At the door he had turned, and laughed. "Harebells and crab-apple blossoms," he said. It was what Jim had said in a letter to her—that she was like a bouquet of them.

When the gate slammed behind him Maggie Hartwell whisperingly and fearfully told her what had happened. Maggie was terribly, terribly sorry for John Brown.

"Oh, dear Lord, you've 'most killed him," she lamented. "You kept shrieking for young Jim till I thought sure he'd hear you, no matter where ever he was; and your poor fine husband just going crazy. All the time I was working with you—and sure I thought any minute you'd die on my hands—he was readin' that bunch of letters in your desk drawer there. Oh, dear Lord! It's a great wrong you've done him. And him so proud—with good rights to be. Isn't a girl in the state but 'd been humble to marry him. And you a-cryin', top of your lungs, for that hoodlum Jim Daniels. Sure, I don't see how he can ever forgive you."

She had been right. John Brown had never forgiven her. And because he knew she did not love him he was possessed that the world should think she did. And making the world think so had become the pride that gave Annie Brown endurance to live. She was convinced that she had committed a great sin. Whatever he demanded of her was her atonement.

So the long, long years had gone, but of none of their bitternesses was she thinking now as she sat rocking by the window. She was thinking of spring woods—of youth, of sunny days and moonlit nights, of glad promises and great hopes. She was forgetting that she was an old woman.

What was it Sally Winters had said about looking as old as Methuselah? The startling thought came to her that Jim Daniels might seem as young as Mrs. Winters, who, though she was the same age as Annie Brown, looked fifteen years younger. And Jim—Jim was only a year older than she was. John Brown had been eighteen years older, but to his wife he had remained fixed, ageless, always the same; just as Jim remained in her memory as a red-headed, reckless, lovable boy of twenty.

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"Fluffing your hair 'd help a lot," Sally had said.

Annie Brown went quickly to the door and locked it, and then, watching herself in the mirror with wondering eyes that might have belonged to a puzzled onlooker, she slowly unhooked the long black dress, gaining with the loss of its severity something of youthfulness, for her arms and throat were less marked with the years than was her thin-cheeked tired face. Her hands began moving faster, more deftly. In just five minutes she had ripped out the neat black yoke and had put the dress on again, looking to her guilty eyes as unconventionally dishabille as if her mad impulse had dictated the abandon of her shoes and stockings. Approaching voices sounded from the hall!

He had come! His voice turned her cold, but she started on swift involuntary tiptoes toward the sound of it.

"Hello, Sally! How are you? Getting younger right along, I see." The hearty words, autumn-mellowed, stopped Annie Brown's feet like a true-thrown lasso, and she made an incongruous splotch of darkness in the center of the sunny room. The three voices in the next apartment merged into a medley of indistinguishable chatter, and she became able to move. She went to the door again to assure herself that it was locked, and then, carrying the white kitchenette stool, she stole softly to the wall and sat down, leaning her hot cheek against the cool redwood partition boards. She felt no shame of eavesdropping; her listening was merely the response that a fleck of metal makes to its master magnet.

She tried with fierce intensity to picture Jim. Perhaps he was bald; perhaps he had a beard or a white mustache. How old was he? How old? How old?

His voice had not changed greatly; it was the same slow humorous drawl. And like a flame from gray embers leaped the memory of the last words it had ever said to her—in the shelter of the maple tree by the corner of the depot on that night he left her to search wealth in the West: "Oh, you can't scare me, sweetheart. Hurry! Kiss me good-by, you darn little spitfire!" His words were brave enough; his arms were rough—they hurt her; but he left his tears on her face. And he was gone.

He had not been afraid of her desperate threats to marry someone else if he did not take her with him; had not been afraid because he trusted her love for him. He had been too proud to marry her, having nothing, when in a few years she would be rich in her own name. But in those days her pride had matched his, and because she had boasted to her skeptical chums that Jim would never go away without her, she let the strength of her pride outrage their love.

Pride! That weapon of Satan's which married her to haughty John Brown, whom any girl in all the state would have been humble to marry. Pride! That had been her own punishment, and Jim's. Pride! Of which Olivia thought she had none.

But Annie Brown knew as she listened to the ring of his voice that Jim Daniels' life had not been the barren and bitter thing that she had made of hers.

"My gracious, Jim! I declare you get more stylish all the time," Sally was saying.

"Well, it seems you do, too, Sally. And old Eb, here, looks pretty stylish, I'd say, for an old Texas ranger."

"Like this outfit?" Ebenezer's voice was unconvinced. "I can't say as these golf duds make me feel real manly, but seein' 's Sally's takin' to knee skirts again, I thought I might as well get me some knee pants."

"Oh, Eb, you're such an old fool," Sally's curt words caressed him. "How's Kate, Jim?"

"Fine. She's out electioneering, or she'd have come with me. She seems to take to politics the way you do to religions. What's your latest one, Sally?"

"Good land, you'd think I changed 'em like I do my shoes. I've never had but the one religion since I left the Methodist church, and that's to keep mean thoughts out of my head, but—I've finally found out how to make it function for the good of everybody."

"Well, you don't need to make it function for Jim," Eb contributed hastily. "Tell her about your last little deal, Jim."

"Oh, nothing much, Sally. Just sold another oil lease for half a million."

"Why, Jim Daniels!" Sally's voice was as reverent as prayer. "How does it feel?"

"We-ell, it makes you feel a little extravagant, all right. You don't always wait for the newsboys to give you your change back. But I don't know how long it'll last, with Kate in politics. You know, Eb, these modern women kind of scare me!"

"Well, there's nothing modern about the woman Sally's got picked out for you!" These jocose words from Ebenezer made Annie Brown's face flame and quickly pale again. No, there was nothing modern about her. "Haven't you noticed any right sizable thoughts coming your way lately?" Ebenezer went on.

"Oh, good Lord, Sally," protested Jim's big slow voice, "if you go turning any of your harmonial propaganda loose on me I'll clear out this minute, I swear I will. Haven't you any control over her at all, Eb?"

"Don't look like it, does it? Here I am decked out like a Scotch paper doll, and drinkin' tea as if I liked it—with a peppermint pill on the saucer, and yet all the time frettin' to marry her as soon as all our children can spare enough time to come to the wedding."

"We-ell, I think it's fine you two are going to get married, and I know both them who are gone 'd want you to"—Jim's voice was deeply cordial and sincere—"but I don't want you to get any fool notions about me, Sally. I'm sixty—and I feel it."

"Thoughts—not years—make one young or old," said Sally.

"You notice Sally don't talk any more," came Eb's placid comment. "She only quotes."

"Oh, Eb, be still! You see, Jim, there's an awful sweet little body lives in the next apartment. I don't believe she's ever had a speck of pleasure in her life. She's browbeaten till she's afraid to say her soul's her own, by a great tall daughter who keeps tormenting her with a ouija board trying to talk to her husband's spirit. There's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. She doesn't want to talk to his old spirit any more than I do, but that daughter of hers has got it in for her on some score or other. Her eyes just haunt me; and so I thought when you got here with your car and thirty or forty million dollars, that it wouldn't be any more than human to show the poor little soul a lively time."

"She doesn't exactly sound like my idea of a lively companion," Jim's big voice good-humoredly observed. "What's the lady's name?"

On the other side of the partition occurred the miracle of continuing life without heartbeats or breathing; Annie Brown felt like an arrested pendulum.

"Mrs. Brown—Mrs. Annie Brown, I think it is. They're from some place in Wisconsin. Her husband's been dead nearly a year, but her daughter's determined to make her mourn herself right into the grave with him. I've a hunch she never loved him at all, for I think he was probably just like this great tall daughter—as companionable as a fish. He looks downright mean in his pictures and I notice she never looks at his picture when you mention him. Now I don't want to spoil your visit, Jim, but I thought that you wouldn't mind showing the poor little body a good time ——"

In the neighboring apartment a crumpled shame-scorched figure bent her gray head into her hands. It was horrible to confront the nakedness to which she had unclothed her lifetime of unceasing effort.

"Oh, he knows it's me now," she whispered miserably; "he knows it's me."

Would he never speak? He had no opportunity to speak, for on and on went Sally's scourging tongue, bent on its kindly errand.

"—— and I've had splendid harmonizations with her, so far. I began holding the thought of harmony for her from the minute I looked into her haunted eyes. She's got the prettiest eyes! Makes you wonder what she looked like when she was a girl. Then I heard you were coming and I began holding the thought of getting rid of the melancholy Olivia. And lo and behold, if this astral-economics lecturer didn't show up in Los Angeles, and she hurries right up there to hunt up a little more melancholy. I tell you, harmonial law works!"

Annie Brown's stilled heart continued to wait for Jim Daniels' voice. Finally it came

"'Most anything you put your mind to, does work," he said in a queer tight voice which brought tears into Annie Brown's black lap. He cleared his throat with a short cough. "When did—that is, she don't seem very happy?" he blundered.

(Continued on Page 111)

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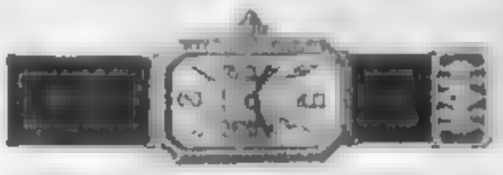

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BULOVA WATCHES

Is Beautiful As They Are Serviceable

(Continued from Page 108)

"Just about as happy as a caged coyote," Eb put in with far-fetched fervor and an evidently well-filled mouth. "I tell Sally I think she probably poisoned her husband, and now she's afraid his spirit's goin' to tell on her."

Annie Brown slid off the high white stool. With trembling hands and unsure feet she felt her way to the kitchenette and put the stool in its place. She stayed there a minute, letting the cool west wind strike her face. When she came back to the mirror there was a curious brightness in her eyes; there was red in her thin lips. It was the radiance of returned pride—her old pride. In its very fierceness feasted the courage of youth. Her law of existence had become her pride of pretense, formulated from her husband's ultimatum as he leaned over Olivia's birth bed—"If you let anyone suspect you love that young fool I'll kill you, so help me God!"

Perhaps an absurd and melodramatic thing to anyone other than Annie Brown, who cowered in the conviction of having committed a scarlet sin.

Her forty years of valiant payment bound her to its laws; it was impossible for her to fail her atonement. It was a matter of honor with her soul. No one should pity her; no one should make kindly jokes about her lack of love for Olivia's father. The pretense must, of necessity, go on.

With fumbling hurried fingers she loosened the V-necked dress, starting for the mending basket to stitch in the yoke again. But no, they might come in at any minute. She moved faster and faster, breathlessly, as she struggled into her best black satin dress with its high net collar and long clinging skirt. Laboriously fastening its many hooks and eyes, she was glad in a strange frenzied fashion that her mirror showed her a faded, grieving woman, far, far removed from any absurd dreams of youth. She drew her heavy gray hair into so tight and unwieldy a knot on the back of her head that it pulled painfully at her temples, distorting the small hollows there.

Before she unlocked the door she opened the bookcase drawer, took out the framed picture of Judge John Brown, and replaced it on the bookcase in front of the narrow mirror. His complacent eyes looked down at her with patronizing tolerance—just the way he had used to do in church. He liked to have people see her smile adoringly up at him, and have them see his bored indifference of her homage. Those small complacent eyes seemed more than ever gloating at his continuing triumph. She went hastily away from the picture. There was no time to fortify herself further before she heard her neighbors coming, and got, somehow, across the room to open the door for them, seeing not three figures there—seeing only one.

Jim Daniels was tall and big and deliberate—a kindly man. Anyone's first glance would have discovered that. Annie Brown's blue eyes—that he had used to match with harebells in the old home woods—saw also that his red hair was dusty now with gray, that his shoulders had not stooped, and that his upper lip still lifted oddly in the same boyish smile, which seemed, at the moment, to be frozen on his face. But more than all, she saw in him—youth; the youth she had paid long, long ago to Olivia's father.

For an instant Jim Daniels stood in the doorway, statued, as his memories of a glad beautiful girl shriveled into the reality of this small elderly woman in her somber black dress, whose thin hand, held tightly against her thin throat, trembled.

Sally was cheerily introducing them, unheard except by Ebenezer.

Annie Brown spoke first, in a voice that exuded the very essence of grief. "How do you do? I think we used to know each other," she said.

Jim extended his big hand and took the slender one that had not rested there for nearly forty years.

"We-ell—Ann. I wondered if it could possibly be you when Sally said her friend's name was Mrs. Brown." He stared at her gray hair, as if seeking just one golden thread of his memories. A hot pain pierced her throat at the word "Ann"; the judge had always called her "Annie" a word more in keeping with her diminutive personality as his wife.

"Yes; I guess I didn't notice your last name, when Mrs. Winters was talking about you," she murmured, her lips holding the polite indifferent smile she had learned so well from Olivia's father. "I seem to be careless lately; I've—I've just passed through such sorrow, you know."

"Ye-es, so—so Sally told me." He was at a loss for words. "I'm real sorry, I'm sure."

Mr. Smith and Sally had been staring at them with equally astonished faces.

"For the land of heaven!" Sally demanded. "Don't tell me you're that same girl I was talking about—and you never said a word!"

Annie Brown's composure was a masterly thing. She moved about the room like a small sad shadow, offering them chairs, words multiplying on her tongue.

"I really ought to apologize to you, Mrs. Winters, because I didn't notice all you were saying when you were here. After Olivia went I was just sort of dazed, I guess—Olivia means everything to me, now that her father's gone. It was all I could do to let her go—even to Los Angeles. And—and so I didn't really hear what you said. Well, it does seem queer to meet someone way out here who used to live in Littleton. Of course I haven't lived in Littleton since I was married. I went right to Racine. I think you'd better sit here, Mr. Daniels. I know men like comfortable chairs. Judge Brown was always buying big comfortable chairs—and little rockers for me to sew in; he never came home from any kind of trip without some kind of nice present. You—you used to know my husband, didn't you, Mr. Daniels? Why, of course you did!"

Jim's brown eyes, as freckled with golden spots as was his large honest face, wrestled with the discrepancy between what Sally had told him and this reality of sorrow that confronted him.

"Why, I think I'd seen him a few times when he came to Littleton to try a case," he said simply.

"Yes, you must have. Everybody seemed to know him. Were we married when you left Littleton?"

"No-o," he said, testing her with his incredulous scrutiny, and adding after a moment's hesitation: "When I left Littleton you—you were engaged to marry me, unless I've got myself all mixed up with somebody else."

"Oh"—she did not dare look at Sally—"oh, were we really actually engaged?" The only safe place for her eyes was John Brown's picture; she gave a little deprecatory laugh. "Goodness, it's been so long ago—what children we must have been. I don't seem to remember anything but John—just always John." She got up and took the picture from the bookcase. "This is such a good likeness of the judge," she said softly, giving it into Jim's freckled uneager hands.

While his head bent over the photograph Annie Brown smiled at her two other callers, who sat as if nailed upright in their chairs, Sally's round rosy face expressing as much conflicting activity as a baseball diamond during a lively moment. She must employ more finesse than this to cope with Sally's perspicacity.

"I—I try so hard never to force my feelings on people," she said to her, "but seeing somebody who once knew John seems to make me want to talk about him."

"Yes—yes. Naturally—naturally," supplied the squirming Ebenezer, to cover Sally's silence. He was edging his chair like a fat owl poised anxiously for flight, but Sally, far from vanquished, returned to the fray with all weapons trained against the somberness of the situation.

"I never knew a finer harmonization! To bring you two old—friends together. You'll have a great time talking over old times. We just stopped in to get you—we're going for a ride and then we're going to a nice place in the back country for dinner and then ——" But her hostess had evidently stopped listening; she stood smiling tenderly down at the photograph Jim was handing to her, murmuring, "He kept just as straight and handsome as when he was young. You'd have known him, wouldn't you?"

"I'm not sure that I would," said Jim Daniels in a tight voice. "He got to be a judge like his father, I suppose."

Annie Brown slowly and carefully put the picture back on top of the bookcase; it gave her an opportunity to keep her back to them while she eulogized her husband, and to gather strength from those triumphant eyes.

"Oh, yes; he was made a judge when he was a young man—long before Olivia went to college. And he was in the state legislature right along. I've always been proud that he didn't consider money the only thing worth while—not but what he always made plenty—for he owned all the cheese factories in the state, 'most. But he was always working for public interests and the good of other folks; and it just seemed, the greater he got the more he loved his home, and the more lovely things he did for Olivia and me. Oh"—her voice broke, broke with what might have been grief, but was in reality sheer hysteria of acting—"oh, I—I don't know how I can ever stand it, without him!"

An acutely uncomfortable silence crawled over the room. She could not summon sufficient courage to turn around; if it had not been for her husband's watching eyes she would have burst into wild laughter, for, having recklessly pulled them all with her to this pinnacle of discomfort, she was helpless to get them down again. Her three visitors cleared their throats, individually, and then collectively.

Finally Jim said—to Sally, "Don't you think we'd better go now and come some other time when Ann feels ——" He left her future feelings to be conjectured. He got up, and waited. Ebenezer had already begun to feel his furtive way toward the door, humorous consternation on his face. Annie Brown could see him in the narrow bookcase mirror. Sally slowly rose; adjusted her hat; adjusted her skirt; looked carefully in her hand bag as if expecting to find a harmonial remedy therein.

"Well, yes, we might as well be getting along. But you're coming with us, aren't you, Mrs. Brown? Do you good to get away from yourself. Bring some sort of wrap."

"Oh—some other time—some other time, thank you." If they did not hasten, her trembling knees were surely going to fail her altogether.

"But Jim's got to go back in the morning," Sally insisted. "Now do hustle up and come along. We'll go down and wait for you in the car."

It was Jim who shortened the scene by giving Sally a friendly push toward the door and offering his hand briefly to his hostess. "Now there's no use arguing with Ann, Sally, if she's anything like she used to be. Well, it's been a real surprise to see you again, Ann. I hope things 'll seem easier for you after while. Good-by."

His words were as casual as his handshake, but Sally's farewell was heartfelt.

"Honestly, I could shake you!" she said with a suggestive gesture. "I hope you'll be right good and lonesome, that's what I do."

Annie Brown closed the door with a weak heavy arm. Alone, halfway across the room, she lifted her eyes again to the picture of Olivia's father just as a last lingering ray of sunlight crossed his watching face and touched his eyes with an exultant glow. It made them look as if they shone with his old vindictive complacent laughter.

"Harebells and crab-apple blossoms." His scornful words actually sounded in her ears; he was laughing at the old useless undesired thing he had made of her, whose eyes were lovelier than harebells and whose cheeks were soft and pink as apple blossoms when he had married her.

"Quit laughing at me," said Annie Brown in a low thick whisper. "I've always tried to make it up to you. You've no right to laugh at me. You're dead—dead!"

But the departing sunbeam threw all its brightness into a narrow beam across those eyes and flickered there like living laughter.

She reached up for the picture and flung it across the room. It hit the corner of a table and the glass splintered. One fragment flew back and cut her cheek, bringing a tiny trickle of blood, but she did not feel or notice it. With hands that felt no hurt she pulled the picture from the bent frame. She tore it to strips and flung them from her. A drop of blood fell from her cheek and ran a narrow red ribbon across the back of her hand, hiding under her wedding ring.

It made her act seem murder indeed. She shuddered, and stood staring at it stupidly when Jim Daniels' slow voice broke into her consciousness.

"We-ell, Ann, little woman, I guess you've had a pretty hard go of it, haven't you?" he said.

The door stood open behind him, as it had swung when she carelessly closed it. For he had seen her face in the little bookcase mirror when she had stood with her back to them, making the most of her deceit. Sometimes it is given to love to misunderstand utterly or to understand gloriously, and Jim Daniels had learned understanding with the long years. So he had left his hat, in order that he might return for it, having freed himself of Eb and Sally. But Annie Brown had no thought of wondering why or how he had come. If she had spent many hours pouring out the bitternesses and the humiliations and the hurts of all the years, there could have been no greater comfort and understanding in Jim's voice. Exceeding peace, like the sudden ceasing of long-endured pain, flowed over her

She looked up from the blood on her hand into his brown freckled eyes. He was coming slowly toward her.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "whatever can I tell Olivia?"

He laughed as he took her rigidly outstretched hand and wiped away the blood with a very large new clean handkerchief; then he put his left hand under her chin and carefully touched her bleeding cheek.

"There's going to be so much to tell Olivia, little Ann," he said, "that we'll just clear out and leave it for Sally to do. And if Sally wants a marble church with a gold bell on it to keep her harmonial religion in, I'm just the man who's going to buy it for her."

He stood there, patting her scratched cheek, and smiling down into her faded brimming blue eyes. Sixty isn't such a bad age to begin to be happy.

"Eyes still as pretty as harebells," he said.

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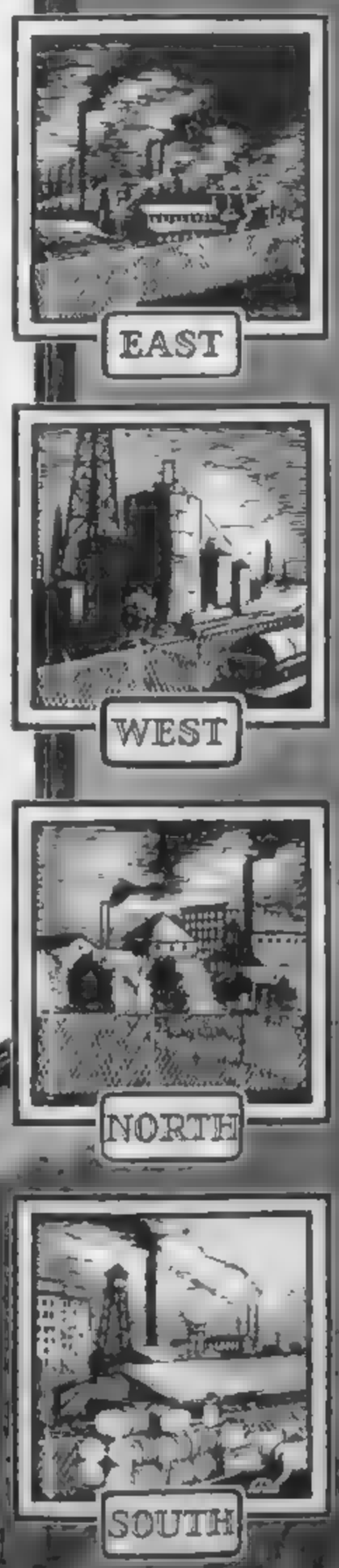

PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

AMERICA AND TOMORROW

Continued from Page 27

Nine out of every ten men with the slightest knowledge of the immigration question want a return to the type of alien from Northern and Northwestern Europe, who come from the Nordic stock, and whose antecedents and lives are clean, wholesome and free from radical taint. One of their best assets is that rarest of present-day qualities—content with work.

Equally unanimous is the feeling that we have enough, and perhaps more than enough, of those later comers, the peoples from Southern Europe, the Near and Far East, Russia and Poland. The best strains in America are the British, French, Belgian, German, Swiss and Scandinavian. No one questions the fact that with proper mental and physical tests there is little danger of overimmigration from them, because they have helped to make America what she is.

With the dissipation of sentiment with regard to immigration is born the belief that the melting pot is not only a joke but a term capitalized by the uplifter and the self-seeker. Practical Americans are becoming convinced that the United States can no longer be an asylum for social and political refugees, and that we want no more surpluses from the slums of Europe. An imported horde inevitably means overproduction sooner or later. The American industrialist is beginning to realize that it is far better to have a smaller production that will stabilize markets and at the same time conserve the principles upon which this republic was reared. Economic necessity must not be met at the expense of good citizenship. Our destiny depends upon the fused intelligent and assimilated people. One of the troubles just now is that we are more confused than fused.

Just as the weight of opinion is for restriction, so is sentiment lined up against the literacy test. This test, as we have learned from costly experience, has nothing whatever to do with determining whether or not an immigrant is the relative of an American citizen or an intelligent immigrant that the United States needs. Nor has it anything to do with the moral and physical fitness of the alien. Too often the most undesirable has a very good mental equipment. The literacy test therefore is doomed. Its successor is the moral and physical measure.

Immigration Reform

There was a time when the advocates of unbridled immigration had nation-wide support in their contention that we need imported labor masses for our so-called pick-and-shovel work. That delusion is also passing. One of the most significant developments in contemporary American life is the turning of the man in the white-collar job toward the trowel and the plane. We are finding that one fundamental solution of the immigration question is the teaching of trades in public schools and organizations like the Y. M. C. A. Husky Young America is emancipating itself from the underpaid thrall and drudgery of an office desk, with no opportunity for advancement, for the clean, healthful and better-paid life of the artisan in the open, where promotion also beckons. It means an antidote for the coolie class, and is making for a larger intelligence in building and construction, whether in factory or ditch.

Linked with the new labor, as it may be termed, is another evidence of change in the idea about immigration. Throughout the country I found increasing opposition to the rigidity of the Alien Contract Labor Law. Except among reactionary organized-labor leaders—and they and their unions constitute the minority among the American workers—farseeing industrialists regard it as a handicap on the right kind of foreign labor. It is becoming more and more manifest that the United States must select the immigrant with special reference to his fitness to meet a specific need, whether for farm or factory. The Canadian system, which recruits its foreign labor to fill a definite place, is widely indorsed, because it not only controls the labor influx but prevents segregation.

Many advocate that the Secretary of Labor should be authorized, upon the presentation to him of a continuing shortage of labor of a particular class or type, to admit otherwise admissible aliens in excess of their quota until conditions are improved. This would not permit a change in the standard of admission, and would leave the key of the immigrant gate in official hands.

Since the segregation of aliens constitutes a menace to public health, life and morality in the great cities, a drastic supervision of their distribution is necessary. Many contend that just as we have the right to restrict the entry of the foreigner, so should we have a voice in telling him where to work. It should be part of the immigration survey before the foreigner leaves the other side. In this way we can bring about more satisfactory living and working conditions for the newcomer, and a more contented citizenship would be the result.

That restriction is bearing fruit is shown by immigration results. During the last fiscal year less than 50 per cent of the allotted quotas from Northern and Western Europe were filled, whereas during the first nine months of the present year more than 85 per cent have been filled. Curtailment is proving to be the much-needed leveler. Instead of a flood of undesirables from Southern and Eastern Europe, such as we had during the decade preceding the World War, we are now getting the full complement of the most welcome of all foreign strains. It proves that the corner stone of our permanent immigration policy must be some principle that will keep out the undesirable elements of the newer immigration without checking the old.

The people of the United States are not only squarely behind limitation but they demand that the whole immigration problem be kept out of politics and put into the hands of competent, upstanding and disinterested citizens who are not afraid to face race questions or to ruffle foreign feelings. By keeping the bars up we keep disaffection down.

Railroad Problems

Full brother to immigration in national interest and responsibility are the railroads. In framing a policy for tomorrow the important fact is not so much what the railroads or their baiters, the politicians, demand as what the people, who own the transportation lines and literally pay the freight, think should be done. The average man, in all sections, believes that there is too much complaint and press-agenting among the railroads, and that the first step toward normalization is to make transportation not an issue in politics, but a real public service that will function 100 per cent. After food and law, it constitutes the vital need.

Upon a few fundamentals the great bulk of opinion is agreed. The first is that the present positive regulation of the roads must continue. It is regarded as the safe middle ground between a free operation that would reconstruct the vicious practices of thirty years ago and a nationalization that is looked upon as nothing short of social and economic disaster. Sentiment against government ownership is well-nigh overwhelming. Everywhere it is held to be synonymous with waste, extravagance and a coercive domination by one big union that could paralyze traffic and disrupt industry almost overnight.

Secondly, some consumers of transportation regard the breakdown of the railroads to be due to lack of coördination and proper understanding of the public psychology by executives as well as to financial starvation and wartime Federal control. A larger coöperation with the public and its needs is, in some quarters, thought more effective than effort to influence legislation so as to reduce regulation. Good will and efficiency are the first requirements. The protest against high rates is largely due to bad service, although the farmers maintain that the excessive cost of transportation is a definite factor in the present agricultural depression.

The general attitude towards the railroads is more friendly than it was a year ago. The man in the street has come to feel that they have had too many bosses and that this hydra-headed supervision has led to friction and misunderstanding. He also maintains that just as there are too many bosses, so are there too many separate and distinct railroads. Put to a vote tomorrow, the majority of citizens would register a

(Continued on Page 117)

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- Almond Truffles

- Marshmallows
- Cream Brazil Nut
- Brazil Nut Truffle
- Double Mints
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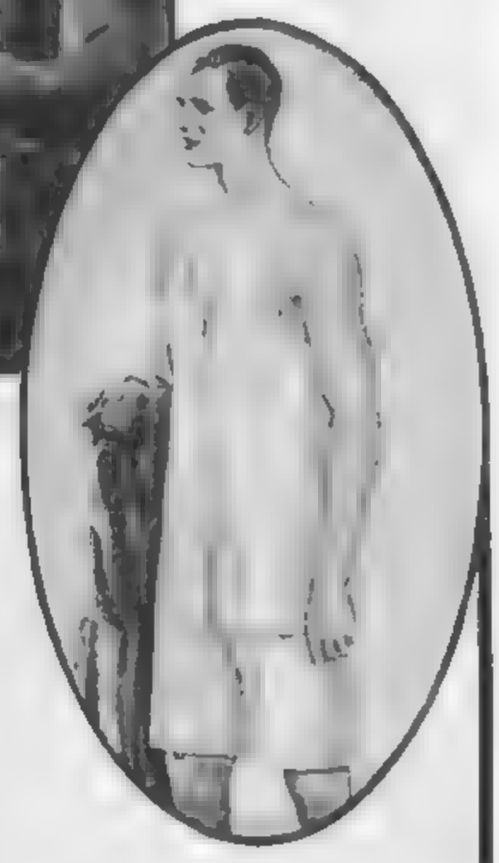

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These "B.V.D." garments are reinforced at points of possible strain—all seams sewn with lock stitch throughout and cannot unravel.

Undershirts and Drawers
85c and upward the garment

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(Continued from Page 114)

mandate for a consolidation of the hundreds of existing lines into not more than fifteen powerful systems which would pool credit and cars, reduce overhead and bring about the efficiency in transportation which is essential to our prosperity.

Likewise, there is a wide unity of expression that, whatever may be its defects or its virtues, the Transportation Act should be given an ample opportunity for operation without further tinkering by either side. Under it the roads are permitted to obtain an adequate return on their valuation.

Finally, nearly all the people are united in the belief that the roads should be given a rest from agitation and investigation inspired by demagogic self-interest. The salvation of the railroads lies in service, and service in turn provides the unfailing antidote for capitalization of discontent, whether social or economic.

Of equal importance with the railroads in relation to the permanency of our prosperity, as well as in the shaping of a program for tomorrow, is taxation. A considerable portion of the widespread American indecision today grows out of the almost universal discontent over the tax burden. As I remarked previously in this series, the only people who have no grievance against the tithe gatherer are those who think they pay no taxes. The limits of our taxable capacity have about been attained, and unless there is a drastic revision favorable to the taxpayer the present evasion may be succeeded by a brand of protest more strenuous. In the interest of business expansion, England, where the peak of payment has also been reached, has begun to reduce the rate, and we may well emulate her example.

Criticism of the existing system is wellnigh unanimous on three points. One is that the scheme now in operation is not based on a simple businesslike proposition to raise revenue, but is animated by class feeling and prejudice. The second is that the process is costly, cumbersome, inequitable and exasperating; while the third relates to the prohibitive toll taken of income and profit, and its inevitable and deadening effect on thrift, business initiative and the standard of living.

Since these handicaps are definitely understood, the point here is to summarize the remedy suggested in a canvass of opinion. All people who pay taxes unite in the plea that if we are to continue with a graduated income tax the form of return must be made so simple that the average man can make it out without hiring a lawyer or consulting his bank. In other words, it must be a direct contact between the Government and the citizen, because most people shrink from disclosing their private affairs to utter strangers.

Inequitable Taxation

The next reform advocated by the great majority of persons is to make a wide margin between the tax on earned and unearned income. The earners through personal effort maintain that they should pay less than the inheritors of large estates who make no personal contribution to the welfare of the community or the nation.

Closely allied with this is the widespread demand for the elimination of the tax-exempt security, which is regarded as a piece of special privilege framed in the interests of the rich tax dodger and the politician. As the majority view this type of bond, it drives money out of profitable and productive enterprise into relatively unproductive and unprofitable channels, increases the burden upon fixed income and general business, encourages municipal waste and extravagance by politicians and sets up a plutocracy of inherited wealth which foments class feeling. The movement against all types of exemptions is growing.

The one tax upon which six out of every ten Americans agree as the just and logical key to content and nonevasion is a sales or turnover tax. The argument in behalf of it is that it is fair, distributes the load equally, makes every citizen a taxpayer, thus removing the class element, while the collection is easy, cheap and simple. Another point made in its favor is that instead of increasing the price of commodities 25 per cent as the present annoying program has done, it will not advance the cost of living more than between 2.5 and 3 per cent. To round out the case, it is only necessary to say that such a tax, in the view of the bulk of our citizenship, is based on sound democratic principles, and would make the payment of government taxes a natural and desirable function rather than the forced and vexatious performance that it is today.

Another kind of tax on American patience and prosperity is embodied in the constant warfare that rages around industrial relations. The American people have reached the point where they have come to regard strikes as a pernicious vice to be eradicated. This sabotage of capital is a danger that touches the whole people and concerning which nearly everybody has a definite conviction.

Just as the inherent belief obtains that taxation should be equitable, so is there a kindred conviction that every human being has a free and unhampered right to work. Nine out of every ten Americans, therefore, favor the open shop as a fundamental of industrial democracy, and look upon it as a basic issue that sooner or later must be unfurled at the masthead of one of the two great political parties. The feeling that there must be a show-down is growing. A strong sentiment exists against the centralization of labor power at Washington and its arbitrary dictation to the rest of the country.

Industrial Relations

There is also a wide contention that if labor had not been unwisely led it would never have aroused the antagonism that exists toward it in so many quarters. With a sense of justice, which is one of their outstanding traits, Americans do not question the right of labor to organize, or the soundness of the principle of collective bargaining. They do oppose the abuse of organized power and lay the majority of strikes to this abuse. The closed shop has not met the test of service because it is based upon an ideal of force and not cooperation.

Out of the strife and bitterness of the industrial wars have emerged two movements that must be formulated into the program of the America of tomorrow. One is encouragement of the growing participation of labor in financial movements, whether expressed in coöperative banks, profit sharing, company savings banks or investments in company securities. These activities are teaching the beneficent lesson that the dollar can work with profit for the worker as well as for the capitalist, that money is not solely an exploiter of labor, and that the thing called safe investment has neither caste nor creed. In this expanding economic independence of the worker is one of the keys to the solution of the whole bristling problem of capital and labor. It is a fundamental asset for the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness.

The other is the restoration of the old man-to-man relationship between employer and employe which was rudely jarred by the introduction of the walking delegate. In thousands of establishments there is a growing enlightenment on both sides that is making for a more personal coöperation in the management of industry. Whether this relationship takes the form of a works council or otherwise is not the point. The bigger fact is that through employe representation labor is finding the antidote for the strike, and likewise the formula for its economic salvation. It means peace with profit.

The same degree of enlightenment that is broadening the vision of the industrial worker and employer has begun to widen the horizon of the farmer, which means that a new era is dawning in our dominant industry. Where excess of organization as expressed in the strike has brought the factory and railroad hand into disfavor, a corresponding lack of coördination has been the besetting omission of the agriculturist. He has learned his lesson, however, at great cost, and the farmer of tomorrow therefore will try coöperation, especially in marketing, the common-sense way out of the old system of crop dumping, which was uneconomic and therefore unsound.

More and more the farmer is realizing that his emancipation will not come from legislation without, but from personal reorganization from within. He is becoming less suspicious and increasingly businesslike. For the first time in his history every possible credit facility, from the long-term land mortgage to the short-term loan for production, whether with crop or cattle, is at his command. There is not a loophole for complaint in the whole structure of rural credit, save that perhaps an excess of it is available. The farmer's danger is that

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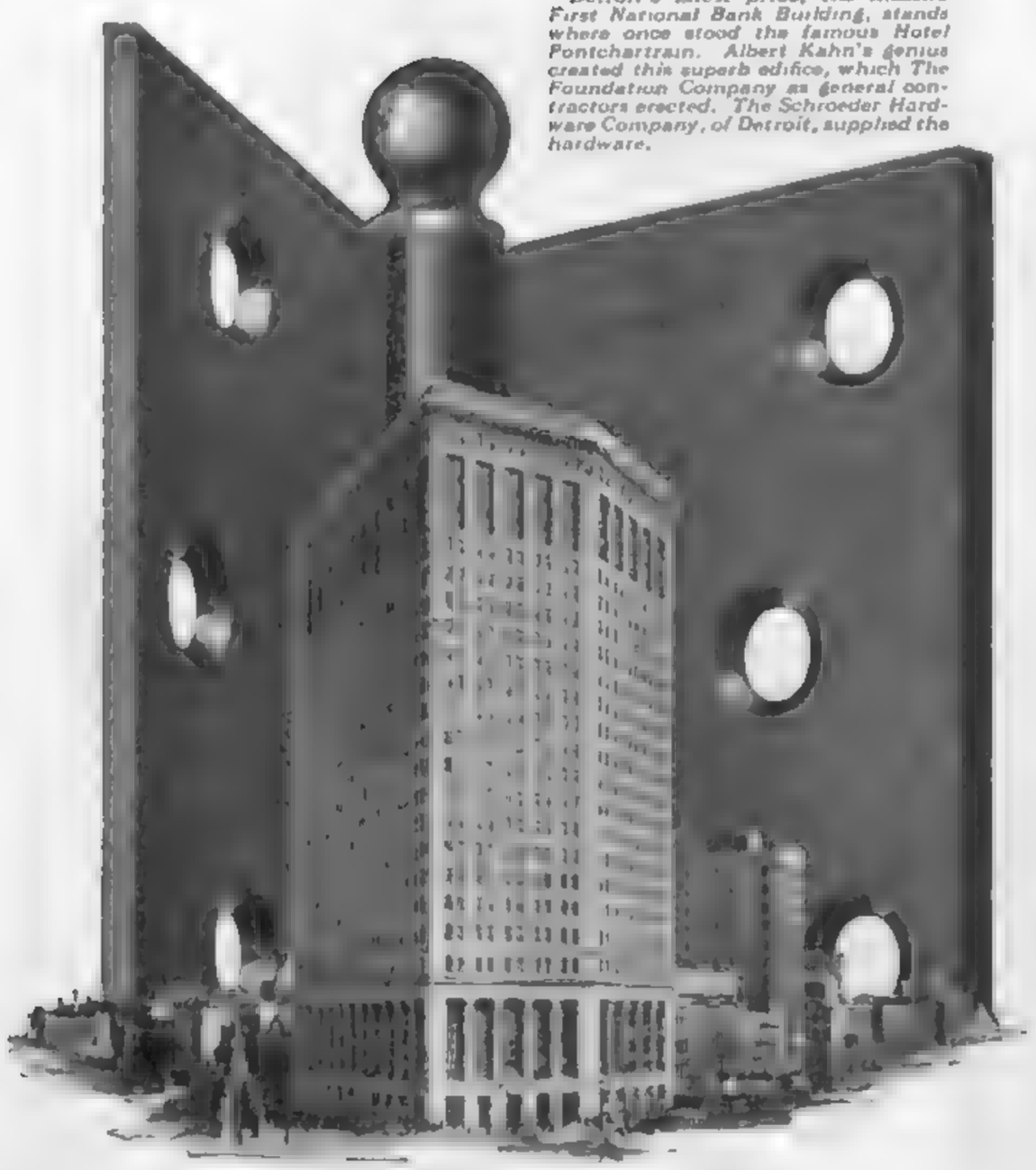

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he may have too much incentive to get into debt and too little to get out.

Though America's responsibility is national, she is not without some degree of international obligation. No one can deny that an emotion labeled Our Duty to Europe has impaired the American perspective and obscured the real duty, which is to ourselves. Sentimentality, and not sense, has influenced a considerable section of the opinion favorable to our participation in Continental affairs. The practical aspect is too often subordinated to a mistaken idea of altruistic uplift. On the other hand, even the most ardent isolationist comprehends the mutual economic interdependence of nations. He feels, however, that we cannot, for the present at least, afford to compromise a neutrality which, with the Allied debt, constitutes our best bargaining asset with European powers. This is the sentiment of the great majority of the American people.

As a matter of fact, a dispassionate and unprejudiced canvass of the country discloses a deep-seated objection to any form of alliance such as would be embodied in membership in the League of Nations. Except on the Atlantic Seaboard, there is general indifference to European matters. The prevailing impression is that it is up to Europe to put her house in order and get the militaristic virus out of her system before we can step in with anything but advice. The World Court is almost universally held to be a part and parcel of the League of Nations, and advocacy of our participation in it is construed by the sophisticated as merely a gesture for political effect. A large number favor the World Court in preference to the League of Nations, but the two wings still constitute the minority.

Among well-informed business men there is a strong feeling for an international economic conference which will lock the door on politicians and undertake to bring about a fiscal reorganization that will balance budgets, deflate currencies, establish the open door everywhere and put the European money printing presses out of business. Participation in such a conference is not construed as involving ourselves in Europe's troubles or assuming any further financial obligation abroad.

The Stabilization of Prosperity

Stripped down to the bone, the American-majority attitude toward Europe that should shape our foreign policy is uncompromisingly antagonistic to any alliance which commits us to the remotest possibility of armed intervention, save where American rights and American soil are violated. Though an eventual association of a more or less formal character is probably inescapable, the preponderating desire just now is for a frank and friendly coöperation, based on business need and service, that gives us the fullest possible latitude to think and—what is more important—to act as we see fit. In short, the degree of American participation in Europe henceforth depends upon how sanely and how constructively the European nations act toward each other.

This summary of previous opinion only contributes a portion of the platform upon which the America of tomorrow must stand. Now for the remaining planks. For one thing, the projection of some system by which prosperity can be stabilized is an all-important factor for the future. Just as preventive medicine minimizes the hazards of disease, so can the periodic depressions, so devastating to industrial and commercial life, be guarded against.

Analyze American business today and you find that, like the rest of the world, it stands at or is approaching the crossroads. We must choose between a continued sound prosperity or run the risk of inflation, with its runaway market, soaring prices, an inevitable buyers' strike and the ultimate crash. The trouble with business is that it does not always prove that to be forewarned is to be forearmed. It leaps to the dizzy heights and pays the price.

American business therefore is reaching the point where it realizes that the well-known ounce of prevention is worth the pound of costly cure. Everywhere sentiment gropes for some schemes for the standardization of good times. How is it to be brought about? A composite answer reads like this:

"In analyzing the economic phenomena of the periodic business boom and the depression that follows, it is evident that preventive measures must lie in the better handling of business in flush times, because depressions are invariably due to overexpansion, inflation, reduction of efficiency, waste and extravagance during the expanding era. The first point of attack therefore must be more informed action by individual business men in seasons of rising markets, so that excessive expansion can be prevented and the range of the decline therefore reduced.

"The extent to which the decline can be minimized rests largely in strong control of credit by individual banks, equally drastic control of inflation by the Federal Reserve system and a corresponding control by individual business men of expansion in their own enterprises. A complement to this is the restriction of government, state and municipal building construction in boom times, so that one large avenue of employment is available when reaction sets in. Some kind of curb on speculative buying is another necessary part of this program of prevention."

The Prevention of Panics

"At the root of it lies the need of education. The average business man must be better informed not only about his own particular undertaking, but the business of the whole country. Accurate information invariably sets up danger signals which, if heeded, point the path to safety and conservation. If the trend of business is clearly brought home to the business man everywhere in data that he can understand, and not in dull government statistics that usually go into the wastebasket, the pitfalls of overexpansion can be avoided. Knowledge is always power. It is one antidote for panics.

"As a matter of fact, panics are not inevitable. Just as the successful development of the Federal Reserve system has made it unlikely that there can be again an actual stringency of currency, it should be possible for intelligence, correctly applied, to keep the business world upon an even keel."

That business men are coming into an understanding of the need of educational coöperation is shown by the organization of groups like the National Industrial Conference Board—I merely use it as a type which are nothing more or less than post-graduate schools for industrial leaders. By means of surveys of economic and political conditions at home and abroad, the individual, and through him the corporation or the firm, is equipped through unprejudiced collective opinion to forestall the effects of the crisis, if not the crisis itself. Thus the whole productive scheme is bulwarked against the menace of recurrent assault as expressed in panic.

This offensive against inflation and depression, like an army in the field, must have a general headquarters and function through what might be called an economic general staff established at Washington. Again you have the parallel with the military machine. Just how this might work was explained to me by a field marshal of industry, who said:

"The campaign to prevent panics needs only intelligent direction and coördination to succeed. It should be above party, because depression has no political alignment. I suggest therefore that the economic general staff be composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce, the Director of the Budget, the governor of the Federal Reserve Board, possibly the Controller of the Currency, and a small group of patriotic business men to be selected for their fitness and their achievement.

"Their function would be to prevent inflation, curb speculative buying, work in conjunction with European countries for the stabilization of exchange and for the prevention of overextension. It could also suggest a budget system for each state. Not the least of its tasks would be to disseminate through the Department of Commerce live and understandable information about business conditions. Such an economic general staff would provide the real balance wheel that business needs."

Providing near-immunity from panics is one detail in a comprehensive scheme of readjustment to stabilize the whole industrial machine of tomorrow. The benefits of restoring the old-time personal relationship between employer and employe have already been pointed out. Another step toward cohesion and harmony is the discouragement of business litigation through arbitration, a

movement which has assumed nation-wide proportions because of the Arbitration Act now in the Judiciary Committees of both Houses at Washington.

To a degree only surpassed by England, business in the United States flounders in costly litigation. An American Dickens would have ample material for an American Bleak House were he only to fictionize the legal realities and tragedies of any great American city. Thousands are ready to attest to Voltaire's cynical remark: "Twice I have been ruined: the first time when I won and the second time when I lost a lawsuit." Abraham Lincoln once declared: "Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser in fees, expenses and waste of time."

The clutter in the courts, to say nothing of the expense, vexation and loss involved, is bringing business men to the realization that arbitration is one way out of the maze of lawsuits that impedes commercial traffic everywhere. Practically everyone with whom I talked, including lawyers and laymen, favored the Arbitration Act now in Congress and a similar statute in every state such as the one now in operation in New York. The Federal bill is sponsored by the American Bar Association, the New York Chamber of Commerce and a host of national commercial organizations.

Its fundamental conception is to enable business men to compose their disputes expeditiously and economically through the incorporation of a written provision in contracts to settle controversy by arbitration. Such submission, to quote the bill, shall be "valid, enforceable, and irrevocable," save upon such grounds as exist at law or in equity for the revocation of the contract. The constitutional right to jury trial is amply safeguarded. For the first time business is comprehending the far-reaching economic value of arbitration, not to mention its moral aspect, for nothing so makes for ill will as a lawsuit.

With harmony must march industrial self-sufficiency so far as raw material is concerned. Here is another matter upon which there is a growing unanimity of opinion: One immediate cause for concern is the British monopoly of rubber, which is taking a big toll of American industry. The feeling is strong that we should cultivate not only rubber but other imported essentials, either within our confines or within American possessions. This procedure is essential to self-containment in peace and is insurance against interruption of needed production in war.

Yankee Bottoms for Yankee Goods

An indispensable adjunct of this program for self-sufficiency is a merchant marine flying the American flag. Our failure to capitalize fully the great opportunity afforded by wartime ship construction is generally condemned regardless of political alignment. Even the farmer is beginning to realize that there is a definite economic condition between exported Yankee products and Yankee bottoms. If we are to keep our export trade it is part of economic self-defense to carry it in American ships.

Business sentiment appraises the need of an adequate merchant marine like this:

"American ships in foreign trade means increased business throughout the United States. An American cargo steamer making a voyage from the Pacific Coast to the Orient would expend about eighty thousand dollars, the greater part of which would be spent in the United States for fuel, oil, supplies, wages, repairs in American shipyards, insurance premiums paid to American insurance companies; and last but not least, the steamer would some day have to be replaced by another American steamer built in an American shipyard. Contrast this with a steamer owned by some foreign company. All the freight money paid by American shippers would be expended in the country from which the vessel came, with the exception of a very small portion for supplies and stevedoring. Multiply this one instance by thousands and you can begin to understand the magnitude of the foreign steamship business.

"During the Spanish-American War we realized that our Navy was without transports, and we had to buy vessels from Great Britain for this purpose. During the World War we awoke to the same truth, only in a more aggravated sense, that we were again without ships to transport troops, supplies, or even to handle our foreign trade. Great Britain's policy of fostering and promoting her merchant marine so that it would be a valuable adjunct to her navy in time of war has failed to make any impression upon our minds. The future of the American steamship owner in foreign trade is at the present time precarious. In 1922 the proportion of American ships in foreign trade was 34 per cent. The balance of 66 per cent was handled by foreign steamships. If these two positions could be reversed, as they should be, the wealth of the United States would be increased to a marked degree.

"Summed up, a merchant marine is as important to our security as the mobilization of industry is for the national defense."

Throughout the range of opinion, conservation is the keynote for the policy of tomorrow. No phase is of more vital importance than the safeguarding of the people's money. In the first article of this series I urged, and it is worth repeating, that popular economics—that is, the knowledge of what money is, how it is earned and how it can be put out to work so that it will make more money—should be taught in every public school. It is more important and helpful than Latin or Greek. If the child is impregnated with the idea of what money means, the seed of safe investment is planted and the permanent antidote for the get-rich-quick virus is set up. Educators may well heed this homely admonition. The encouragement of a money sense in the primary schools means less nonsense in college life. Moreover, it provides the best possible training for home and business.

Safeguards for the People's Savings

The dent of considerably more than one hundred thousand dollars a day that fake oil stocks have been making in the nation's savings and they are only one type of pest—is bringing many commonwealths to consider seriously the introduction of blue-sky laws as one attempt to safeguard the gullible. Not only should every state have adequate protection for its citizens but existing laws should be amended so that the usual certificate, or license, to sell stock issued by the authorities cannot be exploited as an indorsement of the stock. Some licenses fail to make this very necessary statement. Another essential is rigid censorship of financial advertising. It is as vital as the scrutiny of the assets and earning power or possibility of the company.

The fake promoters are not the only ones who stand at the bar for indictment. There is a growing movement throughout the country that all stock exchanges should be incorporated and every stockbroker licensed. It is in line with that other and kindred demand that labor unions must assume corporate responsibility so that willful destruction of property during strikes may have some degree of redress.

But all the blue-sky laws in the world, combined with ironclad incorporation of stock exchanges and the licensing of brokers, will not avail against the inherent human weakness which exposes the average man's bank roll to loss through gambling. The fundamental cure is to purge the mind of the individual of the idea that he can beat the speculative game or get something for nothing. It takes the genius of a Harriman to convert the proverbial shoe string into a golden cable, and Harrimans are scarce. Hence knowledge of the fundamentals of finance, combined with caution, remain the sole panacea. They should be part of the education of every citizen.

The toll taken of savings by promoters is in the main a direct result of more or less obvious intention to defraud. There is still another tax on our earned wealth, imposed with the best of motives. I refer to the high cost of government, which must enter into any consideration of a productive and efficient tomorrow. Here is another subject that touches every citizen and must be considered independently of political bias.

In the general protest against the advance in commodities few stop to realize that the one article which has risen in cost more than any other is administration of government. It ranges from the many-millioned overhead on Federal operation down to the expense of the smallest school district in a remote provincial county. Take a look at the figures and you find that they are well-nigh staggering.

It is estimated that the cost of maintaining the Federal, state, municipal, county and other governments is approximately

(Continued on Page 122)

Look for this Trade Mark

IF this Trade Mark is on the Clubs you carry in your bag—and on every box of Balls you buy—it is an assurance of *quality*.

Behind it is *experience*, in the manufacture of Golf Clubs, as old as the game itself in America.

Behind it is an *organization* determined that no consideration shall ever enter to interfere with the inherent merit that is put into every MACGREGOR product—an organization amply able in every way to fulfill this determination in regard to the quality of its goods.

Behind it are *golfer-workmen* who love both the great old game itself and the products they produce—and who keep constantly in touch and in tune with the game thru regular play on *our own private golf course*.

All this should give you greater *confidence* in the MACGREGOR Clubs and Balls with which you play—and you know yourself that nothing tends so to improve your game as CONFIDENCE.

Always say MACGREGOR to your Pro or Dealer for golf clubs and balls. Write us for our General Catalog and either or both of these booklets: 1. "Golf, the Game of Games" (an introduction to golf). 2. "Stepping Stones to a Golf Course" (helpful suggestions for laying out a new course).

THE CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY COMPANY
Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio.

MACGREGOR

MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGORS

As a User of Rubber Goods of any description ~ You owe it to yourself to know why the United States Rubber Company established its own Rubber Plantations in the Far East

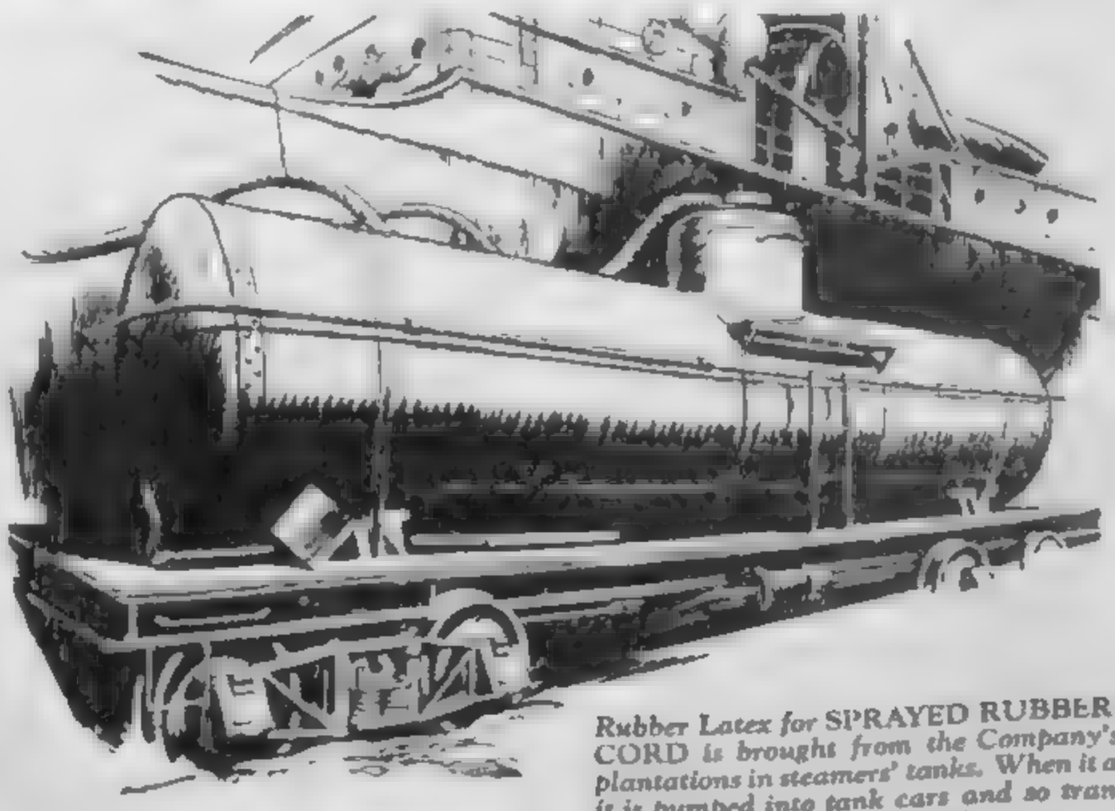
The United States Rubber Plantations cover an area of 172 square miles in Sumatra and on the Malay Peninsula. One hundred and ten thousand acres—a veritable Garden of 5,000,000 Rubber Trees. From these Plantations comes the Rubber Latex—the milky liquid that flows from the rubber tree when it is tapped—for the new SPRAYED RUBBER *which, with the new* WEB CORD, *and the new* FLAT-BAND METHOD *of building a Cord Tire, constitute the new Art of Rubber Manufacture developed by the United States Rubber Company.*

SOME fifteen years or more ago, the United States Rubber Company foresaw plainly the need for ensuring itself *its own adequate supply of crude rubber.*

Up to this time, all rubber had been bought in the open market. Some of this was "wild rubber"—that is, rubber obtained mostly in the jungles of South America.

But today almost all rubber is *cultivated rubber.*

The United States Rubber Company realized that in order to live up to its leadership, it could no longer rely on the usual market grades for its crude rubber supply. So it started its own rubber plantations.



Rubber Latex for SPRAYED RUBBER *and* WEB CORD *is brought from the Company's Far East plantations in steamers' tanks. When it arrives here it is pumped into tank cars and so transported by rail to the Company's factories.*

"U. S." Plantations Fifteen Years Old

One hundred and seventy-two square miles of gently rolling ground, rich and fertile almost beyond belief, were acquired in Sumatra and on the Malay Peninsula. The climate moist, but with rainfall *evenly distributed.* Protected from the winds, and with a temperature that never falls below 70 degrees F.

Today on these 172 square miles of rich tropical soil there are five million rubber trees—"pedigreed stock." That is, each tree of the five million is a *Hevea Braziliensis,* grown in the plantation nurseries from carefully selected stock.

The plantations of the United States Rubber Company have now been in bearing ten years. (It takes five years from the time

the rubber seedling is planted before the tree is tapped for latex. From then on the yield increases year by year.)

The ownership of these plantations enables the Company to obtain from its own properties a constantly increasing supply of crude rubber. And what is even more important, to obtain rubber of *uniform quality*, especially adapted to its own requirements.

* * *

Here, then, in the ownership and control of the United States Rubber Company, and for the benefit of all users of "U. S." Rubber Goods, is a sure source of rubber latex of the very finest quality.

A source for all time, that keeps on increasing as more and more thousands of trees are planted.

For "U. S." Products Exclusively

Thousands of tons of pure rubber are produced on the plantation every year—*for United States Rubber Company products exclusively:*

"U. S." Royal Cord Tires—"U. S." Rubber Footwear—Keds—Spring-Step Rubber Heels—"U. S." Royal Golf Balls—Water-bottles, Gloves, Tubing, and other surgical and household rubber goods—Raynster Raincoats—"U. S." Rubber Hose—"U. S." Belting, Packing and Gaskets—Naugahyde Luggage—Paracore Insulated Wire—"U. S." Tile and Usco Sheet Flooring—Radio Parts, Battery Jars, and other hard rubber goods.

All bearing the celebrated *"U. S." Mark of Leadership.*

* * *

Now comes the development of three new and basic contributions to rubber manufacture by the United States Rubber Company. These are—

The New Sprayed Rubber
The New Web Cord
The New Flat-Band Method of Building a Cord Tire

Of these three discoveries, *Sprayed Rubber* and the *Web Cord* depend absolutely on a *sure supply of pure rubber latex.*

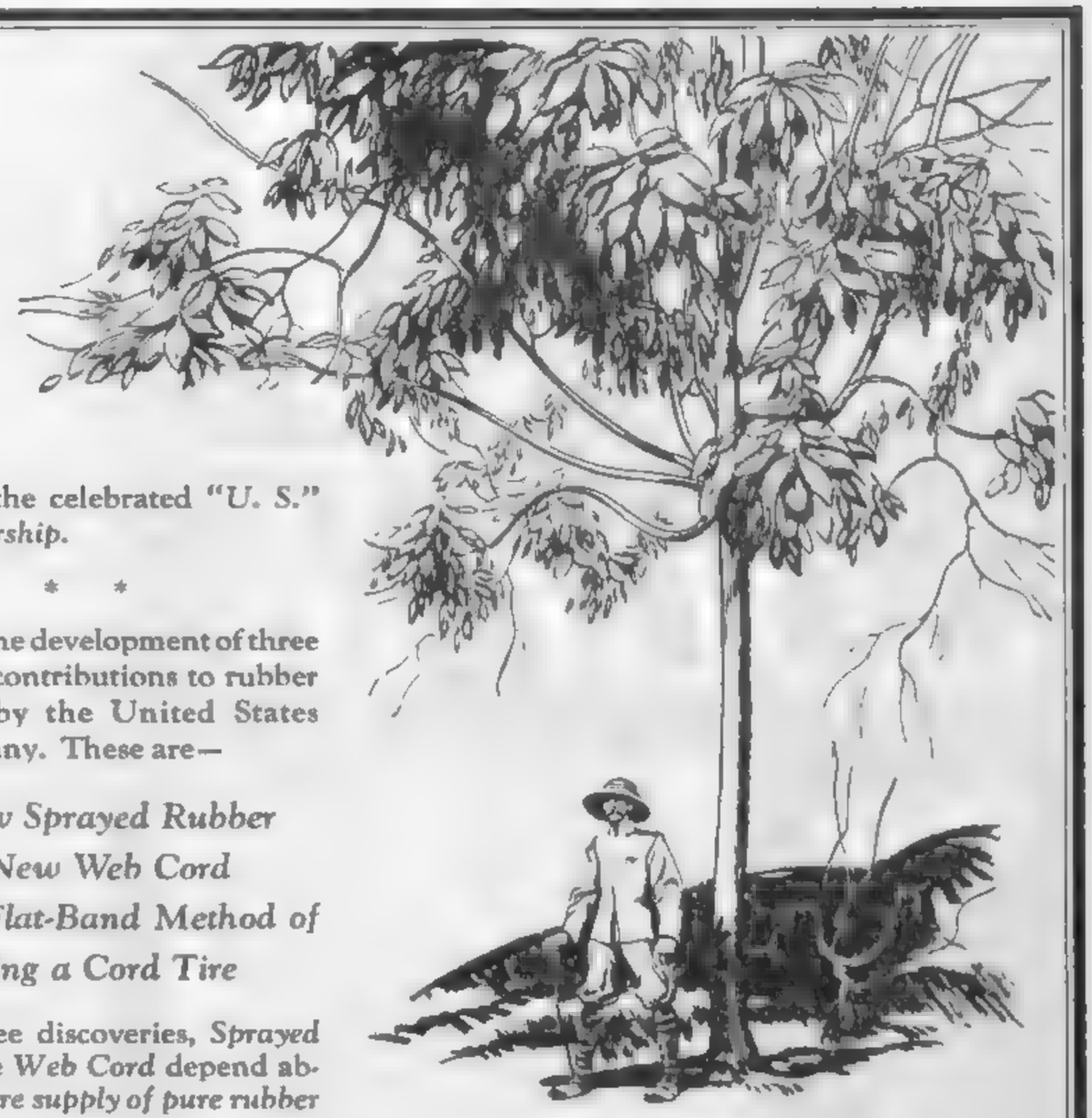
SPRAYED RUBBER *is the new scientific process of obtaining crude Rubber from the latex.*

It produces *uniform* rubber—*pure* rubber. Rubber with *all* the natural qualities of the latex, including many that were impaired by the older processes of treating the latex. *Sprayed Rubber* is the first to be *free* of both acids and smoke residues. It is dry and pure.

WEB CORD *is the development of the discovery that the rubber latex has an intimate natural affinity for cotton cord.*

The *Web Cord* is the *first true rubber-webbed sheet of cotton cord*, impregnated throughout with *pure rubber.* It has none of the cross tie-threads that ordinary cord fabric has. No chemical solutions of rubber are used.

The FLAT-BAND METHOD *of building Cord Tires is equally revolutionary.*



This is one of the young trees on the United States Rubber Company's plantations in Sumatra.

Royal Cord tires are now built on a flat drum, and then inflated and vulcanized with the elastic pressure of a gas in direct contact with the inner surface.

By this method of construction, the cords are all laid and kept at the *scientific angle*, they are of precisely the *right length*, and each cord bears its *own proportionate share* of the load.

A cord tire that fulfills, at last, the conception of what a cord tire *should be and do.*

* * *

Taken together, these three discoveries constitute a *new art and science of rubber manufacture*—of outstanding benefit to every consumer, merchant and producer of rubber articles of any description.

United States Rubber Company

1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Trade Mark

Spur Tie
Pat. June 13, 1922 Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
NECKWEAR SATISFACTION
FASHION has called for the bow tie this season. The Spur Bow makes it possible for everybody to wear one.
Unusual style and quality at a price that surprises. Convenience that saves your time and disposition. You buy all these—for 50c—when you purchase a Spur Tie Bow.
ALL TIED FOR YOU
It's not just another bow tie. It's different. Comes all tied for you by hand. You simply slip it on to your favorite collar. No fussing—no fretting—no guesswork.
Don't envy the other fellow. He's learned the secret of neckwear satisfaction. Get your Spur Tie Bow—today
Accept no substitution for the Spur Bow. Others imitate but do not equal. The Spur Bow has exclusive features found on the genuine. The name "Spur" is plainly stamped on every tie.
If your dealer will not supply you send $1.00 for one Spur Bow for one, specifying size (large or small), color preference and whether elastic band or slip-on grip
LOOK FOR THE NAME SPUR ON THE TIE
HEWES & POTTER
Boston, Mass.
On the Pacific Coast
PAUL B. HAY
120 Battery Street
San Francisco, Cal.
SPUR TIE
Four-in-Hand
All tied for you—no wrinkles—slip on and off with ease—all for $1.00
Sold by dealers who handle the Spur Tie Bow
Send for Style Book A
BULL-DOG SUSPENDERS 75¢ & UP
BULL-DOG GARTERS 50¢
VESTOFF
Out of sight Suspenders
75¢
BULL-DOG
THE dealer who sells you your Spur Ties will show you Bull-Dog Suspenders and Garters, guaranteed 365 days' wear—Vestoff Suspenders worn out of sight 'neath the shirt and Bull-Dog Belts noted for their style and value. Write for style booklet on all Bull-Dog Products and the Spur Tie Bow and Four-in-Hand
BULL-DOG BELTS $1.00 & UP THE BUCKLE THAT WILL NOT SLIP

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$8,500,000,000 a year, which is about one-seventh of the annual earnings of the whole American people. Every nineteen Americans employed in gainful occupations, as the phrase goes, support one representative of government, whether he or she be in the national, state, municipal, county, school district or township service. Looking at it in another way, one out of every twenty individuals at work has his or her hand in the public coffer somewhere, because the army of public employes numbers more than two million.

There are two reasons for this indiscriminate mulcting of the people's income. One is the immemorial attitude summed up in the expression "the Government can afford to pay," which, by the way, is one of the best arguments against any form of public ownership. The other is the reckless piling up of laws to supervise and to investigate men and affairs. We have commission upon commission, bureaucratic machinery without end. We are submerged in a sea of duplication and it merely aggravates the general unrest and dissatisfaction. During the past few years Congress has expended approximately three million dollars for investigations, many of which have provided little but publicity for the instigators and an immense amount of trouble and dislocation of business.

Too Many Taxing Agencies

A further reason for the immense administrative expenditure was given to me by one of the most capable and farsighted of living Americans, who has served his state as governor and who knows whereof he speaks. He said:

"One prolific cause of the rapidly increasing cost of government is to be found in the number of public agencies that have authority to levy taxes. There is the Federal Government; there is the state government; there is the local municipal government; in many states there is the school board. All these have the power independently of one another to impose taxes. In addition, where the bonding limit has been reached by the municipality, there has been a growing tendency to create a new district for some new purpose covering the same territory already occupied by other taxing agencies.

"Then in many states, besides all these, there are so-called improvement districts. The taxes levied by any one may seem insignificant, but when all the taxes are totaled they already dangerously approach confiscation in many cases. Nor is the line of demarcation between these several jurisdictions clearly observed. More and more the Government appropriates for purposes which properly belong to the state. The state is urged all the while to appropriate for objects for which the local communities themselves should care. This results in endless duplication in cost of administration, and consequent extravagance."

What might be called the rain—unfortunately it does not mean reign—of law is another example of foolhardy national and state expenditure of time, money and effort. We have government by endless statutes, but in reality no economical government at all. As one observer put it:

"We have proceeded with an almost naïve faith in the virtue of legislation, and have grossly underestimated the virtue of administration. Efficiency and economy in the administration of government are of much more consequence to the well-being of the people, and touch the average man far more directly than do the great majority of legislative enactments."

The avalanche of laws, instead of promoting moral order, has inspired in many instances a contempt for it. The most conspicuous example, of course, is prohibition, where lack of enforcement is regarded as a joke and statute breaking is deemed fashionable. When Northcliffe, on his last visit to the United States, was asked what he thought of prohibition, his answer was, "Show it to me and I will tell you."

Prohibition, however, is getting beyond the joke stage, and the joke will soon be on those well-known advocates of personal liberty. Everywhere the feeling is growing that if we are to have prohibition it must be a 100 per cent proposition. A halfway measure confutes the whole principle of the law. One thing is certain: If prohibition went to a vote throughout the United States tomorrow it would carry.

These articles of necessity can have nothing to do with a controversial subject like party politics. There is a larger aspect of this matter of national and state expenditure and the attendant deluge of unnecessary laws, however, more vital than mere partisan attitude, and it must be dealt with. No man can make such an investigation as I made without discovering that day by day the American intelligence is not only surmounting the one-time party barriers but is also making for hostility to our whole legislative procedure. The people want constructive action and not merely fruitless procedure based on political expediency. They point to needless filibusters, such as the one against the Ship Subsidy, that gratify personal animus to the detriment of the nation's business.

Everybody except the senators themselves seems to have a grievance against the tactics of the Senate. There is a feeling that the constitutional provision requiring a two-thirds vote in the Senate for the ratification of treaties should be revised. The two-thirds requirement is regarded as an obstacle to sometimes necessary progress. In this connection it may be well for me to present an observation once made by John Hay when he was Secretary of State. Out of much experience with senatorial perverseness he said: "A treaty entering the Senate is like a bull going into the arena. No one can say just how or when the final blow will fall. But one thing is certain—it will never leave the arena alive."

To this widespread impatience with our national legislative performance, regardless of what party is in power, is due much of the prevailing indecision. Sentiment for more elasticity on the part of Congress is crystallizing. Business men, for example, indorse the plan to have members of the cabinet appear before Congress and before congressional committees and furnish essential information. Congress, however, resents this intrusion. A characteristic comment on its rejection of the cabinet for conference purposes is this:

"Whereas many members of Congress are of merely local reputation, and scarcely acquainted with the practical needs and opportunities of an industrial nation, the cabinet is composed of men who stand at the head of the engineering, financial, agricultural and legal professions, and by virtue of their posts are in touch with the whole world. In proportion as they are able to enlighten and guide legislation, they are unwelcome."

The Curse of Business

With the obvious fact that party government, largely because of the direct primary system, has practically broken down we shall not concern ourselves. On one point, however, we may risk the interjection of a composite statement which clearly reflects the attitude of many Americans weary of destructive partisan wrangle and the wreck of so-called party programs. It is:

"There is so little fundamental difference between the two leading parties that ability to put over needed legislation with the least possible delay and expense to the taxpayer, and not mere partisan affiliation, should be the determining factor. The underlying vice of American politics is that it consists in playing the game on too low a standard, far below the level of the intelligence and the patriotism of the voter."

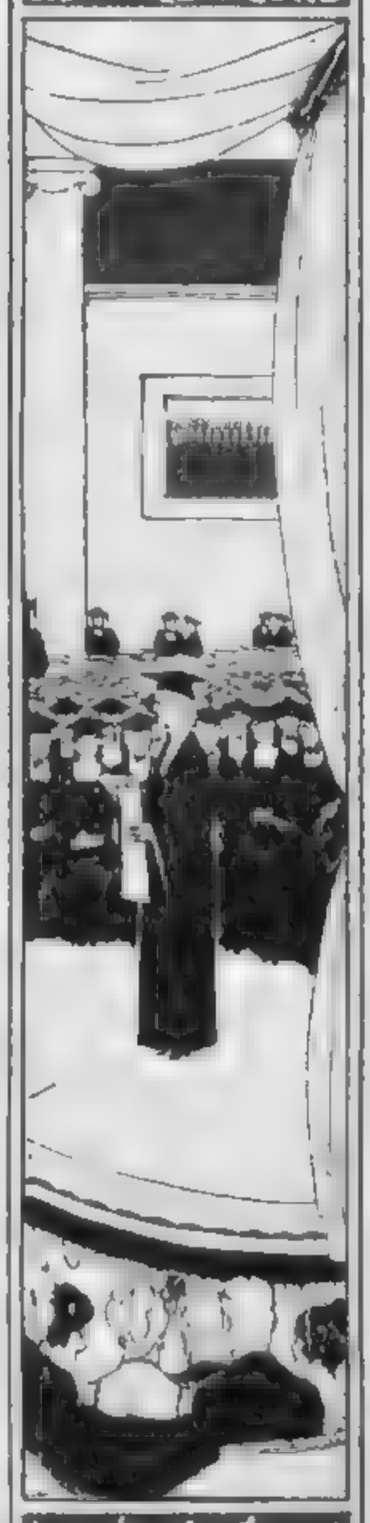
Supplementing this point of view is another that I found in many sections, which reads:

"The curse of business in America is governmental interference. The ideal procedure is that the Government should do for business only what business is unable to do for itself. This means that our national machinery should devote itself to keeping the door to trade open, to the prevention of discrimination and the elimination of unjust practices. We want less government in business and more business in government. Lack of normalcy is more often due

Continued on Page 125

The "Classic" Elgin cased in 14-Karat Green Gold or White Gold, engraved, $150.

Elgin Wrist Watches, cased in Gold, Platinum, Jewel-set, and Gold-filled may be had from your Jeweler at a wide range of prices.



The Gift Watch for a Wedding Journey—or to tell the Exciting Minutes of Graduation Time

THE average man or woman never owns more than three or four watches in a whole lifetime.

In all this span, many people don't know what it is to carry a *really good watch*.

The man who will go to any length to find a good tailor will buy a watch just on *impulse*.

Women often select watches merely for their "jewelry" value.

The waste is tremendous.

* * *

To give a *good* watch to anyone is to bestow a real piece of property.

Land or bonds are no more substantial.

If the watch is *right*. Not a compromise. Not just a dazzling piece of jewelry. Nor a "bargain" watch either.

Nobody ever describes an Elgin Watch better than when they call it the *professional timekeeper*.

Nobody ever looks back on an Elgin purchase with anything but pleasure.

Nobody ever owned an Elgin but that they were glad they bought a *fine watch* at the start—and enjoyed good timekeeping for years after.

The demand for *professional* Elgin Watches has been way ahead of what Elgin could make for the past two years.

ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

IT takes a year or more to make an Elgin Watch. The procedure is very similar to laboratory work—so far away from factory methods that no terms of commercial manufacture apply.

People call the Elgin "The professional timekeeper." It is the natural reaction of carrying a timepiece of *authority. Elgin is a preferred timepiece on the Railroads of America.*

Inter woven
Toe and Heel
Socks

For a *fitting* present
and a *whole-soled* future

(Continued from Page 122)

to congressional interference than to purely economic conditions."

Upon one more aspect of national legislation the majority of thinking Americans agree. It is expressed in a widespread antagonism to the bloc idea. Save among the special interests affected, a coördinated point of view is as follows:

"A congressional bloc, whether in the interests of agriculture, labor or any other activity, is fundamentally and constitutionally wrong. It is a dangerous evidence of class consciousness, makes for class legislation and is contrary to the principles upon which this country was reared. The bloc foments envy, jealousy and makes for the perpetuation of class feeling. It makes a joke of the national budget, for it opens the door to privileged interests that can ravage the public treasury through appropriations and eventually defeat the will of the great mass of the people. Roosevelt once said, 'There are good and bad trusts, but there are no good and bad blocs. They are all bad.'"

To go from the bloc to a consideration of radicalism is a natural step; not that all blocs are radical, but their tendency is to stimulate the pernicious institution which, whatever its motive, must be considered as class. If our America tomorrow is to be made safe for a policy of coördination and direction, the poison of communism and everything that it implies must be eliminated.

A canvass of the country shows that apprehension of radicalism is generally subsiding. Plutocracy is no longer building cyclone cellars against the evil hour of revolution by the proletariat. As a matter of fact, the reds succeeded for a long time in putting over a considerable bluff because they worked on that universal weakness which is fear. Panic hastened the faintest of pink dawns of communism into a full day of abrogation of property rights. That day will never break if we face the situation without compromise.

Fundamentally we are a sane, intelligent and well-balanced people, and the radical is really only a ripple on the larger surface of society. His jaw action on the soap box is equaled only by the speed of his footwork in retreat when faced by courage. Despite the persistent failure to convict perpetrators of sabotage and violators of the law against syndicalism, we hold the ground more securely against the inroads of the foreign agitator than for some time.

One reason is the ban on the alien embodied in the new immigration system, which only needs a deportation law with fangs to make it fully effective. Another is the closed door against the radical and his package of propaganda. A third lies in the growing realization that there is no room in this country for any kind of government except one in accordance with our constitutional conceptions.

Insurance Against Radicalism

At this point we enter the danger zone. Optimism over the temporary checking of the red menace may lull us into a security fraught with hazard. There is no lack of evidence of hostility to the principles on which the republic was founded. Only the other day the radicals of Wisconsin sought to abolish the state guard. On every side half-baked collegians and color-blind uplifters are seeking to impregnate organized labor with Leninism. In many sections teachers are disloyally scattering the seeds of unrest on that most fertile of all soils—the child's mind. In various states are foreign-language schools where English speech and American customs are as alien as the tongue in which the rudiments of education are taught. Enmity to the existing order is getting in its insidious work, and under the camouflage of national economy would strip us of our armed defense. Then there is the expanding intelligentzia. Now that the red ink once labeled "wine" in cheap table d'hôtes is gone, it gets its kick out of the red flag.

Hence the feeling persists that we must take out definite insurance against the radical. Among the variety of antidotes suggested, three may be given. They are the silencing of so-called free speech when directed against law, order or the Government; a compulsory oath of allegiance for every school-teacher, regardless of the auspices under which he or she works; and the enactment of more severe laws to curb the agitator. We want prevention instead of punishment.

Sentiment about free speech is generally reflected in the following expression:

"Though the importance of freedom of speech and of the press is understood, it is hardly to be supposed that the framers of the Constitution of the United States intended freedom of speech to mean the right of citizens or aliens publicly to proclaim the overthrow of the Government by force, and to advocate the murder of officials and destruction of those owning property, together with the confiscation of their possessions. Unquestionably the intent as to free speech in this regard was that all persons should have the right to advocate a lawful and peaceful change in officials of the Government, or to advocate in similar manner changes in the form of government or amendments to the Constitution."

Many wonder if we need Fascisti in the United States. I put the question to scores. The invariable answer was:

"We need no Fascisti in this country. The good old Constitution, adequately interpreted, is sufficient protection."

Speaking of the Constitution brings me to a pointed observation by an eminent American which may well be heeded in the shaping of tomorrow. It is:

"Two courses confront the American citizen. One is to submit blindly to the leadership of small organized class minorities which defeat the popular will and confute constructive legislation. The other is to think and make decisions for himself, to go back to the Constitution under which he has prospered for a hundred and fifty years, to rouse himself from hysteria or lethargy as the case may be, to suspect all demagogues and untried theories, to realize the difference between sane leadership and political self-seeking, and to remember that it is easier to tear down than to build up. This is real Americanism."

A vice almost as dangerous as radicalism itself is that of the professional who thrives on the campaigns against unrest and agitation. He is precisely like the no less professional warrior who climbs out of his bomb-proof as soon as peace is signed. He drapes himself in the American flag and delivers himself of endless platitudinous claptrap, the principal motive of which is the protestation, "I am a 100 per cent American." The question arises, what is a "100 per cent American"?

What to Do Next

Experience and observation seem to prove that he protests too much. Usually he hides a mad desire for personal exploitation under the mask of a blatant loyalty. He does more harm than good, for the clever and resourceful radical finds him an easy target for ridicule. In the end you find that the real 100 per cent American—that is, the man who realizes his duties as a citizen and reveres the institutions of his country—does not parade his convictions with a brass band or have a flag raising every time he indulges in a patriotic emotion.

We have now viewed the panorama of America in transition, and we have also seen the lines along which that America can pass from inaction to action. Inability to coördinate a definite policy has not been due to incapacity, but to failure of the great mass of the people to demand a determined program. We are not without idea or purpose, but we suffer from that universal deficiency which is lack of leadership. Never before in all history has there been so great or kindling an opportunity for a nation or an individual to shape the destiny of the whole human race.

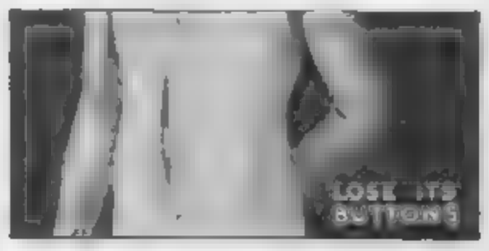
For our own particular guidance on the journey into tomorrow there is perhaps no better philosophy than is embodied in the recent words of a wise as well as practical American. They are:

"Wisdom does not so much consist in knowledge of the ultimate. It consists in knowing what to do next. Frequently those who contribute most to destroy good causes are those who refuse to work day by day within the field of practicable accomplishment, and who would oppose all progress unless their own particular ideas be adopted in full. Progress in the world must come about through men and women of high aspirations and high ideals. But no less must its real march be achieved through men and women whose feet are upon the ground, whose proposals are devoid of illusions, and above and beyond all that are within the practicability of day-by-day statesmanship."

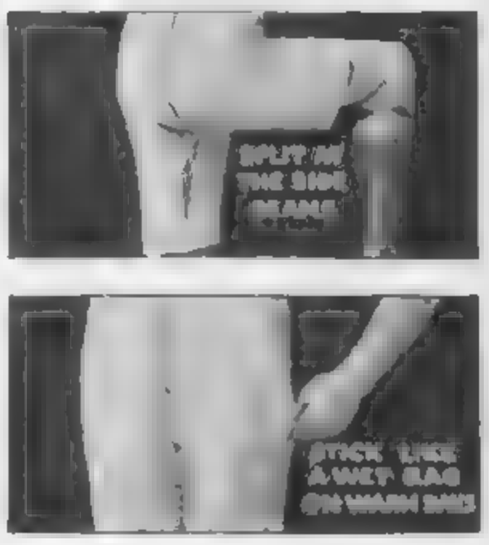
Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson.

Does Your Underwear

do this?—



or this?—



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It has extra fullness in the seat—every seam is seamed and overseamed.

Buttons sewed on with thread especially selected for strength—can't pull off.

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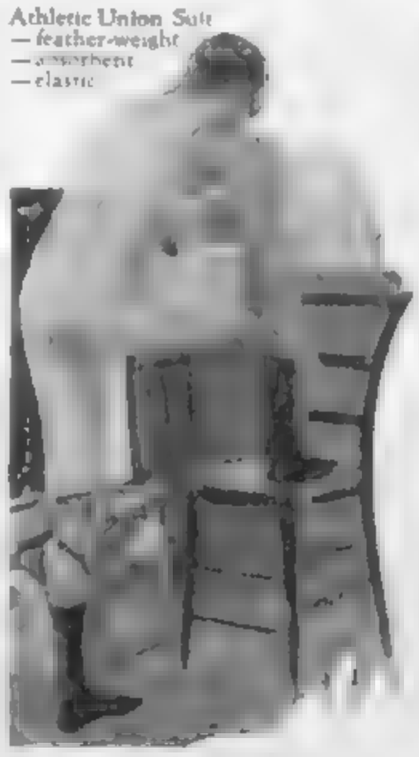

Union Suits—$1.75 to $2.00. Shirts and Drawers—$1.00 to $1.25. Two [illegible] —Blue Label, combed yarn [illegible] 2—Red Label [illegible] and [illegible] of fine different yarn.

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FLAT-KNIT union suits, undervests and bloomers for Women—perfect in fit, daintily finished.

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THE BATTLE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

(Continued from Page 13)

"I know some Pells at Tuxedo Park," she said. "Are you one of them?"

"No'm," said Joey.

"Shall we dance?"

He was too overwhelmed by this entirely novel experience to refuse. She towed and hauled and steered him about the crowded room, while the phonograph did its best with Over There.

"I think," she said, "it's just wonderful of you boys to do what you are doing." Joey flushed. "I wish," she said wistfully, "that I were a man. I'd be in the cavalry. Don't you just adore horses, Mr. Pell?"

Joey licked dry lips and nodded. He hated horses, as a matter of fact; but she had called him Mister, and that was another new and stimulating experience.

Other girls danced with Joey Pell that day. They told him, every one of them, how brave a thing he was doing. He drank a great deal of not very sweet lemonade, and only when the Home Trench closed for the day, at six o'clock, did he leave.

He was almost as much intoxicated as if the lemonade had been champagne, as he strode up the avenue, chin out, eyes narrowed sternly.

He wished earnestly that he might meet one of the enemy face to face at that moment. He felt capable of laying him low, barehanded. He saluted all officers with a sharp precise salute; he even saluted a passing letter carrier. His heart beat with unwonted vigor; he was a soldier; a somebody.

He surveyed suspiciously each passer-by in the hope that he might discover a spy. He found no spy, but he did find an elderly gentleman who gave him a theater ticket, and a blessing. Joey took the ticket without embarrassment; he was getting used to gifts.

As he marched along he saw a sign:

FREE CHOW FOR THE LADS IN KHAKI

He entered the big brick building and was greeted by an aroma of disinfectant, liniment and athletes, and by a plump enthusiastic man, who slapped Joey on the shoulder and cried jovially, "Howdy, buddy! Greetings! Come right in and get your chow. Afterwards we're going to have a get-together and sing. You'll stay, of course." He patted Joey's shoulder with a big-brother gesture. "You sure are lucky to be in the Army," said the plump man. "It's mighty fine, the spirit you boys are showing. I wish I could be in khaki, but these darn flat feet of mine ——"

He waved an apologetic pink hand toward his feet.

In the dining room Joey ate copiously of beans, cocoa and pie. He stayed a while for the singing, and even added a cracked and unpracticed tenor to the chorus, which, led by the plump man with the unfortunate feet, sang Onward, Christian Soldiers, K-K-Katy, and Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here.

Joey slipped away and went to the theater. A war play was being given, a moving piece with blank cartridge battles and air raids offstage, and a white corps of villains in the persons of enemy officers, each sneering devil with spiked mustachios and evil habits.

Joey hissed them loudly. He was so carried away, indeed, that at one critical juncture in the play he contemplated swarming over the footlights and doing violence to the chief villain, a fiend in human form if ever there was one.

He was diverted from this by an opportunity closer at hand. Between acts a speaker urged the audience to buy bonds to support the war. The speaker was eloquent, and he pointed dramatically at Joey, who sat in the fifth row.

"Boys like him," said the speaker, "are giving their lives for you. Will you not give your dollars?"

Joey blushed with a happy pride; the eyes of the house were on him. Pretty girls passed subscription blanks. The man in front of Joey did not take one. He was a stumpy man with a round bristly head; Joey had had his suspicions of him.

"Don't be a slacker," the girl with the blanks said.

"I em nod a slecker," returned the man. His voice was guttural; the enemy officers on the stage talked in that same tone, Joey had observed.

To Joey his duty was plain.

He leaned forward and hissed into the man's ear, "You buy one of dem, see."

The man looked round; his face was purplish and obstinate. He glared at Joey.

"I vill nod," he said.

Again Joey saw his simple duty; he punched the man squarely on his bulb of nose. The man punched back, but a dozen fists descended on him from all sides, and he was hustled up the aisle by the ushers. As he passed, members of the audience took kicks at him. Joey was left in possession of the field. He glowed. On the way out, several men, strangers, shook hands with him; one man gave him a box of cigarettes.

Joey Pell returned to camp in high spirits. The wandering, furtive, foggy look of his stable days was gone from his face; the droop was gone from his spine. He had found himself; he was a soldier, a person to be admired, respected, and even feared a little. In his dreams he, single-handed, held the breach against a prodigious number of the enemy. They charged upon him, but he, though bleeding from a dozen wounds, did not retreat. He held them back; with rifle, bombs, bayonet, even fists, he hurled them back until he was ringed round by piles of the slain. The enemy fell back at last before his fury. Then came the general, who pinned a large medal on Joey's chest.

"You are a man," said the general, "and a soldier. Give me your hand."

Joey saluted, then fainted. In some dreams he never recovered; he was given a military funeral of considerable pomp. He even saw his tombstone, with the words carved on it:

PRIVATE JOSEPH PELL
HE DIED FOR HIS FLAG

He saw Mrs. J. Goodhue Wilmerding, in black, sobbing. He saw Peggy Sturgis, inconsolable. He saw the pretty girls at the Home Trench in tears. He even saw the plump man with the traitorous feet turn his head away to hide his emotion.

In most of his dreams, however, he permitted himself to survive; badly wounded, of course. He saw himself nursed back to health by Peggy Sturgis, under the solicitous maternal eye of Mrs. Wilmerding. He saw himself given a good job by a grateful Government—something with a large salary and not much work.

He contrived to go to New York often. He invented sick sisters, dying mothers, important business of a private nature. He would step out into the rattling rush of the city with the tread of a conqueror. He liked the friendly, approving glances that were cast on him. His appetite for deference grew keen. It was an enormously fine feeling to swing with military step and carriage up Fifth Avenue on a crisp day, uniform pressed, shoes shined, and with campaign hat rakishly shading eyes that managed to look grim, warlike and noble all at the same time, and yet did not miss a single sign of interest or sympathy in a single passing face. It was a never-ending source of delight to Joey Pell that he could step to the curb and signal any of the handsome motor cars that were passing, and have the car stop for him, and be treated as an honored guest by the occupant and be driven wherever he wished to go. It was pleasant to know that he could not walk two blocks without having some well-dressed person stop his motor car and invite Joey to have a ride. He spent whole days being taken up Fifth Avenue and then back again. He got so that he accepted offers only from the most expensive cars.

Always he found a ready welcome at the Home Trench. Mrs. Wilmerding was so gracious, and Peggy Sturgis so interested and so eager that he should feel at home. And there were many other places that opened their doors to him—clubs and rest rooms and private homes. He was called buddy, and told many times how proud everyone was of him; he was, indeed, not a little proud of himself.

He was attacked by an urgent desire to live up to what was expected of him, to be

a hero in reality, to win medals, to do violence to the enemy; his hate, daily more bitter, demanded an outlet.

He began to ask the sergeants, "When do we go across?"

They did not know, so they looked mysterious. He began to be worried; he had a fear that the war might be over before he could get into it. He even ventured to ask the captain when the regiment would sail. The captain, who did not know, looked mysterious. Joey's worry increased. His dreams became haunted by visions of an early peace or by the specter of himself being left behind when his regiment did, at last, sail. Why didn't it sail? Surely he was ready.

The day toward which all Joey Pell's thoughts had turned did come. The sergeant looked more mysterious than usual; the officers whispered together and looked very wise. At retreat the captain announced the news with a suitable gravity; Joey quivered from the peak of his campaign hat to the nail-studded soles of his army shoes.

"The regiment sails from Hoboken May fifth."

In all his life Joey Pell had never heard more exciting, more gratifying words. May fifth was but six days distant.

Joey cajoled a one-day pass to New York from the top sergeant. It was one of the brightest days he had ever known. Everyone was so kind to him. At the Home Trench they were especially nice to him; Mrs. Wilmerding had him to dinner in her own dining room, and they had turkey. To Joey for anyone to have turkey at any time but Christmas was unheard-of luxury; it made him surer than ever that he was a personage. They all wrung his hand when at last, reluctantly, he left, bearing a load of wristlets, sweaters, trench mirrors, candy and cigarettes.

The night before he was to sail Joey Pell did not sleep at all. He lay watching his equipment; now and then he examined it to see if it was all there and in perfect order; he did not want to take the most minute chance or to risk in any way being left behind.

He was in M Company, which was to go aboard the transport last. He sat on the chilly pier, chafing. He wanted to get under way; he could not be sure he was actually going until the Statue of Liberty faded from view.

He heard a sergeant's staccato order: "Detail—Privates Leary, Kochanski, Pell ——"

He sprang up and stood at attention with the others.

"Go aboard," the sergeant ordered, "and feed the mules."

Joey held back when he reached the hold where the artillery mules were; they were restless and were scuffling and biting in the half darkness. He decided that he had done his duty in bringing the pails of water that far; others could give them to the mules. But a watchful corporal spied him.

"Here, you!" shouted the corporal. "Water them mules."

But still Joey held back.

"Say, you ain't afraid of them, are you?" demanded the corporal scornfully.

"Naw," said Joey, "not exactly, but ——"

"Don't be yella!" shot out the corporal. "Are you a soldier or ain't you?"

Joey picked up the pails resolutely; decidedly he was a soldier. He shouldered his way in among the mules; they seemed gigantic, grotesque in the dimness. He set down one of the pails. It was then that a mule lashed out with its steel-shod hoof. It hit Joey Pell squarely in the back of the head. Sharply a swift blackness fell on his brain.

At the military hospital in a deserted department store on lower Sixth Avenue, to which they rushed Joey Pell, the doctors said that his skull was crushed and that part of it was pressing on his brain. His regiment sailed without him; but Joey Pell never knew it.

His was a curious case, the doctors said. They were able to relieve some of the pressure on his brain, but not all of it. He continued to exist. But he existed as a vegetable does. The part of his brain that gave him memory did not work at all. He had no past, no yesterdays. Each day when he woke, it was as if he were freshly born. Certain habits remained—eating, dressing, simple motion. But he was quite unsensitive to impressions. Each day they told him his name, and a moment later he forgot it. He never asked how he happened to be there; he never asked about anything; he simply sat in the corner of the private room they had given him, quiet, apathetic.

For two years the brain of Private Joseph Pell lay fallow. His mind simply closed up shop and went on a vacation. So, while he sat there, impervious to anything, in a perfect vacuum, his regiment fought, the Armistice was signed, his regiment returned, there was a triumphal march up Fifth Avenue, the regiment was demobilized, and the great city swallowed it once more. The soldiers who had been clerks returned to their counters, the soldiers who had been truckmen returned to their trucks.

It was May fifth, two years after Joey Pell's accident. The attendant on duty near Joey's room had gone to the floor below to play cards with another attendant. Joey Pell in his chair grew sleepy in the drowsy spring morning air. His head nodded forward on the bosom of his hospital nightshirt. He fell asleep. A fire engine bellowing past in the street below screamed with its siren under his window. The impact of the sound startled him awake. It jerked him upright in his chair; the sudden movement tipped the chair over and Joey Pell pitched backward to the floor; his head struck violently a sharp corner of his iron bed.

He lay for a moment where he had fallen; then slowly he pulled himself to his feet and stared, puzzled, about him. What was he, Private Joseph Pell, doing in this room on the day his regiment was to sail for the Front? Then he remembered; they had made him go among the mules; one of the mules must have kicked him and stunned him; certainly his head still buzzed; the fools had carted him to this hospital, thinking he was badly hurt; as if a kick in the head could hurt a soldier! Decisively Joey Pell tore the nightshirt from his body. His regiment was going to sail that day at noon, and he was going to sail with it.

He saw that he must act swiftly, but with caution. In the next ward soldiers were drowsing. Their uniforms hung on pegs by their beds. Joey commandeered the first uniform he came to; its owner was asleep. He was a very much bigger man than Joey, and the uniform was half a dozen sizes too large, so that it draped around Joey's meager frame in great folds. The purloined shoes were elevens, and Joey customarily wore fives. The hat came down over his ears; no matter; once aboard the transport, Joey knew he could get a new outfit. He hunted feverishly for his pack and his rifle. He could find no pack, but in a storeroom he did find a rifle. It was not his, for it was rusty and dusty, and his own was always clean and well cared for. He took it anyhow.

He had seen a clock, and saw that it was ten. He had two hours to get to Hoboken. He had no idea where he was and his knowledge of geography was limited, so he was not at all certain where Hoboken was; in Jersey, somewhere, he fancied. He slipped out of the hospital; his idea was to find the Hudson River and get a ferry. He saw from the street signs that he was at Sixth Avenue and Eighteenth Street; he breathed a sigh of relief. His problem was simple; he had only to hail a passing motor car and ask its driver to take him to one of the downtown ferries. He turned toward Fifth Avenue.

A man was coming along the street toward Joey. He was a well-dressed man, and he was escorting an appreciable paunch. Joey smiled at him; the man scowled and increased his pace.

Joey reached Fifth Avenue. People were hurrying along. They did not smile at Joey Pell; they hardly glanced at him; when they did, it was with scant interest and no friendliness. He wondered about it.

A big motor car cruised slowly past; there was a lady in white summer furs in the back seat, and there were orchids in the silver vase. Joey held up his hand as a signal for the car to stop. The lady looked at him obliquely.

"Give us a lift?" called Joey Pell.

The lady leaned forward and said something to the chauffeur; the car jumped ahead and sailed at a swifter rate of speed down the Avenue. Joey looked after it; he scratched his head.

He signaled another car; it did not stop. He signaled another; it did not stop. He signaled others; none of them paid the least heed to him. He stood, perplexed, on the corner. Something hard prodded

(Continued on Page 130)

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Diamond Tire dependability now extended to trucks

To the list of Diamond Tires that have served passenger car owners so faithfully for thirty years is now added the Diamond Pneumatic Truck Tire for commercial cars and busses.

Like all Diamond products, this new Cord is built according to the highest standard of quality. And in addition a newer design and sturdier construction make it a thoroughly dependable and unusually economical tire for all classes of service.

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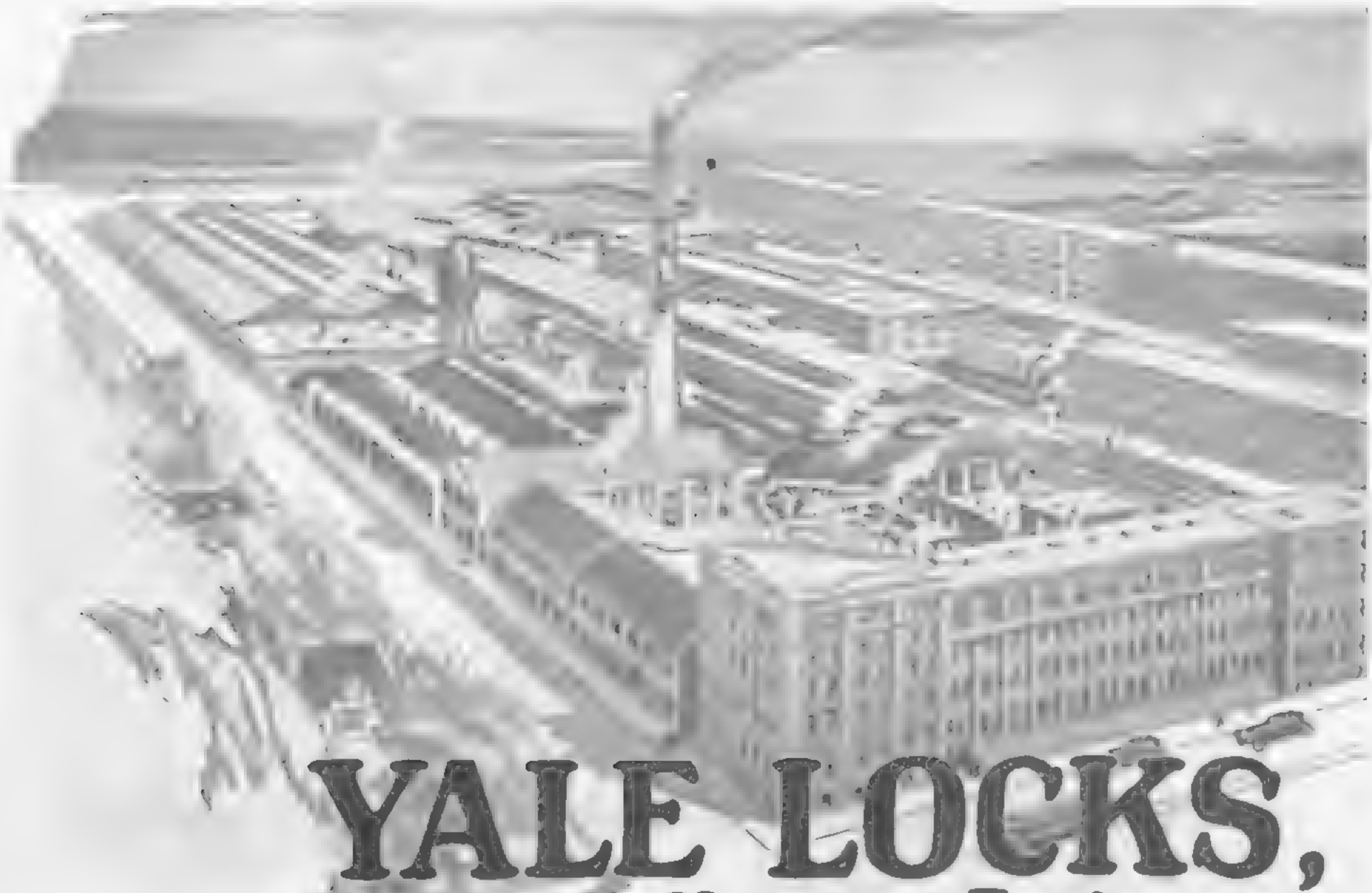

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Yale Padlocks are made for every purpose from locking a hen-coop to protecting a million dollar warehouse.

Yale Night Latches are especially designed to reinforce doubtful locks.

Yale Guard Locks are the utmost protection against the burglar who uses a jimmy to force his way in.

Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware are the finest expression of good taste combined with security, for your home or place of business.

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Everyone thanks us
—except the insects

People get wildly excited about it. They write us voluntary testimonials which make our ears burn as we read them. They claim things for Flyosan we never thought of.

One man says he used it against cockroaches in an old cracked wall. He claims a few sprays of Flyosan brought the roaches out so fast they jammed the exits. *"Finally,"* said he, *"in their mad efforts to escape, they pushed the plaster off the wall!"*

People send us lists of their friends' names and checks to cover mailing Flyosan to them.

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A wholesale grocer in Omaha sent in $1.00 for an introductory package late last June. This one little pint sold him so hard and so thoroughly that before the end of the season he had ordered $3,360 worth. We suspect he resold it.

Hospitals, hotels, public health bureaus, steamship lines, stock raisers, as well as thousands of private families buy this remarkable insecticide over and over again.

Why? Simply this:

Flyosan kills flies by the roomful. It kills bugs wholesale—all kinds of bugs—mosquitoes, ants, roaches, waterbugs, moths, fleas, bedbugs and many others. It will not stain. It has a pleasant odor. *It is absolutely non-poisonous to anything except insects.*

No wonder people get enthusiastic about Flyosan. You will, too.

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If your drug, grocery or hardware store does not have Flyosan fill out and mail us the coupon below. Your money back if Flyosan does not do all we claim for it.

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KILLS FLIES BY THE ROOMFUL
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PRICES:

Pint	$ .75
Quart	1.25
½-Gallon	2.25
Gallon	4.00
Introductory Package (pint and sprayer)	1.00
(West of Rockies and Canada)	$1.25

Colonial Chemical Corporation, Reading, Pa. June 9

Enclosed find $1.00 ($1.25 west of Rockies and Canada) for which please send me a complete Flyosan outfit (pint can and sprayer).

My dealer's name and address is

My Name _____

Address _____

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(Continued from Page 127)

him in the ribs; it was the night stick of a policeman.

"Move along there, Jack," ordered the policeman. "I been watchin' you. If you wanna panhandle, go over on Broadway; Fifth Avenue is closed, see?"

"But ——" sputtered Joey.

"Don't give me no argument," said the policeman sternly. "Beat it."

He gave Joey another prod with his club. Joey moved down Fifth Avenue; he was a little giddy. He wished he had time to show that big stiff of a cop that he could not talk to a soldier that way, but time was going fast, and his regiment sailed at noon.

Joey Pell hurried along. He had no time to speculate about why no one smiled at him. He had an idea, and that was to go to the Home Trench, which was near Eleventh Street; Mrs. Wilmerding always had a car or two on hand; a word to her, and he'd be driven to Hoboken at top speed.

He ran up the steps of her stately house. Someone had taken down the Home Trench sign, he noticed. He tried to open the door, but it was locked. That was odd, he thought; it had always been open from eight till six. It must be stuck, he thought. So he pressed the bell. A jowlish man with side bars came to the door and surveyed Joey in his tentlike uniform coldly.

"Well?" inquired the man.

Joey started to enter, but the man barred the way.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Goin' in," said Joey. "Wanna see Mrs. Wilmerding."

"You'll have to be announced," the man stated. "What are your name and business?"

"Why—er"—Joey stammered—"just tell her it's Joey Pell—Private Pell. She knows me."

"Wait here," said the man, and he closed the door.

Joey Pell waited. It was all very strange, he thought. He could look in through the window and see the long front room; usually it was crowded with soldiers; this day it was empty; not quite empty, however. At a desk sat a well-nourished lady—Mrs. Wilmerding, unquestionably. Joey Pell felt greatly relieved.

The door opened a trifle. The side-barred man was there.

"Mrs. Wilmerding is not at home," he said.

Joey decided that the man was joking; that this was a new system of entertainment.

"Say, kid," he said, "you ain't looked very hard. I can see her right in there."

"She's not at home," said the man; his voice was frigid.

"Say, cut the kiddin'," said Joey. "My reg'ment sails at noon and I gotta get to Hoboken." The butler appeared to be closing the door.

"Hey, Mrs. Wilmerding! Mrs. Wilmerding!" Joey called loudly.

She came out from her drawing-room; her face was unsmiling.

"Jeffords," she said to the butler, "what does he want?"

"I told him you were not at home, madam," the butler said.

"Mrs. Wilmerding," broke in Joey, "I gotta get to Hoboken—quick—see?—and I thought you could help me."

"I advise you to apply to the Veterans' Charity Bureau, in Madison Avenue," she said, and shut the door.

Joey stood on the steps for two precious minutes. He wondered what he had done to offend her. But he knew he had no time to puzzle it out. He again started down the Avenue. And again he noticed that the faces of those who passed him were uninterested, without friendliness.

Out of the sea of faces swam a familiar one—Peggy Sturgis.

He saluted her and said, "Hello, Miss Sturgis. Well, I'm off."

She did not return his salutation; she looked at him queerly, as if there were something curious about him.

"I beg your pardon?" she said.

"Say—you ain't forgot me already?" blurted Joey Pell.

"I'm sorry," she said coolly, "but I'm afraid I have. One met so many soldiers, you know. I hope things are going well with you. Good-by."

She was gone before he could catch his breath. What terrible thing had he done, he wondered. But he had no room in his mind for much wondering; his immediate problem was to get to Hoboken by noon. He pushed on toward Washington Square.

As he progressed along, at a half run, he overtook two men who were also going toward the square. Joey saw that they, too, were in uniform—but it was not khaki; it was a garish uniform, strange to him. He stopped short. But it was not the uniforms of the men that stopped him; it was their talk. They were talking in the language of the enemy. Joey Pell had learned to recognize it. Joey knew at once that they must be spies. He slackened his pace and followed close behind them. Fear hit him. If he captured the men he'd miss the transport. But it was his duty, he saw that, to capture them; he would do his duty.

Across the broad square he followed the two men. They headed for a crowd assembled in the southeast corner of the square. Joey did not take his eyes off them till they neared the crowd. Then he looked up, and his heart turned a somersault. His fingers closed tight on his rifle. The crowd was forming in a military formation, and they all wore the same strange garish uniforms as the two spies; and furthermore, they were speaking the same language. Joey stopped and stared.

The uniformed men carried a banner; it bore words in a foreign language. The truth came to Joey Pell in a sickening flash: the enemy had captured New York. How or when, he did not know. But there they were; they held Washington Square. He watched them, petrified with horror and hate. He tried to decipher their flag, but it meant nothing to him. He could not read its inscription:

YOUNG MEN'S UNIFORMED
GYMNASTIC AND SINGING
SOCIETY OF THE REFORMED
LUTHERAN CHURCH

He could not tell from their speech that they were assembling to march to the funeral of a deceased member. One thought filled his brain: the enemy had captured New York. Now he understood why the people had ignored him; they were afraid to do otherwise.

His hands tightened on his rifle; there was no question what his duty was; they were two hundred to one; but he was a soldier.

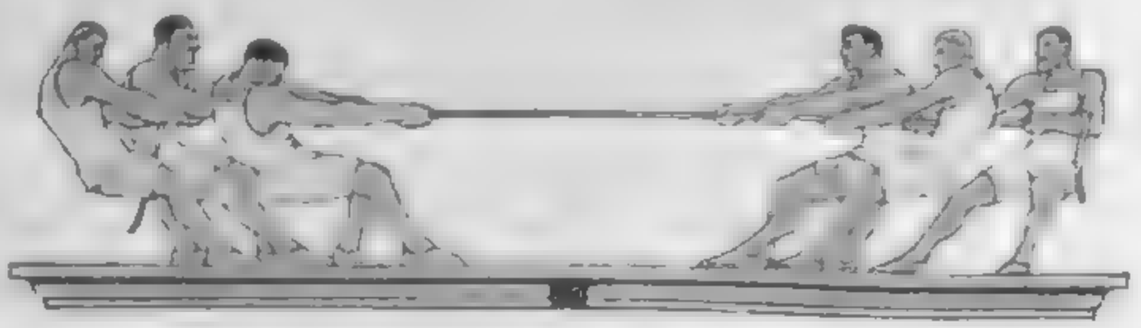
He fumbled at his belt for cartridges, then groaned as he realized he had none. Crouching behind a tree he drew from its scabbard the bayonet; his teeth bit into each other as he fixed the bayonet in its socket.

Then he jumped from behind his tree. His voice, high and shrill, sounded through the square.

"I'll show you, you devils; I'll show you!"

The surprised members of the uniformed gymnastic and singing society saw his fantastic figure come running toward them. At first they thought he was joking. Then, when they saw the leveled bayonet, they thought him crazy. Straight into the midst of them charged Private Joseph Pell. His big hat came down over his eyes, so the lunge he made with his bayonet at the chest of the leader of the society missed its mark and the point became entangled in the sleeve of that astonished young gymnast and singer. The men were sure he was a madman now. They knocked him down on the granite pavement; Private Joseph Pell's head hit one of the blocks.

So ended the Battle of Washington Square, the briefest battle in history, and yet the only one where the American Army's casualties were 100 per cent.



Wanted for check-raising

DESCRIPTION:

Age . . 26 (looks older)
Height . . . 5 ft., 7 in.
Weight . . . 125 lbs.
Build . . . . . slender
Hair . chestnut brown (curly)
Eyes . . . . light gray
Complexion . . . sallow
Occupation . bookkeeper
Peculiarities . Cigarette smoker, nervous, prominent cheek bones, receding chin, pointed Roman nose, high forehead, nude woman tattooed on left arm.

This man is wanted for numerous check raisings. He is intelligent and plausible enough to allay any ordinary suspicions. *He is at large today*—police officials warn you of his activities. What name is he using? Whose ordinary, unsafe check may he alter next? Who knows?

This is why banks give depositors insured checks

—the only positive protection

Ordinary unsafe bank checks are an irresistible temptation to check raisers. They know they can alter them. Last year more than $50,000,000 was lost through check frauds alone

Thousands of banks today are giving their depositors positive protection against check raisers by providing only Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks for their use

Such banks have the interests of their customers at heart. They avoid the possibility of loss or unpleasantness for their customers—first, by giving them bank checks which are as nearly perfect as we have been able to make them, and second, by providing free insurance for each customer up to $1000, should one of these checks ever successfully be raised.

There are many mechanical devices on the market, safety inks and other methods of protecting checks As far as they go, they serve a useful purpose in deterring amateurs. They often prevent the first step on the downward path.

But Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks not only deter the green amateur—they scare off the hardened professional. For the paper on which they are made is the latest word in safety. Should an attempt be made to alter one of these checks, either by erasure, knife or acid, the paper fairly shrieks the crime.

And on each check appear the reassuring words: "INSURED" in the corner, and "Protected by The William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc." The moral effect of this positive protection is not lightly to be tampered with. The crook will seek the unprotected check to play with.

William J. Burns strongly urges all bank depositors to take the precaution of using safety paper. And in a book which he recently wrote, "Stories of Check Raisers—and How to Protect Yourself," he has drawn on his vast experience, and offered timely advice which may save your bank account from being pilfered some day.

We have prepared a private edition of this book simply as propaganda of education. If you will mail the coupon we will gladly send you a copy with our compliments. No obligation whatever.

Pay By Check

You always have a receipt for payments.

You never make a mistake in amount.

You can operate your "budget system" more intelligently.

You always know from your stubs just what your balance is.

CAUTION: Always make your checks out properly in ink. Use Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks. Your bank probably supplies them.

Send coupon for attractive illustrated book, by William J. Burns, "Stories of Check Raisers—and How to Protect Yourself." Free for the asking.

Send today for this interesting book—by:

DETECTIVE
WILLIAM J. BURNS

Founder of the famous William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc., which protects bank depositors who use Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks.

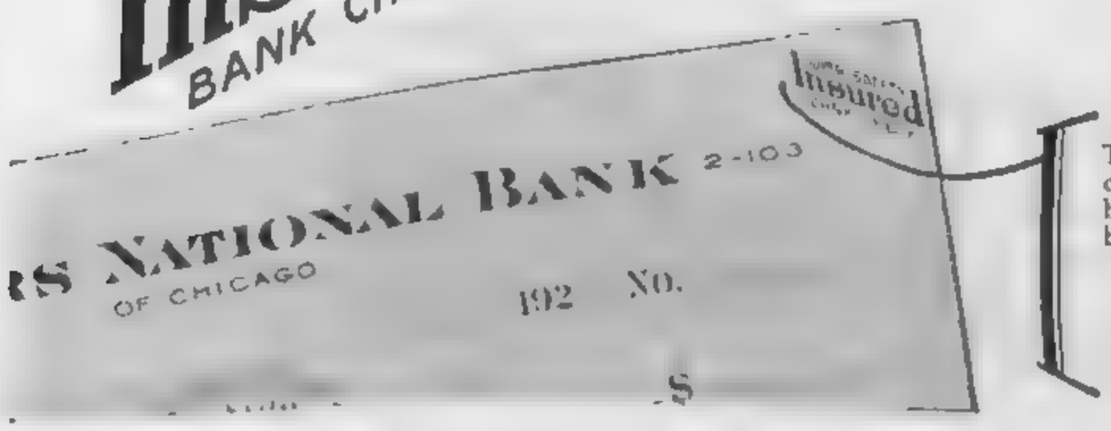
Mail the coupon—today.

The Bankers Supply Company

The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World

New York Chicago Denver Atlanta
Des Moines San Francisco

SUPER-SAFETY **Insured** BANK CHECKS



CORRECTION

The certification of the raised check mentioned in our ad in the Post of March 31st was genuine and not forged as stated.

Your Protection

This mark in the corner of your check warns off crooks—your surety that the check is protected by Burns, and insured against alteration for $1,000 by the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company.

THE BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY
5950 S. State St., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your private edition of "Stories of Check Raisers—and How to Protect Yourself," by William J. Burns. 9

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Your Bank _____

Please write plainly, use margin if required

An Overwhelming WELCOME

given this 35 Pound Johnson Motor

TO jump from a single motor into a leading place in the industry within 15 months was an undreamed of achievement. It was amazing how quickly people realized that the 35 Pound Johnson answers every requirement in an outboard motor. The sharp sudden turn that started Johnson-ward the day our first announcement appeared has kept the Johnson factories working day and night.

What Does It Prove?

—That Johnson was right.
—That no motor can give more in power, speed and durability than the 35 Pound Johnson gives.
—That the world wants a detachable motor for boats and canoes that is "as easy to carry as a pair of oars."
—That the ordinary mixing valve must give way to the real float-feed Johnson carburetor.
—That Outboard Motor users everywhere welcome the Johnson Quick Action Magneto, which does away with replacing and lugging heavy batteries
—That the universal steering and instant reverse (patented Johnson features) have doubled public interest in outboard motors and in water sports.
—That voice-drowning noises and boat-shaking vibrations are now as needless on the water as in the smoothest running motor car

No wonder thousands who have seen the Johnson Twin in action are Johnson owners now. No wonder Johnson now sets the pace. See for yourself this matchless motor. Note its richly refined beauty and fine workmanship. Note its better, more durable construction. Listen to its smooth, quiet purr. Watch its speed. Test its power. Marvel at its agility and ability to dart through the water "like a Waterbug." Then you, too, will get a Johnson.

Can you think of anything that will bring greater pleasure to you and all your family this summer and in years to come? Remember you don't have to own a boat to enjoy a Johnson. Just attach it quickly to any boat or canoe. Write for free catalog folder today.

JOHNSON MOTOR CO., 882 SAMPLE ST., SOUTH BEND, IND.
Eastern Office: 120 Broadway, New York

Many of the exclusive features of the Johnson Motor are fully protected by patents issued and pending.

Johnson "WATER-BUG"

THE LIGHTEST, LIVELIEST BOAT MOTOR ON THE WATER

Takes apart quickly to pack in this handy case which slides under Pull man seat

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

PROS. MAN CHAR.: Say, how long is it since you two worked for an author?

ROLLO: Eighteen-eighty

ELSIE *(interposing hastily)*: Of course, I was very young at the time!

PROS. MAN CHAR.: That explains why you don't realize what we Characters are up against in the author of today. Listen! My name is Babbitt—Geo. F. The fellow I work for has kep' me cooped up in a one-horse city—held me up before the whole country as the Champeen Hick—and ——

HIS WIFE: Come, come, George! Remember, Mr. Flewis took you to Chicago once, and the Kennicotts never got farther than Minneapolis. By the way, they ought to be here. I wonder if Miss Dinsmore knows them. You'd simply love Carol Kennicott, Miss Dinsmore. She shudders so well!

BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH GIRL: Cruelty! You should work for A. Hem, Bull! How would you like to spend your life in the desert, as I have been forced to, dividing your time between emptying the sand out of your shoes and being kissed? Good heavens, how I have been kissed! (ELSIE *puts her fingers in her ears.)* Passionately, madly, longingly, lingeringly, blisteringly, furiously!

ROLLO *(nodding warningly towards* ELSIE): Please, Miss—or—Mrs.—er ——

B. E. G. *(laughs bitterly)*: Just call me the "Freik!"

YOUNG MAN: Tha's awri', li'l girl. Looka me! Here'm I—on'y twenny-sump'n an' aw doubled up with rheumatism. Y' oughta work for O. Rott Itzharold and the Younger Novelis'. No solid food—jus' s'nthetic gin 'n' orange juice year in and year out! Y' can't live on orange juice without feeling it, I'll say. They won't use me unless I got sump'n on my hip! *(At this word* ELSIE *puts fingers in her ears again.* ROLLO *is distracted.)*

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN *(scornfully)*: Look at me! Mrs. Blatherton promised me brains, beauty, charm—and then had me fall in love with a columnist!

ROLLO *(his usual discretion overbalanced by curiosity)*: A—what?

BEAUT. WOMAN: Have you never seen a columnist? Ah, then you can't know how I have been humiliated!

ELSIE: Rollo, dear, will you not run and fetch me another dozen pocket handkerchiefs to cry into? Alas, my friends, my heart bleeds for you! How fortunate I was to live in a time when authors were kind and considerate to their brain children! When no author asked his Character to do that which he himself would have hesitated to do! When Authors and Characters alike were Ladies and Gentlemen! Has no one of you a kindly word for his employer?

MILD MAN: Well, H. M. S. Suchinson did me a good turn once.

CHARACTERS *(angrily)*: Rot! Sit down, Sabre! Put him out! Mark was always too easy! Boob! *(And so on.)*

ELSIE: No, no! Let him speak!

MILD MAN: I only want to be fair, Miss Dinsmore. Cruel he was, and hard—bitter hard—often; but just at the end—the very end—when winter'd come—he made up for it all. He left me with two perfectly good maids—a wonderful cook and a housemaid—I couldn't hate him after that, could I?

CURTAIN

—Katharine Dayton.

The Shoe

(Music by E. A. Poe)

SEE the ladies with their shoes—
Rainbow shoes!
Like a flock of hummingbirds in yellows, reds and blues!
How their patter, patter, patter
Lightly falls upon the ear
Through the jungle and the clatter,
And I can't say what's the matter,
But their straps are awful queer.
While we wait, wait, wait—
Being strictly up to date—
For the printed proclamation of the last authentic news
Of their shoes, shoes, shoes, shoes,
Shoes, shoes, shoes—
Of the scandals of their sandals and their shoes.

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Radio

THE day that Bilkins bought his radio set he said:
"None of your high-priced sets; not on your life.
It's just a toy to amuse the kids and wife.
They'll be crying soon for something else instead.
Remember our old phonograph? Great Ned!
Those kids would play it morning, noon and night,
And when I made 'em stop they'd start to bawl.
But now? They never touch the thing at all.
You'll see I'm right.
I'm going to buy an inexpensive set.
They'll tire of it soon enough, I'll bet."

The following week we again chanced to meet.
His arms were filled with bundles, and he wore
A grin of placid joy. He said, and smiled,
"I haven't got that old set any more.
Those crystal sets perhaps might please a child;
I bought a three-bulb outfit all complete.
Here are some tubes I'm bringing from the store.
We hook it to our phonograph, and, say,
Last night we got Chicago—L H K,
As clear as though 'twere just across the street."

The next I heard of Bilkins he was dead.
I called upon his anguished wife that week;
She clasped my hand and tears rolled down her cheek.
"I couldn't pry him loose from it," she said.
"He wouldn't even leave to go to bed.
At first he looked upon it as a joke—
A passing whim. And then the habit grew.
He used to dash right in to it at night
When he returned from work, and call to me
'Say, listen! Bed Time Tales from F X Z.'
And then he'd sit, and listen in, and smoke.
I used to bring his supper to him, too,
But generally he'd never touch a bite.

"Then, pretty soon, he stayed at home all day.
His business failed and funds were running short.
The tradesmen wrote they'd make us pay in court.
But when I tried to speak to him he'd say,
'Don't bother me. I'm getting Davenport.'
And so for weeks he never left his seat.
The children joined my pleading with their cries.
He never slept nor took a bite to eat.
I saw him slowly starve before my eyes.

"Last week I heard him crying out one night.
I quickly ran into his room, and there
I saw him sitting rigid in his chair.
His cheeks were flushed, a strange unnatural light
Shone in his eyes; and in the gloom
I felt another presence in the room.
And then across his haggard face there spread
A smile of radiant joy. He raised his hand
As though to bid the unseen presence stay.
'One minute—I'll be with you right away.
I think I'm getting London now,' he said.
He smiled and toppled forward. . . . He was dead."

—Newman Levy.

The Beggars

THEY beg to inquire and they beg to state,
They beg to advise and they beg to relate;

They beg to observe and they beg to mention,
They beg to call your kind attention;

They beg to remark and they beg to remind,
They beg to inform you will herein find;

They beg to announce and they beg to intrude,
They beg to explain and they beg to include;

They beg to acknowledge, they beg to reply,
They beg to apologize, beg to deny;

They reluctantly beg for a moment of time,
They beg to submit you an offer sublime;

Till I wish I could put the annoying array
Of beggars on horseback and send them away!

—Carolyn Wells.

Proverbial Melancholia

BENT as the twig was the tree is inclining,
I am the child spoiled through sparing the rod.
Dark are my clouds, and they lack silver lining;
Why must a shoemaker's bairn go ill-shod?

Oft in the night watch when all cats are sable,
Count I my chickens before they are hatched;
Oft when the steed has been stol'n from the stable
Lock I the door that was erstwhile unlatched.

Down the long lane that's devoid of a turning,
Going for honey, I always get stung;
I, that the candle at both ends am burning,
Save at the spigot to waste at the bung.

Wise is the child that shall know his own sire.
Out of a sow's ear I'll make me a purse.
Though three removes are as bad as a fire,
Still fare I farther, and still fare I worse.

All work and no play will make Jack the duller.
Why when the sun shines should mortal make hay?
Mount me a horse of a far different color.
Where there's a will there must sure be a way.

I, the lone swallow that makes not a summer—
I, that seemed gold and am proved to be dross—
Eat what remains for the tardiest comer;
I, a poor rolling stone, gather no moss!

Dust on the March wind is worth a king's ransom;
Maybe's, 'tis muttered, in June do not fly;
Handsome is that which in doing is handsome;
All's well that ends well—let sleeping dogs lie!

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Village Blacksmith

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands.
The smith, a portly man is he,
With diamonds on his hands.
Prodigious though his waist girth be,
It constantly expands.

For years the village chestnut joke
This smith had always been;
And, more than that, was always broke,
And so were all his kin.
And at this poor, old-fashioned bloke
The kids would stop and grin.

He plugged away from early morn
Till after dark at night,
And cursed the day that he was born
As sadder grew his plight.
At last a noisy auto horn
Did steer his footsteps right.

Out through the door the forge he shies;
The anvil, too, is canned.
With gasoline and such supplies
He stocks the shanty, and
He then proceeds to advertise
And blow to beat the band.

No more on Sunday at the church
He hears the parson pray;
'Twould leave his business in the lurch.
Why, that's his biggest day!
For watered gas he sells the perch
Who motor past that way.

And moisture-laden motor stocks
He sells upon the side.
The suckers come in droves and flocks,
Their dough to him confide.
He owns a dozen business blocks,
His head is swelled with pride.

Ah, thanks, kind friend! I plainly see
The moral of your tale:
Right up to date a man must be
To garner in the kale,
And slick enough in knavery
To keep him out of jail.

—O. A. N.

The Blazed Trail

From the woods of Maine to the beaches of California

This new summer habit has swept the country

No longer is vacation comfort confined to two short weeks out of the whole sizzling summer.

With five times as many country clubs as we had ten years ago—with twelve million automobiles—with two million golf and tennis players—with camps multiplying upon every mountain side—with the opening of great new parks and beaches—every day, every week, millions of Americans are living out-of-doors!

No wonder outdoor comfort has become the keynote of summer dress!

The amazing growth of Keds is the natural result of this great change in American life. Everywhere you'll see them—on city streets, in the home, at the seashore, in the mountains.

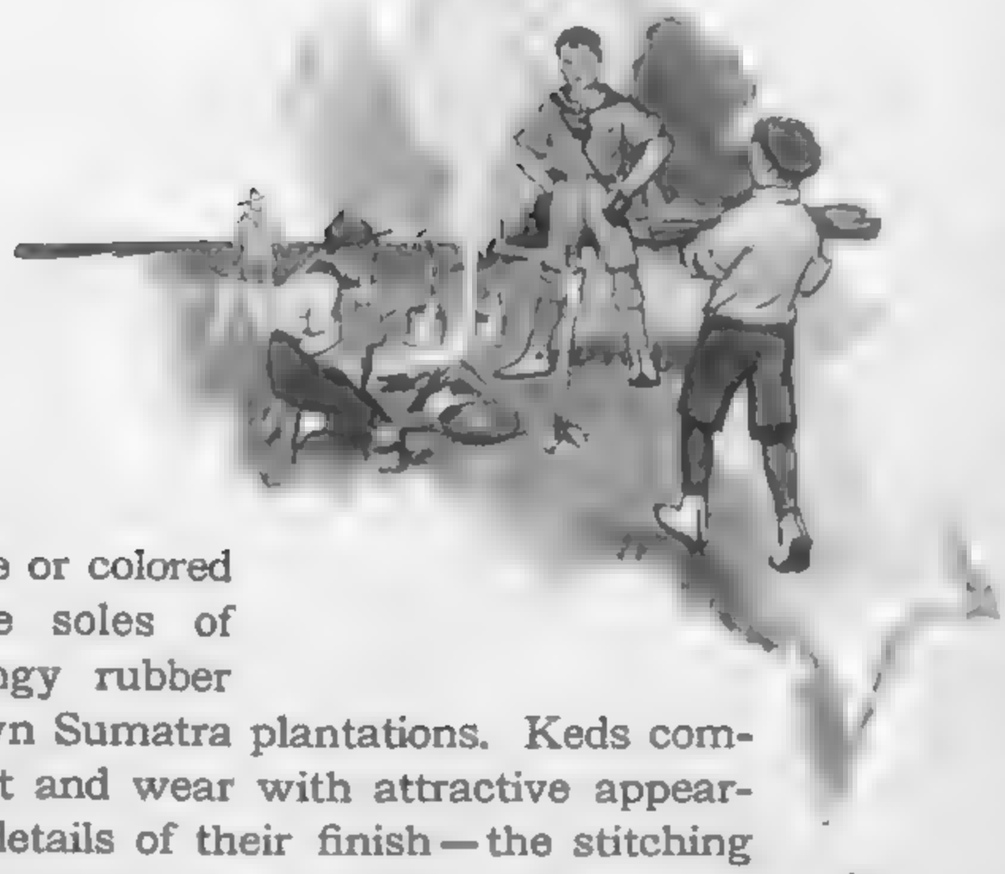
Light, cool, easy-fitting, Keds let the feet, cramped by months of stiff shoes, return to their natural form and breathe. The uppers are made

One of the children's Keds—made on a nature last. Similar models both with the strap and without it—for women and young girls

One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. Suitable for picnicking, boating, tennis and general outdoor wear.

A sturdy sport shoe. Athletic trim and lace-to-toe features. Smooth, corrugated or suction soles.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe



of fine white or colored canvas—the soles of tough, springy rubber from our own Sumatra plantations. Keds combine comfort and wear with attractive appearance. The details of their finish—the stitching and reinforcements—the careful workmanship throughout—put Keds in a class by themselves.

Why it will pay you to insist on Keds

Keds are the standard by which all canvas rubber-soled shoes are judged. Their quality is backed by the skill and experience of the largest rubber organization in the world.

Keds are made in many styles, both for sports and general all-summer wear. There are high shoes and low, pumps, oxfords, and sandals, styles for men and women, girls and boys.

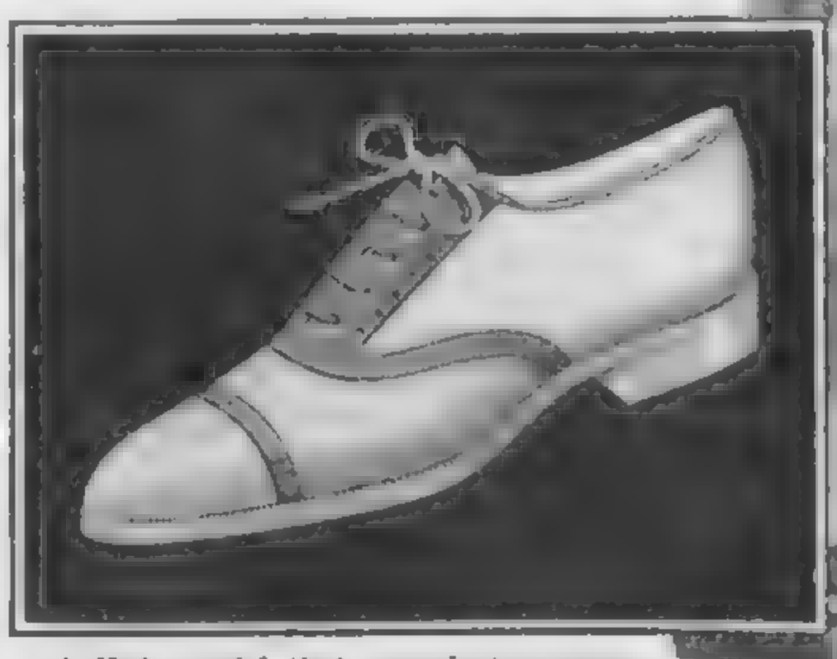
Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind of Keds you buy, every pair gives you the highest possible value at the price.

Remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance *look* like Keds, no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions, and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. F-3, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Another Keds model that is worn for sports as well as for general outing purposes. In tan as well as in white.



A Keds model that appeals to women everywhere. Appropriate with the daintiest frocks White or colored trimming

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat Off

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US RUBBER SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Strangers think they're sisters!

Mother and daughter—*it seems impossible!* Mirth spills out of the older woman's eyes. Her figure is as rounded and supple as a girl's. How does she do it? *She swims!*

Swimming is the ideal body-building sport. A famous grand opera star swims a mile every day while on her vacation. "It is a wonderful form retainer," she says. And to *swim*, women have discarded the baggy skirts and old-fashioned suits our grandmothers wore. Instead, they wear the trim, close-fitting Jantzen—*a real swimming suit!*

Jantzen is the original elastic suit, invented by Carl Jantzen, himself a crack swimmer. It is pure wool, with the elasticity of rubber. To give perfect fit and long wear, he perfected the non-rip crotch and bow trunk, found only in the Jantzen suit.

Your leading store should have Jantzens now for men, women and children, in fashionable new 1923 colors. Insist on a suit with the Jantzen label, get the *original* swimming suit. Style book gladly sent upon request.

Non-breakable Rubber Button
Shaped to give form fit
Patented bow-trunks give perfect fit over hips
Patented non-rip crotch

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON

Jantzen
The National Swimming Suit
NEVER BINDS ~ NEVER SAGS

HEAD WINDS

(Continued from Page 7)

was bending to assure himself of the expression in Patricia's eyes, to experience again the sea-blue deeps lying behind her lashes, they came to him, the words he needed:

"When you sail strange seas," his father was accustomed to say, "never make anchorage in the night. Lie to until morning and let cold daylight decide your harbor."

His dad's piloting was good enough for him. He had gone to bed; and the next morning, in cold daylight, he escaped.

Some years later, the time limit of his promise having expired to the very day, and life in the trenches making the memory of sea-blue eyes even more desirable, if it were possible, Peter wrote to Patricia. Before he could send the letter he heard from Ted. Patricia was engaged to marry The Rotter; she would be Mrs. John Templeton Arnold whenever the war ended.

And the war was over. Peter Rosslyn, therefore, found himself again in San Francisco, still free and untrammeled, able to set out upon the unlikeliest adventure he could have conceived.

It came about through his meeting, on Market Street, waspish little Ted Van Pelt.

II

THEY should have known her too well to have taken her wager, of course; but at the time, said Ted, it seemed an easy way to get rid of The Rotter. Who'd have guessed ease-loving Arnold would offer his service to the Government; or, offering, be accepted? He'd had an easy berth, too; saw the pleasantest parts of France while Win was getting shot to bits in the Argonne and he, Ted, was stifling in a Pacific Coast army camp, the whole darn war going right on without him.

"My George Almighty!" bawled Peter, at the end of his patience. "What about the bet?"

Well, Ross knew how she worked things; inveigled them into betting that Arnold would stay out of the big game. She said if The Rotter didn't get into it she'd not see him again; but if he went in they were to stop trying to control her actions; she was to do as she pleased, without any more of their interference. . . . Pat surely resented advice—just as if she had any judgment.

Knowing The Rotter, they'd taken the wager as a sure thing, even when she tacked on the postscript that they were, under no circumstance, to speak evil of John Templeton again in her presence; she was sick of the subject. He and Win had swallowed the whole thing, and she had won the bet. As to how she'd won it, Ted hesitated to say, considering she was his sister.

"What's all this to do with her engagement?"

"Everything! It's it!" explained Ted lucidly. "And if I hadn't been in the den off the library at home I'd never have suspected"—parenthesizing the eavesdropper's excuse: "Who'd have thought they'd be coming in there for their farewells? And after they'd begun, it was only tactful for me to stay put; I couldn't get out without their knowing I'd been in on the first part."

"Who," gritted Peter between his teeth, "are you talking about?"

"Patricia and The Rotter; who'd you suppose? His orders had come for overseas, and evidently he was awfully sorry for himself.

"'I may never come back,' says he.

"'How horrible!' says Pat, cheerful as Hades.

"'Haven't you any heart?'—Rotter is really curious, and pained.

"And she laughed, Ross! It made me squeamish to hear her! There's nothing so cruel as a woman when she's got something against a man, is there?"

"Go on," said Peter, beginning to enjoy himself.

"The Rotter got downright pitiful, and when he says 'I only went into the beastly-mess for you; can't you show appreciation?' I began to see light.

"'I'm engaged to you; what more do you want?' Pat that cool and steady.

"'Proof,' he says, quite lovering and invitatious, and I'll say I was sorry to be among those present; but I needn't have worried. Pat comes back with that soft voice she uses when she's planting a bomb where it will do the most good.

"'No, I think not: on consideration, I'm sure not—that is your punishment. You made a bad mistake at camp when I was very young. In my age I exact payment,' or words to that effect.

"Remember, Ross? You were there—up in the Adirondacks that last summer. He came back from a walk with her and hopped off to New York, all precipitous. That was it, and she'd been layin' for him ever since. That's Pat—or at least it was Pat," he corrected himself, with a heavy sigh.

"From what Win says, she seems to have grown up during the war, and got a conscience or something."

"Stick to your story! What did Arnold say when she told him he was in for punishment?"

"Something he-mannish about having taken the only way to make her know how much she cared for him. There was dead silence after that, and then he asked why she had promised to marry him. He couldn't get it even then; wanted to know if it were only his uniform that had attracted her!

"There was that little laugh of hers, under her breath, as she corrected his memory; but anyone not knowing her would have thought she was being too sweet to live.

"'Wrong,' she says; 'quite wrong, Templeton! Two points wrong, in fact! There was nothing said about marriage in our agreement, as I particularly remember, and the occasion was not on seeing you in uniform. I remarked how well you would look in uniform, and admitted I might be tempted to become engaged to a good-looking man who wore it—and you took me up on it. I engaged myself to get you into the service; but that was all!'

"You see, Ross, she'd tricked him. We've never been able to teach her not to use unfair weapons. She's always used the first thing that came to hand or mind, and she isn't logical—but what can you expect?"

"Everything!" and Peter laughed softly. "Now tell me how she got out of it."

"She hasn't. Didn't I tell you she grew up and got a conscience while we were gone? Winthrop writes that Arnold came back fat and sanguine from the Battle of Paris, and has taken a high hand with her, adopting a noble tone about her being too fine to escape a bargain through trickery. Win, with that conscience of his, is making it worse. He says it's only natural, as she grows older, for her to realize certain things aren't done; that there is such a fact as *noblesse oblige*, and all the rest of it. But it doesn't seem possible to let Patricia marry The Rotter!"

"It isn't possible," said Peter, his eyes gray slits. "Arnold lost his caution in France and left a trail a mile wide. He isn't fit for a woman to know. She is automatically freed."

"I know all about that: don't think I haven't heard!" shrilled Ted. "But how can we tell her, with that bet?"

"You're puerile at times, Ted."

"I tell you, Ross, you don't know her. You can't imagine how contrary she is. If we tried to tell her the truth about him she'd marry him out of hand, if only to pay us for breaking our agreement. She hasn't any sense of proportion."

Peter gave a short laugh.

"She suits me! Bring her out here, away from Arnold, where she can't be marrying him before we get her convinced and I'll tell her. I'm not afraid of her, if you are."

"She'd not believe you. You are the last person who could tell her, because she is prejudiced against you already. She's gathered that we used to discuss her with you and take your advice," Ted told him unwillingly, but it had to be done. "She thinks you've dictated too much in her affairs, and—well, the fact is, Peter, she simply does not like you; gets offish if we so much as quote you. I'm sorry, but there it is!"

He finished lamely, for he had caught an expression in the big man's face that left him a little sick.

"I see!" Peter's chest lifted once, but he went on easily enough, "I followed his career over there as closely as I could; I was interested. Once he did get into trouble with the M. P., a small thing as

(Continued on Page 138)

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Emery Shirts

Continued from Page 136

compared with the rest, but it will be enough for her."

"Then it's on record!"

"Exactly!"

"We'll have to get it in black and white for Pat."

"We'll get it in black and white. Meanwhile you write to Win; tell him to use diplomacy—if it's in him."

"Which it isn't," said Ted.

"Get her out here on the first train West, before she can do anything impulsive, and I'll do the rest." His magnificent confidence infected Ted. "I'm not tied up with any fool bet, nor with anything else. I'm sorry she doesn't—like me; but it will only make it a little harder. Can do."

Ted tried to echo it as hardily, but found it impossible. He knew his sister.

"And remind Win," added Peter, "not to mention me. It will be simpler."

"Right!" said Ted, and he wrote as follows:

Dear Win: Who do you think is here? You've said it! Peter Rosslyn! The old man is a lot older, blacker than sin, wicked of eye and tall as a house. He just missed seeing you a dozen times. Got his transfer from the English to join ours. He'd been in it from the start; says the Lusitania was the last straw; that a war might be a war, but my George Almighty a ship was a ship! Judging from his decorations, he served in a hot bunch of fights, and came through without a scratch.

I met him on the street, striding along, six feet at a clip—you know how; and remember that white grin of his stretching across his black map? Give you my word, I thought he'd picked up French customs; but he hadn't; it was only me. He set me down, two ribs to the bad, but nary kiss. I know now why I kept on staying out here—it wasn't bad, seeing the old pirate again.

His schooner has been doing wild things for Uncle Sam. As soon as he gets her renovated, Ross says it's farewell to land for him. By the way, he calls her the Averna, female for "hell."

Sorry to hear your leg has been giving you so much trouble. [This was news to Win.] I think you are wrong in keeping it from her. [So was this.] If Pat knew how vital it is for you to have change of climate she'd come out to California with you, I'm sure; or weren't her first-aid courses good for anything?

You are right, of course, though; it's hard to remember that Pat is not free to do as she pleases any more. [This was a stroke of genius on the part of Ted.] Arnold would be justified in refusing to allow her to leave New York so near their wedding. He won't stand for her putting it off much longer, and I can't blame him. Win, can't you peg out here alone, if Arnold does refuse to let her come?

"Ted is so archaic," was Patricia's comment when Win, not unaware of Ted's cleverness, passed this over to her. "Why haven't you told me about your leg? When shall we start?"

Ted met them at the station in Oakland, but he was accompanied by one afternoon's quenching of a two years' drought. He embraced them impartially, leaving them hats awry and suspicious, but not certain. He carried his indiscretion well, but he talked—talked continuously on the way over on the ferry, and in San Francisco on the way up to the hotel where their rooms were engaged.

"You look great, Pat! Better'n when you visited me at camp. She did, Win, and the whole mess tried to marry her, so she lef' me. How do you like the quarters? That view shatis—sat-is-factory? Peter Rosslyn picked that view by hand an' sent it up for Pat; picked those roses by telephone, sent 'em up to Pat; tried to pick me away from brash foot rail and tha's where he failed.

"He was bound to go with me to the train, but I had to make it all smooth and soothy first for Pat. She needs tact; Ross says so himself. So I lied one train to Peter and gave him the slip." And with a touch of grief, "He's prob'ly over there now in the station, waitin' his long legs off! Can't be helped. If he'd known the truth he'd been with me. There's no more argin—argu-ing with Rosslyn than there ever was. Give him slip 'sonly way."

And deliberate Winthrop let him babble on.

"In the main, Ross is wisdom; tha's why it's safe to trust him to give her the straight dope." And answering a glare from Win, with dignity, "'Squite all right, Winthrop; 'squite! Siphonish word, 'squite is!

"I know jus' how far to go. Pat's difficult cashe; said so myself. Thash why Rosslyn says 'Bring her out to me. I'll manage her. Get her away from The Rotter so she can't be marryin' him out of perversh ——' English language's ful of shushy words'n I've ever known. Mt be th' humidity.

"'I'll tell her a few,' says Peter, or word to that gen'r'l effect."

Patricia placed a hand over Ted's mouth.

"One minute! What had Peter Rosslyn to do with my coming out here?"

"Ever'thing in the whole wide beautiful world, Patricia! Win an' I jus' obeyed orders like little soldiers."

Winthrop walked toward a window; on second thought he made it the door, and as he passed out he said, "Now, Ted, old man, since you've gone so far, settle it, will you?" And the door slammed.

"Irritable?" queried Ted.

"Never mind." Patricia moved close to him. "Why did Peter Rosslyn want me to come out here?"

"Peter's going to tell you himself, because we can't with that bet. Tha's the kind of friend he is—do anything for Win and me, anything! Anyway, he says we're too soft to take care of you—lovely girl, drunken brothers.

"Rotter was rotter'n ever in France, and ole cocksure Peter says he can make you believe it. 'Howsoever,' says Ted, meaning me, 'proofs for Pat,' and tha's why he wrote for 'em. I knew my li'l' old pig-headed sister. Written, wrotten proofs, 'sonly thing."

Patricia leaned to her brother; he leaned back, but too late.

"Theodore Van Pelt!"

"Eighteen months I've been dry as a camel"—all on the defensive—"played the game straight through. What more can you want? Today I sponged up few forbidden fruits, 't'strue."

"I thought so."

"So did Peter; he was mos' unreasonable 'bout every sponge I spanged."

"When is he to tell me?" This unconscious fount of knowledge tempted curiosity. "What does he think he knows?"

"Here"—Ted fumbled in a pocket—"I kep' copies of the letters he's been writin' to get the data; and when you've read 'em, if you need any more convincin', you're not so smart as I was!"

He laid the parcel in her lap, and having accomplished in a short hour all that one brother could very well accomplish, he left her.

Have you ever looked down upon San Francisco from one of her heights, when floods of sunlight etch into relief streets and houses, bringing out walls of gray, roofs of old rose, in a soft welter of color? Out in the bay Alcatraz herself, floating in azure, looks peaceful. Not bad, is it?

And yet on such a day, and in June, Winthrop and Ted chose to wallow in gloom in a hotel lobby. They faced a crisis. It was Ted's morning after.

"Who'd have thought The Rotter had the 100 per cent efficiency to follow, and get here only one train behind, with Peter there at the station, still waiting?" He cackled, "It's darn funny when you think of it; Peter, peaceful, doing the Casabianca for Pat, and falling into the arms of The Rotter instead. How joyful for Arnold! Brace up, Win! Ross will help us out."

"But she won't see him; says she can't endure men who betray other men."

"She saw Arnold quick enough; had him in the first thing this morning. Here he is now, still jaunty. You don't suppose ——"

"You chaps will have to speed up if you're in earnest," Arnold said as he crossed to them, and, lowering his voice dramatically, "Patricia showed me the fatal letters."

Winthrop stood.

"What is the decision?" he asked.

"She leaves it to me."

"What do you mean?"

Ted took no part in the conversation, but stepped back and examined measuringly the angle of Arnold's jaw.

"If the charges are true she is to consider herself free; if they are not she will carry on."

"And the proofs?"

"She leaves it to my word—sporting of her?" He clipped and lighted a cigar before concluding, "We are to be married tomorrow and shall leave at once for New York."

Ted's arm drew back. Win caught his elbow and said soberly, "We can prove all that to her, Arnold. You are merely postponing trouble for a week or two at most."

"The postponement is worth ——" But Ted snarled as if stepped on and Arnold did not finish; said instead, "You two had better make up your minds to it. Patricia wishes you to see us married." And noting the expression he saw on the brothers' faces, he took himself away.

"I think," said Win, "that it is time to see Rosslyn. Whatever is to be done must be done today."

More than an hour were those three closeted, and at the last they separated Win troubled and anxious, Ted drunk with pleasure, not with wine this time; and Peter tight-lipped and grim.

"Go on to Arnold now," he said, "and crawl."

"Damned if I can," said Ted simply.

"Crawl!" ordered Peter. "It's for Patricia, isn't it?"

"I'll crawl," agreed Ted evilly. "But watch me!"

And later, to Patricia, when he had crawled and still ached for reprisal, he told what he had done. Wording his wrongs gave him temporary relief.

"I've made friends with John Templeton outwardly. Don't get false ideas, however. Your future husband and I love each other as devotedly as ever. I think he is a—prince; he thinks me an ——"

"Never mind what he thinks of you!" Win interrupted with new testiness. "You talk too much, do you know it?"

"Let a man alone, can't you?" complained Ted, and continued with his talking too much. "Patricia, we've decided to consent, since it won't do any good to refuse, and Ross says ——"

Win groaned.

"Peter Rosslyn says"—Ted glared at his brother—"that with your pride, you'll quit us for good if we don't give in now."

"Don't ever be too proud to come to your brothers, Pat." Winthrop took her hand in his. "Whatever happens, we are waiting. Remember!"

"That's right, Pat; keep it in mind. Rosslyn says if we can't save you now from what you are diving into, we can at least help to pull you out. That is why we crawled to Arnold and why we are coming to the wedding."

Win murmured, "You will let us see you married?"

"Win, how could you doubt it?"

If Patricia were always like this—so tender, so reasonable!

She laughed mistily.

"You are two very good sports, Win and Ted. One of you open the door; that must be John Templeton."

Arnold accepted their gift promptly, as if it solved difficulties. Ted said they had engaged the yacht for the summer as a surprise to Patricia, and there was no reason why she should not have it for her honeymoon.

"And you two will go along?" Patricia's suggestion brought a decided negative from Ted; while Arnold, with an "Oh, I say!" of expostulation, moved closer to foolish young Patricia; but not noticing, she turned away. His avid face reddened, his mouth hardened, and Win saw. It was such little indications as these that hurried the affair along to its inevitable conclusion.

"You'll probably have some shopping for tomorrow?" Ted suggested. "We'd planned a northern cruise—suit you?"

"Perfectly," said Arnold. "I can see a clergyman tonight; but I shall get the license this afternoon. It will save time."

Ted consulted his wrist: "Half after five; I'm afraid that it is rather late—never mind, though; you can get it the first thing in the morning. So far as I can see, you are sure of one full day ahead of you, but we'll all help." He promised it with a certain gusto. "What time are you planning to be married—and where?"

"Tomorrow evening at some rectory I think will be best." Arnold had taken control of affairs.

"Right! All of us meet here for dinner"—Ted talked rapidly—"and go on to your wedding afterward? I'll see the pilot about the sailing hour. Anything else, Win? Oh, yes, Pat, either Win or I should go with you to give you advice about your outfit."

"No!" from Patricia.

"Settled!" from Ted, very cheerful.

At six o'clock the next afternoon Win entered his sister's sitting room. His forehead was partly covered by a bandage, and marring its whiteness was a red stain.

"What is it?" she asked steadily. "Are you hurt?"

(Continued on Page 141)

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LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

from The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

(Continued from Page 138)

"No—just a spot."

He hurried to her, tried to press her head down on his shoulder, as if to avoid her eyes, but she held him away.

"Tell me!" she demanded.

"Accident"—his lips moving stiffly, the word coming with difficulty.

"Teddy?"

"His shoulder and arm—not serious; but—but it isn't Ted, Patricia."

"Who?"

"Arnold."

"Is he dead?"

"No, but injured—they say disfigured. You can't marry him."

III

TED came in, veiled with pallor, his shoulder and arm bandaged and strapped close. Patricia ran to him.

"Teddy dear, are you suffering?"

"Arm broken, collar bone cracked, shoulder pinched"—with the satisfaction peculiar to such cases.

"Ought you to be up?"

"It's all right; don't take on!" He sank into a chair.

"Have you told her?" he asked Winthrop, and licked his dry lips.

"Partly."

"How did it happen?" She hovered between the two, her fingers, deft from first-aid courses, fluttering over their bandages.

Ted winced away.

"Automobile," he said; then in fury to Win, "That fool! That blasted fool wouldn't stay in the hospital, and he won't go to his hotel!"

"Who?" asked Patricia.

"Arnold. He insisted upon an ambulance and being taken on board the yacht. He is there now, waiting"; and in explanation to Patricia, "We were in a machine on our way back from Oakland, where we'd been making the yacht pretty for you, Pat; but in leaving the ferry there was a mix-up. We got caught between two other cars—everybody smashed up—lots of glass ——"

"And—Templeton?"

"Both of his ankles are injured; but they are only sprained, Win; not broken, as he thought. The cuts, of course, are bad—hands and face. There's every chance of his being disfigured, so you can't marry him."

"If you'll stop to think, Ted, it's all the more reason why I must."

She walked away to a window and stood with her back to them.

Ted's voice rose: "He's so afraid you'll change your mind when you see his ruined beauty that he wants to be married now, before his bandages are off!"

"This, at least, postpones the wedding"—Winthrop put a word in—"you can't marry him now."

"What does Templeton say?"

"What would you expect?" With his injuries and excitement, Ted verged on hysteria.

"He can't stand up for the ceremony, so he's asking you to marry him on board the yacht; he wants to sail tonight."

"I don't believe you, Ted," came levelly. "If he is so badly hurt as you say, he wouldn't think of leaving; he would need a physician. You are trying to postpone my marrying him. I shall talk with his physician myself. Where is he?"

Ted spoke unwillingly:

"The physicians say his ankles will do well enough, and—and the cuts aren't so deep but that a nurse could manage. Arnold said you could stop in at any harbor for medical attention, if it's needed."

"Y-es," from Patricia.

"In fact," sneered Ted, "John Templeton is even willing to go without any other nurse than you; says, with the cabin boy to help, you could manage. The crust of him!

"That's when I told him flatly we'd had enough; you couldn't go, and that we would forbid any such move. Pat, we'll prevent it if we have to lock you up. There's a limit to what we can stand of your damfool pig-headedness."

Pat was breathing fast.

"No need of the vehemence, Ted," said his brother. "But you can see, Patricia, that we'll have to interfere. We can't allow it."

"Allow!—interfere!—prevent!—forbid!" whispered Pat. "You—you bullies!"

"Ross says ——" shouted Ted, and then Win muzzled him.

Patricia was trembling.

"Templeton is right. I shall marry him tonight and leave as we planned. Now, prevent me!"

They knew when they were beaten. Ted's head dropped back, he closed his eyes. Patricia approached him; somewhat wistful was Patricia in her victory.

"Ted," she said, "don't feel too badly."

"I don't!" with a trace of uneasiness turning his head away from her.

Ted was always shy of emotion.

"Some day," she went on, close to his ear, "you will see all this so differently."

"Very likely"—without opening his eyes—"but for the present—please let me alone, Patricia."

"It's been a hard day for you, Teddy, even without the accident. I know."

He made no sign of hearing her.

"Do you mind having dinner sent up here before we leave?"

Win's pallor was so unmistakable that she betrayed some compunction—hurried to the phone and ordered it.

Dinner was solemn, though Ted tried to be funny, drawing realistic pictures of the cabin boy pouring, via a funnel, quarts of hot soup down the bandaged Arnold; but no one laughed; so when Win had cut up his food he devoted himself to eating.

In the car, all the way over to Oakland, Patricia said no word, but huddled close to her older brother, who was as silent as she. Even Ted was still.

The yacht was ranged alongside an ill-lighted wharf. Light streamed from the ports amidships, but otherwise no life was discernible on board; not a sailor was on the dark deck. It was not cheerful.

They dropped down on the vessel and stumbled to where a square of brightness showed a companionway. The three went down and into a comfortable cabin. Ted had found his voice again; and giving Pat scant time to notice more than a door in the farther bulkhead, another on the starboard side, a table and part of the transom, the padded seat running along the three sides of the cabin, he led her forward. On the nearer side, where he had been hidden from them by a partition, she now saw the wrecked bridegroom lying propped up on pillows. He was a sorry spectacle. Swathed, head, face and hands, he looked like a mummy.

He lifted his head, trying to peer through the aperture left for his eyes. He made an inarticulate sound when he saw Patricia, as if he had been in doubt of her coming.

"Yes"—Ted gave him his innings—"she changed our minds; we're here."

"I'm sorry about this, Templeton," said Patricia. "Don't move; don't try to talk."

Ted, not enduring the sight of the two together, was in a fever of restlessness. He tried to show her everything at once; all they had planned for her comfort—talked a stream. He led her past the steps they had descended and into a minute passage. He touched the door at the right.

"One of us would have had this, if we had gone"—he threw open the door to the left—"and this is yours."

The room was surprisingly large, its fittings exquisite, and there were flowers everywhere. Sea-blue were the silk hangings, as was the upholstery of the corner seat. An inner door displayed a luxury of shining enamel, white porcelain, the gleam of silvered metal and of glass; and there was a dresser, a chest of drawers, a wardrobe, bookcase and a desk; electric lights—every comfort.

Win called to them that Doctor Dean, the clergyman, had come.

"Go on, Teddy," said Pat, "I'll be out in a few minutes." She closed the door.

When they had arranged all the red tape they could without her, Ted went back and rattled impatiently.

"Pat," he howled, "both pilots, sky and sea, are on board, and you can't keep pilots waiting. You sail in twenty minutes. If you want to be married, come on; we've done everything we can without the bride."

She came out serenely, walked down to the cabin, and after Ted's garbled introduction of the old clergyman, turned to the divan and said, "Will you keep this?"

The envelope she gave was one of those promising-looking covers which banks employ. The recipient, though it must have caused him a twinge, did not groan as he put aside the rug, and managed with his bandaged hands to get the long envelope into an inner pocket. Ted watched and his sneer was hideous.

"How much did she have?" he hissed to Win.

"Plenty."

"Darned if she wouldn't have turned every bond she owned over to The Rotter, if she'd had 'em."

After that things moved rapidly. The clergyman stood before them as Patricia knelt beside the couch.

"Dearly beloved," began the kindly voice, "we are gathered here in the sight of God ——"

Steps moved on deck, many steps, muted orders.

"—— not unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently. . . . If any man can show just cause why this man and this woman should not ——"

Did the figure on the couch stiffen and then relax as the rapid words ran on?

"Who giveth this woman ——"

Win was chalk white, but he went through with it. Patricia laid her hand beneath the bandaged one on the rug; and then muffled, indistinct, each word a painful effort. "I, John, take thee, Patricia, to love and to cherish ——"

And in her clear voice, "I, Patricia, take thee, John ——" She liked that better than the "Templeton."

Muffled again his words, "With this ring I thee wed ——"

His bandaged hands could not accomplish it; it was Winthrop who leaned over and helped him—Patricia loved him for that. They were good brothers, if they were blundering. She would prove she was right. If she sought for good in this man she was marrying she would find it ——

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Instead of an organ came diapason of rigging, slatting canvas, blocks, throb of engine, pulsating vibration of the vessel. . . .

Patricia was married.

A warning from on deck; hurried affixing of signatures; a quick handclasp of the clergyman as he hastened away. Ted brusquely told the groom he was taking Patricia to see them off, and ran her up the steps; while Winthrop, like the good fellow he was, went over to the helpless man and tried to say the conventional things, but failed. He joined Ted and Patricia at the head of the companionway. Shadowy forms of sailors moved about up forward; silhouettes of pilot and helmsmen aft at the wheel.

"If you stay here, Pat," said Ted, "you can see your wedding march across the bay and out of the Golden Gate. It will be worth seeing. You will drop the pilot out there, and then up sails and away! I envy you your cruise. If you go down to that step below I can close these doors. The hatch is back, so that you can stand here in a nice little box, see everything and be safe while they run up the sails."

"Time to go, Ted," reminded Winthrop.

She clung to them at the last. Ted cackled to hide his feelings and Winthrop was husky, still pale, and too cheerful; but Patricia smiled gamely; and then the dark wharf had swallowed them and she was alone.

The little vessel put off, and curved out into the bay on her march, to music of hoisting mainsail and of fluttering canvas, dead into the wind. She threaded her way between ferryboats, gay with lights. She crisscrossed ships, countless craft, going and coming; laboring great vessels, scurrying small ones. To the din of orders, bells, she shuttled in and out, leaving behind her the glitter and the brilliance that was San Francisco, and facing ahead, across the Gate, the unseen heaving sea.

The ship lifted and deeply curtsied to that sea; she stepped a measure; dipped in swirl of lacy spume, ascended as on tiptoe; and pirouetting, crossed the Golden Gate in dance as dainty as a lady's.

The engine stilled, the ship rolled, a dim bulk neared. A small boat put off; the pilot was over the side—was gone. Then hoisted was the foresail and jib and working topsail, and they shaped away on their course. Standing straight off shore on the starboard tack, they ramped at once into a twenty-mile nor'wester, close hauled. And they hit a roller, a vicious one. The spray swept the decks from end to end, cleared them, but rattled against the sails like bird shot.

Pat, clinging to a handrail, cowered, fearing a drenching—was sprayed, and laughed. Adventure!

Out of the darkness above her loomed a figure, and bending to observe her was a face that had no place on a white bridal

(Continued on Page 143)

What would you do in his place?

The steeplejack lights his pipe and goes on painting

Imagine, if you can, a steeplejack 487 feet above the street level. Hanging on by his teeth he is applying a more or less rough-and-ready coat of paint to a flagpole.

It may seem foolish that a flagpole 487 feet in the air should need a coat of paint; but anyway, that's the case.

Right in the midst of a busy morning's painting an adventurous bee buzzes into the picture. In fact, there are two bees, both buzzing viciously.

What should the steeplejack do?

There being in the profession no local rules for buzzing bees, your average steeplejack probably would get the all-clear signal from below and slide promptly down to safety.

But not Our Hero.

He takes out his pipe, lights it, and goes on painting.

"It soothes the nerves," he says frankly about pipe smoking.

And, by the way, although there are only twenty-five genuine, no-scaffold steeplejacks in the country, Our Hero is one of them.

We have no way of knowing what kind of tobacco the steeplejack pours into his pipe on these bee-buzzing occasions, but we have a feeling that it is Edgeworth.

For Edgeworth does much to give the smoker a sense of calm and peaceful security.

Of course we wouldn't care to go on record as claiming that smoking a can of Edgeworth is as good as a two-weeks rest cure in the mountains; but we would like to register very strongly the opinion that smoking any pipe makes life seem more worth living and that smoking a pipe filled with Edgeworth helps a lot.

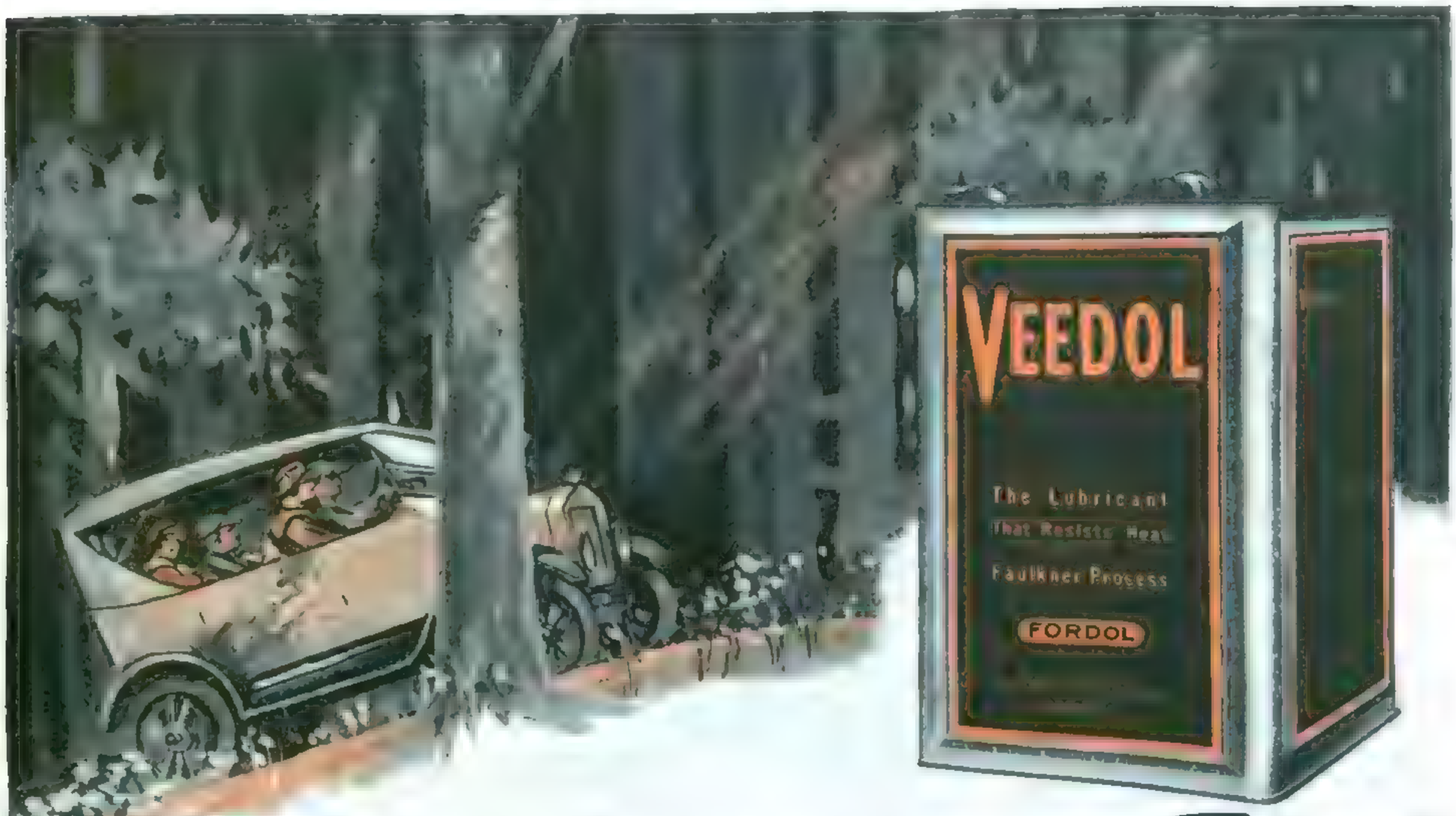
At least, smokers from all parts of the country write in to tell how much Edgeworth helps them in the general pursuit of health, happiness and several good pipefuls a day.

If you are interested in finding out more about Edgeworth, the most sensible plan is for you to let Larus & Brother Company send you some free samples so that you can try the tobacco for yourself.

Just write your name and address down on a postcard and you will receive immediately generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth regularly.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



~gives your Ford

the smooth operation of higher priced cars; *plus* definite savings

You notice the difference in a minute with Veedol Fordol.

You feel a new respect for your compact little motor as you breeze over in high. When there's a chance to coast you go into neutral, shut off the gas, and get a free ride—because there is no brake-band drag to hold you back. Gone is the jerky chatter when you start, stop and reverse.

Veedol Fordol gives your Ford this smooth operation—and a plus of definite economies.

Tests have proved that with Veedol Fordol the actual money saved on gasoline and oil, over a season, often will pay the difference in price between Veedol Fordol and the cheapest oils sold. When you consider the cost of carbon removals and engine repairs that need **not** be added to the cost of Veedol Fordol, savings mount up instead of expenses!

Veedol Fordol is made exclusively for the Ford and no other automobile engine. It masters the unique lubricating system of the Ford engine and transmission. It succeeds where other oils have failed.

Go to your Veedol dealer. Have him drain your old oil and refill the crankcase with Veedol Fordol. Better still, buy a sealed 5 gallon can of Veedol Fordol. The oil in that can will give you between 2,000 and 3,000 miles of smooth operation and economy, at less than ⅓ of a cent a mile.

The 8 Economies of Veedol Fordol

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Fordol conservatively saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% savings have been developed repeatedly

2—Eliminates costly "chatter"—Veedol Fordol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. "Chatter" a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Fordol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon in the Ford engine cylinders. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Fordol possesses to a super-degree the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Increased ability to coast—With average lubrication a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Fordol coasting is possible down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel Veedol Fordol maintains its power-seal and lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Fordol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Fordol masters the lubricating problems of the Ford power plant the result is a hitherto unknown freedom from engine vibration and repair bills.

Send for Veedol Fordol booklet

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Veedol oils and greases are sold throughout the world

VEEDOL FORDOL

The new economy oil for Fords

(Continued from Page 141)

yacht. It was a Manchu, with beady, slanting eyes. Drooping black mustaches depended from each side of flared nostrils. A scar ran obliquely from high cheek bone to chin. The light from the companion threw the yellow countenance into bold relief; and that was what Patricia saw as she lifted her laughing, wetted face.

IV

THERE was no swathed bridegroom propped up on the divan. The cabin was empty.

Patricia, walking softly, went back toward her stateroom. The door opposite her own was ajar, and in that other room, his back turned, stood a very tall man, and broad; black hair topped him, and he stood braced, feet apart, sailorwise.

"What are you doing here?"—her voice slightly breathless.

He wheeled, and she met the shock of gray eyes in a brown face, a white flash of teeth as he smiled a greeting.

"Are you surprised, Pat?"

"What are you doing here?" she repeated, with no sign of recognition.

"This is my schooner, the Averna. Haven't you guessed?"

"What have you done with T—with Mr. Arnold?"

After a moment of hesitation, he said, "I decline to answer, excepting to assure you that so far as you are concerned he is harmless." Again, irresistibly, Peter's white grin. "He is where he can't trouble you at all."

She was out of the passage and halfway up the companionway before his fingers closed about her waist, and she was floating back down those steps and into the cabin, not in the least of her own volition.

Peter stood watchfully, feet braced, hands behind him, gray eyes looking down into blue ones.

"Intolerable!" from Patricia.

"Do be seated," from Peter, hearty and hospitable.

"No," said Patricia

"Yes," said Peter; "we've much to discuss."

"No!" Patricia raged; "not one word with you!"

Deadlocked.

He took one experimental step toward her She sat down.

"My brothers" breathing fast.

"Your brothers have placed you in my care."

"Mr. Arnold – my my husband will ——"

Gray eyes turned storm gray; voice that shook—"You can call that brute, vicious and dangerous as he is, husband!"

"But isn't he?" Patricia cool enough now for two."

"If a few words spoken by a priest makes a man and a woman husband and wife ——"

"It does."

Abruptly he calmed; sat down beside her to say more gently, "Patricia, you don't know who—what you've married!"

"I do; but how does it concern you?"

"I've chosen to make it my concern. If you wish to think that ceremony made Arnold your husband, do so; but you will not see him again ——"

Her eyes widened as she faced him. She could not keep herself from trembling; but she faced him, and the only sign of shock was quickened breathing, the color burning in her cheeks. The trembling was purely nervous reaction; there was no sign of fear.

"Splendid!" Peter applauded silently. He had felt she was worth the fight; now he was sure.

Before her delicate high spirit he felt suddenly uncouth, monstrously coarse and unworthy. He must move slowly, more carefully even than he had planned.

As if sensing his humility, she became fully at ease, spoke with insufferable arrogance.

"What silly buffoonery! How long do you think you can keep us separated?—you!"

Before her contempt Peter lost his humility; he was reminded too forcibly of the man she had been willing to marry. After all, they had had reason—he and her brothers.

"You are not to see him again; at least not for three months." He modified his first sweeping statement. "You refused to wait for the proofs of his unfitness; you wouldn't listen to your brothers, nor hear me. Well, now Pat will wait for proofs, and then some. Before I get through, you will know the man you've married for exactly what he is." A grim smile tightened his lips. "Three months I've stipulated, and none too many for all you've to learn; but at the end of that time I swear, perverse as you are, you'll never consent to be Arnold's wife."

"And my brothers knew of this, and permitted it?"

"We could not see you give yourself to wretchedness and misery; you left them no alternative. Yes, they permitted it."

Patricia's head drooped.

"I wouldn't have believed Win and Teddy could treat me like this." Her weakening pierced him strangely, considering how he had felt about her courage. As if to comfort and shelter her, his arm went out protectingly, when he realized—he clasped both hands securely about his knee instead.

Suddenly her head lifted; her eyes were dry and shining

"Why," she whispered in broken unfinished sentences, "they would never, never have consented to so compromising a they would not have sent me off alone with ——" She turned toward him squarely and said with absolute confidence, "My—my husband is on this yacht!"

"Yes," admitted Peter, "he is." At a movement on her part he exclaimed warningly, "Don't call! I've had Arnold placed where he can't hear you—not that it would do him any good if he could. Besides ourselves, there is no one else on board excepting my own Chinese crew—and they know me. I've explained the situation in such a way that they will guard anything I wish guarded, with extravagance."

"There is some law that will punish you for this," Patricia told him.

"Yes, several of them, and darned unpleasant! That's why I am using the schooner, and taking the whole summer to it. I need time!" He gave his black mop of hair a rub, but if there was an instant of disquiet, it was dispelled by some reassuring thought.

"Your brothers will be incriminated with me—good company, they," he reminded her. "No, everything is smooth sailing. The presence of your husband, if you will call him that, keeps down scandal; we escape all hue and cry from shore. Arnold can't interfere if he wanted to, in any manner whatsoever. You'll never realize he's not five thousand miles away, instead of—where he is; and I'll have an uninterrupted and peaceful three months to convince you we've done right." He smote his knee. "The whole layout is more promising than I dared hope. You are a good sailor; you enjoyed the Golden Gate. I saw you."

Patricia coldly shifted the subject.

"I must insist upon seeing Mr. Arnold. He is injured and it is only right that I make sure of his comfort." And having observed how it enraged him, flicked him accurately with "After all, a husband is a husband!"

Peter responded instantly, true to form, "I've stood all of that I can!" He lowered blackly. "When all's said and done, Templeton Arnold is not your husband; and what's more he'll never be your husband, if I have to drown him first."

"Absurd!" said Patricia.

"Absurd?" Peter all aroar took up the challenge. "Just you try it and see! Don't you call him that again or it will be an awful mistake!"

"If I propose making the—mistake again?" Patricia, very soft and at her gentlest; placid in the storm.

"Why, your husband will suffer, I promise you that!" Unaccountably the gust of temper passed as quickly as it had come. He was able to smile, but it was a tight, hard smile, making him look uncommonly like a pirate.

"Yes; with his injuries he is helpless. You have him in your power."

"You have him in your power, you mean," retorted Peter. "You've done exactly as you pleased all your life, haven't you?"

"And why not?" said Patricia's expression.

"You've refused to take advice, and you've kept your family and friends in a fever of anxiety. Now you've landed in this sorry mess, and it's up to me, evidently, to get you out. Don't worry, I'll save you! But first, you will learn to take—advice."

"Oh, I see!" She tipped her head to one side and half closed her eyes. "Whenever I refuse to take your advice you will take it out on him?"

"Something like that makes a convenient arrangement, doesn't it?"

"Very! Then to keep you from torturing a helpless man, what do you expect of me?" Her contempt was biting.

"Ordinary rational conduct."

"For instance?"

"For one thing, your endowing Arnold with that impossible relationship doesn't seem to agree with me. If you do it, results will be disastrous; accidents, in the heat of the moment, so often occur." She felt the threat for what it was. "I could manage to exist," he said, "if I never heard his name; that's why I've arranged so that I won't have to come in contact with him. You'll not see him and there is no danger of his being heard; I've seen to that. From now on we can forget him."

"Have you silenced him with the same kind of threats that you used with me?"

"I never make idle threats," he told her. "There is no reason why he shouldn't remain entirely comfortable, if he knows what's good for him."

She considered his words for a moment, then gave him an oblique look, queerly repressed.

"Woo Lang, the sailing master, is politic; Foo, the mate, stronger than I, but devoted, blindly obedient and full of zeal; but if it makes you easier in mind, I can add that my cook, Li Sing, is the best nurse and doctor anyone can have."

"Nevertheless," said she, "I shall have to see my husb——"

"My George Almighty!" grated Peter Rosslyn, and at the look in his eyes the girl drew back, her own eyes startled. At that his cleared. "'Scuse," he said, "but don't make that mistake again. I've reached my limit."

And as daring and as perverse as was Patricia, that was one mistake she did not make again.

"Is it the safety of your bank envelope you are really concerned over?" he asked after a while. "I seem to doubt your sentimental interest."

She exclaimed at this, demanding, "Hasn't he my envelope?"

"No," said Peter imperturbably, "I took it."

"Where is it now?" very sharply.

"Safe."

She looked about.

"And the safe?"

"Perfectly safe"

"Is there no limit to your presumption? Are you capable of opening it?"

Peter went white.

At his silence she looked at him and had the grace to murmur, "I didn't mean that exactly; but how do you expect to escape punishment for piracy?"

"Through your gratitude."

"And do you expect Templeton to be overcome by the same emotion?"

"I expect Templeton to think himself well off that he is left alive: no more of him, please!"

"How do you justify yourself, Mr. Rosslyn?"

"My friendship for your brothers, for one thing; and for the other ——" He began again in order to approach from a different angle. "It isn't as if you had not brought this on yourself, you know. We all have to accept discipline in one form or another—for that reason you may have deserved Arnold; but we couldn't stand by and see it. No, not even you deserved all that you invited. What he showed today would have decided me if I hadn't already made up my mind. He doesn't know what love means."

"I understood that we were to have no more of him."

"That applied to you!" Peter stopped long enough to make it clear. "No, you would have ruined your life through stubbornness, according to Ted; Win believes it was your mistaken sense of honor; as for me, I—I haven't been able to understand it yet.

"We know you don't care for him; it was plain. You hadn't that excuse. But whatever it was, it was the result of poor judgment and of your habit of obeying only your own impulses and of accepting no advice. We'll save you this time from yourself; but you do need training!"

"Is that to be your part of the scheme?"

"That's my part of it. By the by, how old are you now?" She made no answer, so he counted up. "You were twelve or thirteen when I spent Christmas holidays

(Continued on Page 145)

PIONEER

Brighton

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Allows free circulation

"Inside Dope"

MEN know Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs as the garters for perfect comfort. They know "wide-web" means perfect support without tightness or binding.

But it's more than just the mere wide web that makes Pioneer-Brighton the *real* comfort garter.

It's the kind of elastic that goes into Brighton wide web that makes comfort absolute. A stiff elastic would mean torture; too loose an elastic would mean sagging socks; ordinary elastic would lose its supporting quality in no time.

But Pioneer-Brighton has discovered the perfect elastic—pliable and comfortable—that yields easily, yet holds perfectly.

To insure long life, every strand of elastic is wrapped in three strands of soft yarn, which prevents binding and protects from the perspiration that "deadens" elastic. That's the real reason why it is worth your while to insist on Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs, and accept no substitute.

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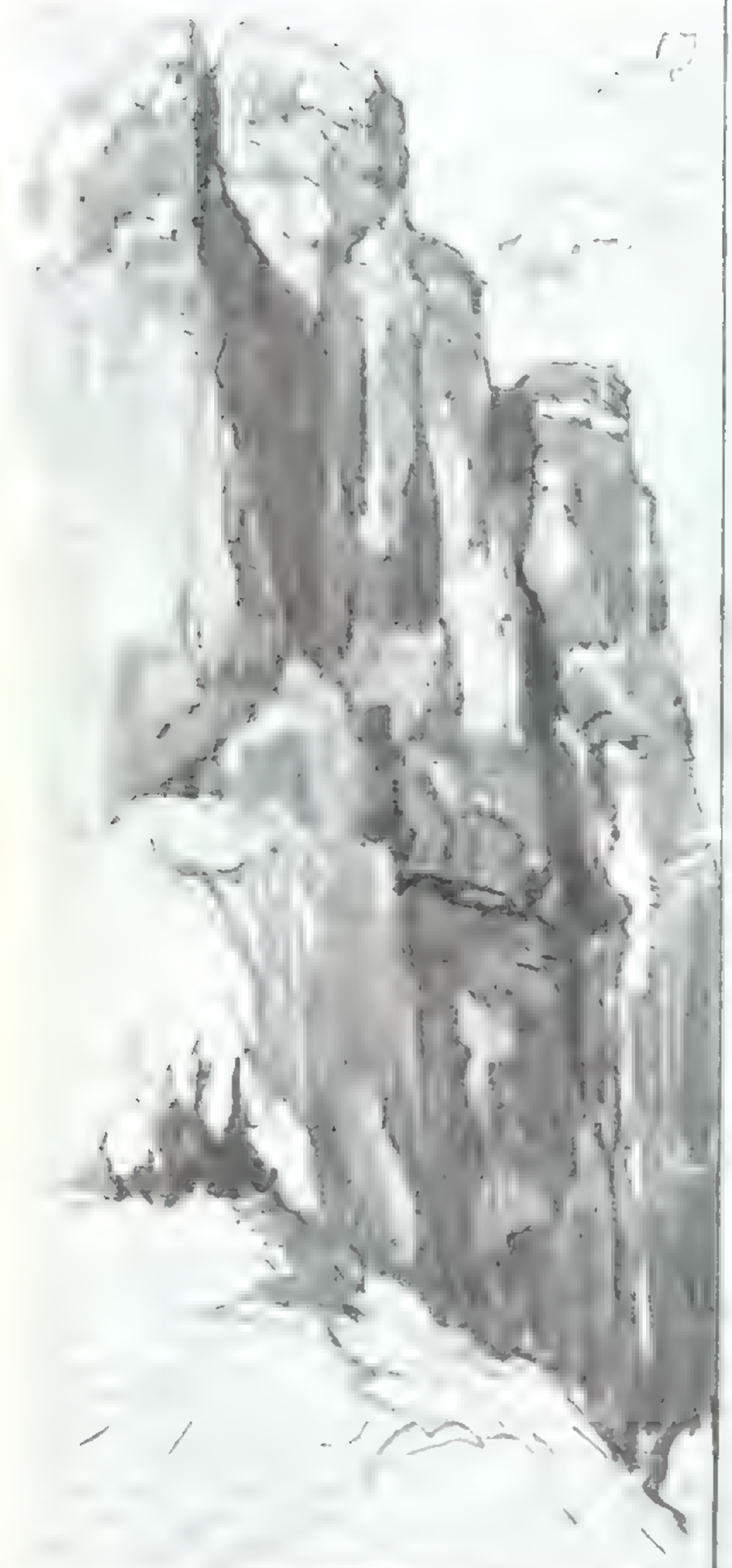
Pioneer-Brighton Garters

Every Brighton Wide-Web has fifteen strands of perfect elastic; every strand of elastic is wrapped in three strands of soft yarn.



"You Haven't Made the Story Half Strong Enough"

Not long ago we prepared an advertisement dealing with the LaFayette touring car owned by Mr. C. A. Worthington, deputy governor of the Federal Reserve Bank, Kansas City. It was an enthusiastic advertisement, based on the faultless 25,000-mile performance of the car. But when we submitted it to Mr. Worthington for his approval, he was disappointed. "You haven't made the story half strong enough," he said.

Here are the facts as we submitted them:

MR. C. A. WORTHINGTON purchased his LaFayette two years ago.

Previous to his purchase he had owned several other fine motor cars, none of which had given complete satisfaction after 15,000 or 20,000 miles.

Today the speedometer on his LaFayette registers past the 25,000-mile mark, yet he is more enthusiastic over his ownership than ever before.

The car is running as satisfactorily now as when he bought it; if anything the motor is operating more smoothly.

Mr. Worthington has made two 2500-mile trips with his car through the Colorado Rockies, and is planning his third.

He has never encountered a grade or a road that his LaFayette did not easily master, although at times he has explored mountain passes where he is confident no other automobile ever has gone.

He has traveled as far as 450 miles in a day, and says that his family and himself rode as comfortably as though aboard a Pullman.

He has driven many a day without shifting a gear, save when starting from a dead stop.

On its mountain tours, Mr. Worthington's LaFayette carried six persons, besides tents, baggage and other camping equipment weighing several hundred pounds.

Yet in this service it averaged better than 11 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

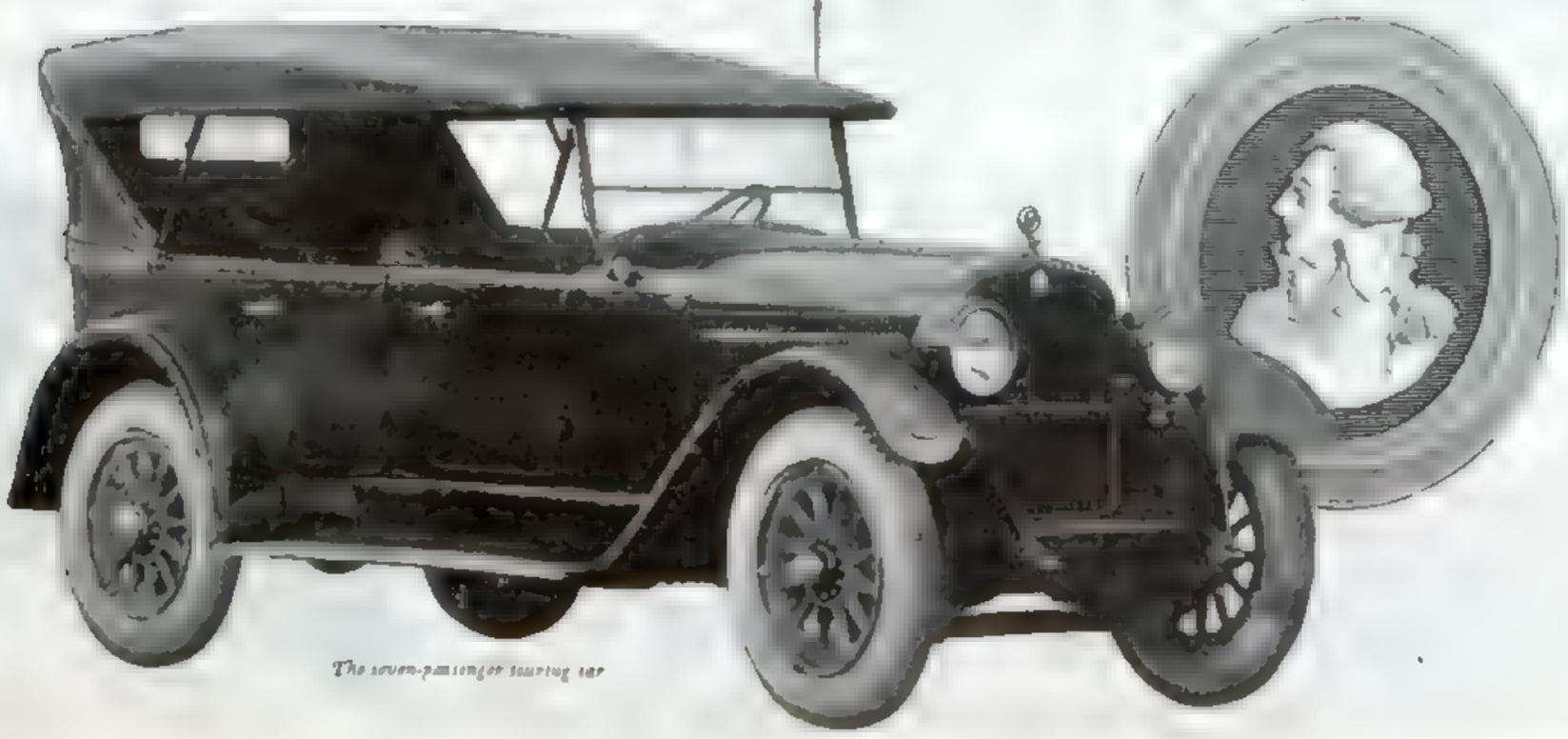
It has never suffered the slightest mechanical trouble or mishap.

At the tour's end, all the car required was a change of oil, the grease gun, and the shackle bolts tightened.

Steadily the conviction that the LaFayette is one of the world's finest motor cars is finding wider and wider acceptance as the experience of LaFayette owners becomes known

LAFAYETTE MOTORS CORPORATION, *Milwaukee*, Wisconsin

LAFAYETTE



The seven-passenger touring car

(Continued from Page 143)

with your brothers my freshman year, because you were seventeen or so when you came up for our commencement. Why, Pat, you must be all of twenty-one or two! Old enough to know better, but still young enough to learn." The blue flash should have annihilated him, but he was insensible as a savage. "Be a good sport, Patricia, and make it easy for me. You'll soon come to appreciate what we've done for you. Help me to prove to you that we can be happy even if we can't do exactly as we please."

"But you ——"

"You are mistaken," he answered her unfinished sentence. "This is not at all as I please. It is—it is my disciplining too."

Her uncertain look met his unswerving gaze.

"So that's that!" he ended with forced lightness, standing up. "We'll be happier if we are friends," and he held out his hand. She betrayed her aversion, refusing it. "It's for you to decide." He accepted her verdict. "Ted showed you your room. If there is anything you want, let me know."

He walked toward the door at the for'a'd end of the cabin. Patricia watched him going. When he reached the door she stood up, saw the lonely stretch back toward her room, saw the menacing, dark companionway, and she said fiercely, "Don't you dare leave me down here alone!"

He turned a key in the lock, and then laid his forehead against the panels and laughed; the girl was sure of it.

"I don't like your sailors!" she flamed in furious explanation. "I don't like them a bit! They are too big, and I don't like mustaches on Chinamen!"

Peter rolled back, and whether his uneven gait was occasioned by the pitching or by the laughter she knew to be boiling inside him, it made her pinch her lips together and her nostrils quiver.

"You saw Woo Lang," gulped Peter. "He is my father's friend, and mine. He was an important factor in old China's imperial court; but since 1912 his country has not been healthful for him. That is the why of our luck in having him for sailing master.

"Are you actually afraid of Chinese?" he asked, sobering. "Are you?"

"No!" stated Patricia. Peter Rosslyn liked truth-telling women, he had once said. He also liked them fearless he could take his choice. But she asked immediately,

"Can the doors at the head of the companionway be locked too?"

Peter proved that they could. The usual bolts had been replaced with locks on this ship; and Peter, pocketing the collection of linked keys, made it clear that they were carried securely.

To make her feel altogether safe, he explained, "For'a'd is the galley and the crew's mess, with its own companion ladder; for'a'd of that again, the fo'castle which berths the six sailors; but with this door fastened there is no possibility of approach from that quarter."

Her eyes strayed to a heavily reënforced and bolted door on the starboard side of the passage.

"Storage room," he told her briefly. "Plenty big, plenty strong bulkheads for any kind of plunder I may accumulate. It is guaranteed to hold elephants or snakes—anything I am able once to get inside.

"Back there," motioning toward the staterooms, "you have seen; and there is a water-tight bulkhead clear across, shutting off the after part; that's the engine room, Woo Lang's quarters and the chart room, with their own ladders leading up to the cockpit. So you can understand, as long as the galley door and this companion are locked, this part of the craft is completely separate from all the rest. You are perfectly safe."

But her glance went back uncontrollably to the padlocked strong room.

"That door stays bolted, always!" As she was entering her own room, he said, "And I am immediately across the way. I can hear if you should call. There's nothing to fear."

Patricia made her eyebrows look superior and amused.

Commented Peter, "I don't like the expression; it's affected."

They promptly scowled.

"Sorry," said Peter, cheerfully without penitence.

The yacht rolled, and in the midst of her dignity Patricia backed up and sat down hard on the divan.

"Wind is freshening," he said. "It will blow all night. I had better fix your bed rail." He stepped in to swing the curved brass side up and into position, fastening it. "That will hold you in." He looked about. "Is there anything else?"

"Yes," replied Patricia; "I wish a key for my door."

"You don't need a key with the cabin locked as it is."

"I prefer having one."

He looked at her steadily.

"You do not need one"

She returned the look as steadily.

"Then go out of my room."

"Please," he suggested.

Her mouth set stubbornly.

"Haven't you ever learned to say please? It isn't hard. Try it." He waited and got nothing but stony silence. "As for the key, I can't have you locking yourself in. In case of accident, if nothing else, it might delay rescue. It's ordinary caution. Now will you say please?"

"I can go if you will not," she reminded him.

"Do just as you like, of course. Take an upholstered transom in the cabin, or use my stateroom if you wish. It isn't so pretty as this, but you're welcome to it."

She picked up one of her bags and left the room. He heard her fumbling about.

Next she cried imperiously, "Come here and open these portholes!"

There was no reply from the flower-filled bower, so she returned, and the walking was difficult. The outrageous creature was taking off his collar! She averted her face as she repeated her command.

"I heard you the first time, but I did not like the tone. Do not order, but ask; and if you ask pleasantly you may have almost anything you wish on the schooner."

She went back without a word, staggering a little at the rise and fall of the vessel, and seeming so forlornly alone that he relented, and stepped across the passageway.

It was a clean but bare and unadorned stateroom—small and not a feminine spot.

"On second thought," decided Peter, "you do belong in the other. You may have it. I'll take this one. Say 'Thank you, Peter,'" he prompted. "You won't? Never mind, but you'll learn. Come along."

He took her bag and carried it back again. She followed, looking smug.

Once again in the blue-and-gold haven, she hid whatever she felt behind her lashes. He stood looking down at her.

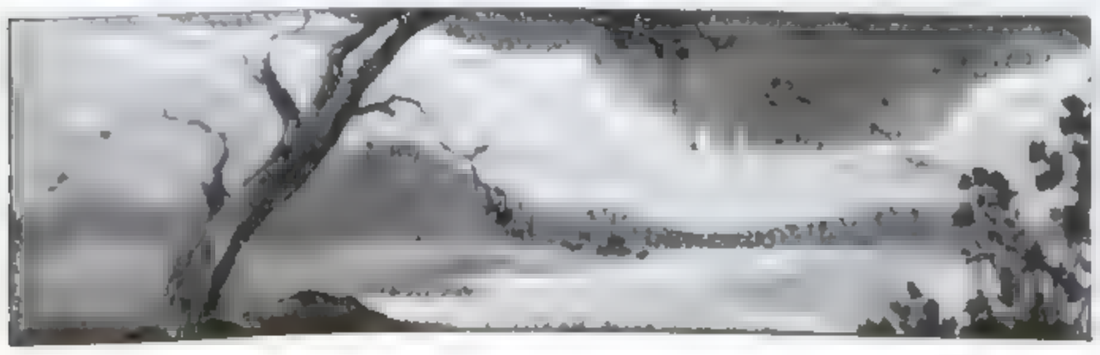
"You won't say please and you won't say thank you; will you say good night, Patsy?" And he gave her the name he had been calling her for four years.

That was when the yacht Averna rose to the occasion and to the sea. She rose and she dipped. Patricia balanced precariously, tiptoeing back and forth as if with irresolution, but the sea decided it. It slapped the Averna into a roll and landed Patricia squarely in Peter's ready arms.

"Oh!" she sobbed, for Peter did an unforgivable thing. He took as a gift that which the good sea gave him. He took it gratefully, clasping it as if he would never let it go. And when he had forced his arms to unlock, and had set the gift on her two feet again, he was too abashed to look at her; left without one glance lest he meet a look he could never forget.

He would have.

(TO BE CONTINUED



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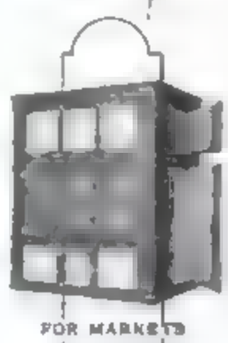
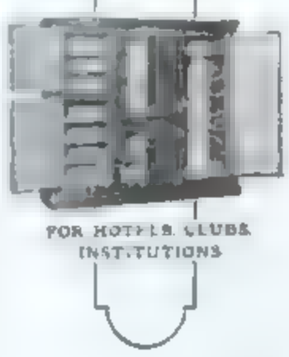
FOR GROCERS



FOR MARKETS

FOR RESIDENCES



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Your grocer, who deals largely in perishables, knows by experience that a McCray keeps foods fresh, wholesome and appetizing; that it eliminates spoilage losses, *at an exceptionally low cost of operation, whether he uses ice or mechanical refrigeration.*

The reason lies in McCray construction—the skill and experience developed in thirty-four years of fine refrigerator building. Constant circulation of cold, dry air through every compartment; perfect insulation of the staunchly built walls, and highest grade materials throughout insure efficiency and economy.

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McCRAY REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

"MASTERS OF MEN"

by MORGAN ROBERTSON

The greatest story of the sea ever screened!

A thrilling film story of he-men whose veins run hot with red fighting blood!

A blunt, vigorous yarn of a boy's fight upward against overwhelming odds, where fight means a hard fist and prime muscle, high courage and a ready wallop!

Shanghaied! Drugged by crimps and flung insensible into the hell hole forward, where sweating, brow-beaten men live like beasts scourged to their tasks with curses and belaying pin.

The sea! The flavor of salt in the nostrils; the odor of pitch in the air, the snapping of wind-swept canvas crackling like a machine gun; the creaking, singing wood straining as she rides the high waves! All magic and lure of adventure, the Spanish Main and sailormen!

Love! A timid boy's unspoken dream of his heart's desire; a girl too old-fashioned to offer love unbidden; a lad's sacrifice of youth's dearest possession—honor—to protect her from the shame of another's crime; the confusion of bitter misunderstandings that threaten life-long broken hearts!

Uncle Sam's bluejackets! The fighting men of the greatest nation in the world, and what they think and how they live; their loyalty and cheer and youth, eternal, living, fighting youth! The careless devil-may-care "gob," incorrigible, loyal; impudent and lovable!

Romance! The sea spells romance. Red sunsets turn green waves to crashing mountains of blood; noon suns spread gold upon the bosom of the sea, gold that beckons and calls to youth to gather its riches; never-ending mirages of golden bowls at rainbows' ends. And, the sea gives no riches; only character and manhood, bitterly squeezed out of its cold, hard business.

Wholesome, clean, healthy! A boy's life of adventure, free from tawdry conflicts and sex illusions, based on fact gathered by one who served among men, who loved men, who admired men and who wished Young America to so live that he might become a man! The trash of silly, social temptations has no place in this screen story of a boy who became the master of the man.

Here is a story of the making of men; men who acted and argued later. Shifty-footed men, with a right and left punch and a keen eye and a high sense of honor, and guts to go the limit!

Dick Halpin is the lad you wanted to be; and I wanted to be! He's the fellow we dreamed of, whose fighting courage we envied. He's the boy that assumed another's petty crime and ran away to sea to live it down, that the girl he loved might not be shamed and humiliated by the revelation of her brother's weakness. He's the fellow you and I used to talk about; that lad of strength and honor we built with boyish imaginations up in the haymow, or while idling with a home-made fishing rod down by the creek. He's your kind and my kind, and because we had fathers and mothers to make our way easier we never managed to be him; but we wanted to and we'll live our dreams again with Dick Halpin in this vivid living motion picture, "Masters of Men."

A master of men wrote this great sea tale. A man whose life was as hard as the diamonds he cut and who never wrote a line until he had lived beyond an average man's age, a man who took a beating at the hands of a brutal second mate with a smile, and who administered a beating with equal cheerfulness, a man who knew the sea and a sailorman's life, who criticized Kipling rightfully and who wrote his first sea tale to prove that a man who knew the sea could write a better story of the sea, a man who earned little by his pen and who starved while he wrote, the greatest writer of sea stories in all literature.

Morgan Robertson, a master of men, wrote the last word in thrilling sea stories when he wrote "Masters of Men."

VITAGRAPH

ALBERT E. SMITH PRESIDENT

CLEARING THE SKIES FOR THE SUGAR-POISONED

(Continued from Page 21)

improvement and well-being. Their feelings kept pace with their chemistry. Their headaches lessened, their depression and drowsiness lifted, their raging thirst decreased, and healthy appetite took the place of ravening hunger; within a week they began to gain weight. Insulin was not simply a pretty laboratory theory; it was a blessed bedside reality. It worked. For the first time in history we had got hold of a lever that would move the foundation stone of sugar sickness, that could lift the diabetic out of his slough of despond and set his feet on solid ground once more. How long he could be kept there, of course, remained to be proved. But we were headed in the right direction. We didn't yet know how far we were going, but we were on our way

The center of the stage was now cleared for the working out of this problem, while the laboratory men were kept busy in the wings, seeking wider sources and less expensive methods of insulin production. As the supply was extremely limited and very costly, for reasons which will be seen later, it was decided to limit the treatment to grave and advanced cases of the disease, which in spite of careful diet regulation were losing ground steadily. Even these forlorn hopes, after admission to the hospital, were given another sifting by being put on a carefully adjusted diet of green vegetables, meats and fats—a modified so-called Allen treatment. Then, if their sugar could be cleared up and a reasonable balance of comfort maintained, they were advised to keep themselves, so to speak, in cold storage for a time until more liberal supplies of insulin could be obtained.

Reports on Fifty Cases

Now just recently has come a report of progress upon fifty such selected cases, which have been treated with the new diabetic white hope for from one to nine months with most gratifying results. To show how little they were looking for an easy triumph, out of these fifty *morituri* who were accepted no less than ten were completely unconscious, in that deadly coma which closes the scene in some two-thirds of all cases of diabetes, when they were carried into the test ward of the Toronto hospital. All were brought out of their coma; but four of them died of gangrene, of pneumonia and other hopeless complications—about half the ordinary death rate of coma—and were the only fatalities occurring during the whole series of fifty. Six recovered, and at latest reports one is now free from sugar leakage on an almost full normal diet, without insulin! The other five have remained free of sugar leakage and have been relieved of discomfort on daily doses of insulin and dietetic treatment. Truly brands snatched from the burning!

Of the forty less desperate cases, all have been distinctly improved, several have regained weight and strength and returned to work within a month or six weeks, and kept comfortable and vigorous since on small daily doses of insulin. One or two most interesting cases have recovered, returned to work and gone for weeks free of sugar, on full ordinary diet, without insulin. So that there is at least a hopeful possibility of some recovery of secretion on the part of the pancreas when once relieved of its overload.

In addition to restoring power to burn sugar, insulin has greatly reduced the susceptibility of these advanced cases to infections of all sorts, such as crops of boils and common colds. What usually happens in diabetes is that after the sufferers have painfully won a temporary balance and held it for months, along comes some pestilent vagabond cold or sore throat and throws them into the slough again. They usually scramble out, but seldom back to the same level as before. Thus they keep on desperately adjusting themselves to lower and yet lower levels of comfort and vitality until finally they can no longer rally, and sink into the closing coma.

Here, as so often elsewhere, the proper enemy of mankind is colds. But with insulin all this is changed. The Toronto observers specially note, with decorously repressed delight, that their patients throw off and recover from colds or other mild infections almost like normal individuals, without disturbance of the sugar balance or lowering of their level of adjustment. This is most significant, for the final attack of coma often follows close after a cold; and any remedy which can both tide the diabetic safely over his chief danger periods of stray infections, and bring him out of coma six times out of ten, is almost safe to increase not only his comfort but his chances of continued survival from 25 to 50 per cent—which might mean five or even ten years more of life and work. Insulin may become a veritable lightning rod literally to insulate the diabetic against the lightning stroke of coma, even if it should not prove a cure. And it may yet go far in that direction. For the most hopeful and encouraging feature of this admirably cautious report is that, first, when the sugar-burning balance had been restored by the calculated dose the patient could usually be kept sugar-balanced and rapidly improving upon from half to one-fifth of the beginning dose. Second, that a group of patients had already recovered normal vigor and comfort and then gone back to work, on full working diet, including considerable amounts of starch, for several weeks without insulin, thus showing most hopeful signs that the pancreas, even in far-advanced cases, still had considerable powers of repair and new growth when once relieved of its terrible handicap and given a vacation period. Even the pancreas is improved by play spells. And if this be the case in these battle-scarred veteran survivors, how much more may reasonably be expected of early or mild cases of the disease?

But no knife has ever yet been invented which will not cut its owner's fingers, and the new remedy has certain risks which must be guarded against. It sometimes works not wisely but too well, and not merely reduces the sugar in the blood to the normal level but far below it. One would have thought that this would be welcomed by the body as a blessed relief after the long torture of oversaturation; but not so. The moment the glucose in the blood falls to about half the normal percentage, trouble begins. The patient complains of a sense of uneasiness and anxiety, of shortness of breath and confusion of ideas. He breaks into a profuse sweat and may even become incoherent in speech, half unconscious and mildly delirious. Fortunately the workers were keenly on the lookout for trouble of this sort and knew just what to do. For quite similar disturbances had been produced by overdoses of insulin in rabbits, often going as far as complete unconsciousness in the earlier tests before the cause of the difficulty was known, though always ending in recovery.

The moment a patient complained of this sort of discomfort he was given a drink of orange juice well sweetened with glucose to restore the sugar balance. This usually gave prompt relief, but if not absorbed quickly enough a solution of glucose was injected into a vein, thus reaching the blood directly and clearing up the trouble as if by magic. Or a hypodermic of adrenalin would be helpful in some cases by virtue of its power of causing the liver to pour sugar into the blood.

Encouraging Results

This curious reaction seemed most probably due to individual susceptibility, or excessive response to insulin, as it most commonly occurred after the first dose. This, though calculated and adjusted more carefully, naturally cannot always hit the precise personal equation of every patient; especially as even with the most expert standardizing each new batch of insulin may vary slightly from the others in activity. However, no serious or lasting unfavorable results followed; and when once the reaction had occurred, and the patient was familiar with the symptoms so that he promptly reported the very first tremors of the earthquake, the disturbance never went beyond feelings of anxiety and uneasiness and slight confusion of ideas. But it furnishes an amazing illustration of the extraordinary delicacy of adjustment required to maintain that balance which we call life.

Who could have dreamed that the almost infinitesimal difference of one part of sugar in two thousand in the blood could possibly upset the balance of the whole body in this extraordinary fashion, and even cause the mind to totter on its throne? And the earthquake varies precisely with the falling per thousandage of sugar, the first quiverings starting at one-third below par—.07 per cent—and the last crash sounding at two-thirds below—.04 per cent. Is our boasted intellect a confectionery product, and the clearness of our thought dependent on the refinement of our glucose?

To sum up, the showings of the new food spark under the acid test of actual hospital use have been most encouraging—so far. Not only has it repeated its laboratory or chemical feat in animals of clearing the blood of excess sugar but it has at the same time markedly improved the condition of the patients, in comfort, in appetite, in sleep and in recovery of strength, so that they have made a splendid start on the road back to normalcy. It does not effect one of these cures in which the disease gets better but the patient gets worse, as in the classic story of the famous French surgeon who was reporting a most delicate and difficult operation for brain tumor which he had performed a few weeks before. He proudly described the details of every step in its successful removal, from first incision to final suture. His colleagues were deeply impressed; and one of them, after congratulating him, courteously asked how far the patient had recovered from his pressure paralysis.

"Ah, the patient! Unfortunately he died three days after the operation. But he died cured!"

The Problem of Production

Two other things it has done, which, even if it does not permanently relieve, will be of great practical value. It has restored and set back on the upgrade nearly two-thirds of the cases of probably fatal coma or unconsciousness in which it has been used, and it has tided diabetics safely over attacks of infection, which are usually the clubs that batter them down to lower and lower planes of comfort and working power. It has also shown a distinct tendency to continue its helpful results even when given in steadily diminishing doses. So there is no inherent reason why life and vigor should not be kept up for years by weekly or bi-weekly doses of insulin: just as myxœdemic, or subthyroid, patients are kept healthy and comfortable for decades by regular doses of thyroxin or thyroid extract.

And now comes one of the most serious and difficult problems of all, the securing of a good supply of pure and active insulin. As has already been seen, the process of its production is a most complicated and delicate one. How much so may be roughly grasped in practical terms by the statement that each dose or unit costs in the neighborhood of from three to five dollars, so that the expense of treating a patient for a month is about one hundred dollars; and this without allowing anything for the time and expert services of the investigators or the overhead and interest on the cost of the elaborate and expensive laboratory plant. Moreover, the delicate and precise methods of the laboratory are utterly unsuited for quantity production, and if attempted in commercial establishments would result in either a breakdown or the putting on the market of unreliable and even most dangerous products.

Not only is there the danger of collapse and convulsions from cutting the blood sugar down too low, but unless the greatest pains are taken to free the insulin from all traces of protein or nitrogen stuff there may be shock and severe shortness of breath, or furious itching hives from poisoning by foreign protein, such as occurs in hay asthma and in food poisonings.

Indeed, the earliest injections years ago of extracts of the whole pancreas caused such discomfort and alarming symptoms in the patients that they had to be given up, even though they produced some slight effect upon the blood sugar. Nature seems to guard her secrets with jealous and even vengeful care.

After broad and careful study of the situation it was decided that a patent should be taken out on insulin by the University of Toronto, to be held by it in trust for the community; first, to prevent the flooding of the market with worthless or dangerous forms of the remedy, to the bitter disappointment and detriment of thousands of poor diabetics, before it was even certain that it would permanently help them; also, before a practicable method of mass production had been worked out. Second,

(Continued on Page 149)

A vibrationless valve-in-head motor Every moving part automatically oiled— *even the piston pins*

Our friends tell us repeatedly that we have been over-modest about the Velie-built Motor—that its economy, performance, reliability, cannot be duplicated in any car within several hundred dollars of the Velie Six price.

Enthusiastic reports from Velie 58 owners everywhere prove our friends are right, so for the benefit of the mechanically minded we are indicating some points in the accompanying illustration that are marked features of this superior motor.

For the motorist who is interested less, perhaps, in mechanical details than in long-term service, we call attention to two signally important facts:

1 The Velie-built Motor is steady and vibrationless at all speeds. This means longer life and greater riding comfort.

2 Our motor is *automatically lubricated* at every moving part—*even to the piston pins.* This means a constant film of oil between all moving surfaces, which minimizes wear to the utmost with resultant fewer repair bills and longer life.

With this remarkable engine it is not unusual for Velie drivers to *average* better than twenty miles to the gallon. In fact, a Velie won the recent Albany, N. Y., economy run with an average of twenty-six and one-half miles per gallon.

It will pay you to consider these facts before you buy your next car.

VELIE MOTORS CORP.
Moline, Illinois

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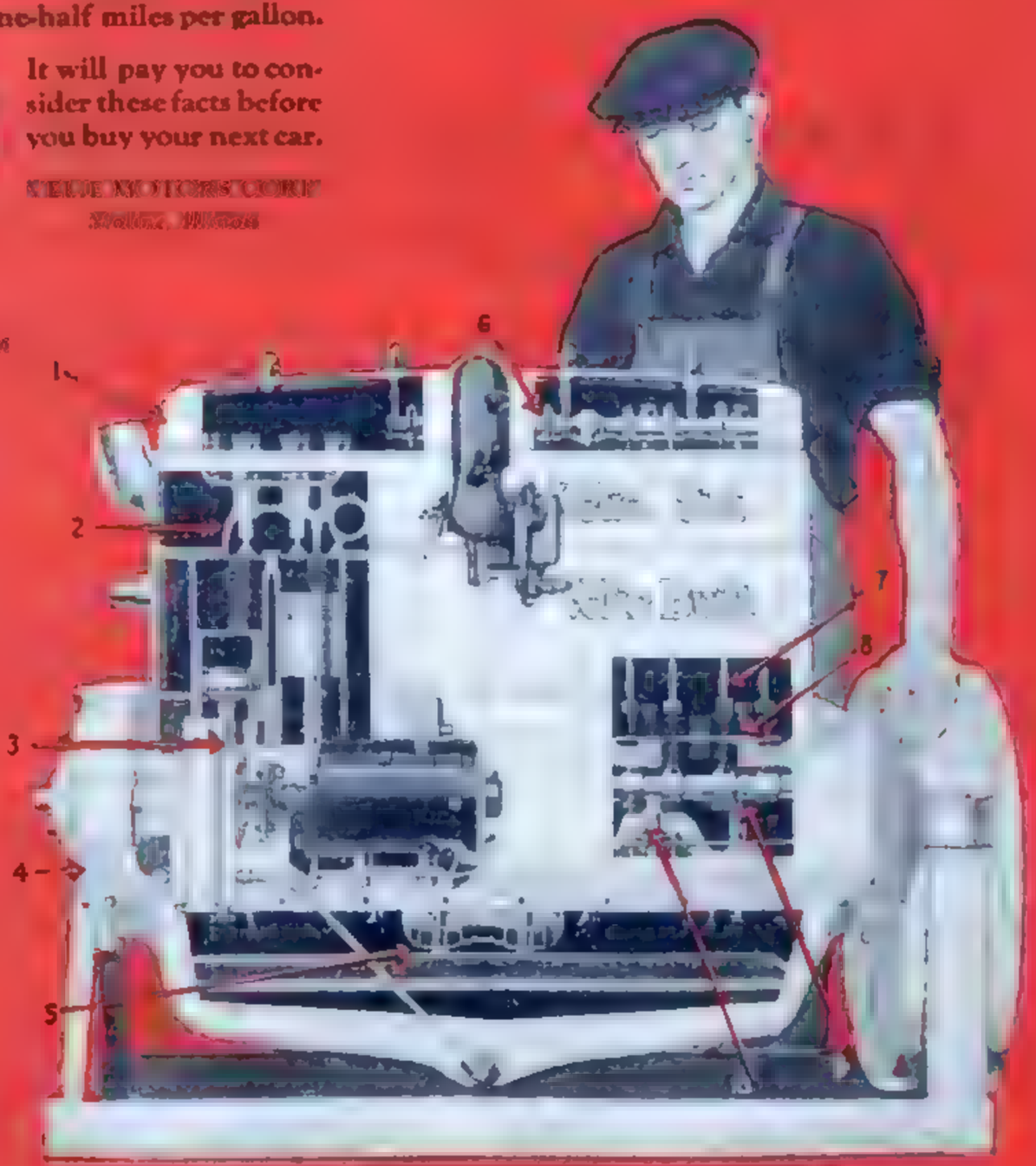
Every time
WE SELL A CAR
WE MAKE A FRIEND



1 Entire Motor Dirt and Dust proof. Lights Concealed, yet Instantly Accessible.

2 Valves Operate in Removable Bushings, Easily Accessible Water Cooled on All Sides.

3 Oil Pumped Directly to Piston Pins through Drilled Connecting Rods. Most Thorough Oiling System Known.

4 Noiseless, Helical Front Gears

5 Four-Bearing Crankshaft

6 Noiseless, Overhead Valve

7 Extra Large Tubular Push Rods

8 Valve Tappets Bushed for

9 Four-Bearing Heavy Cam Shaft Flooded with

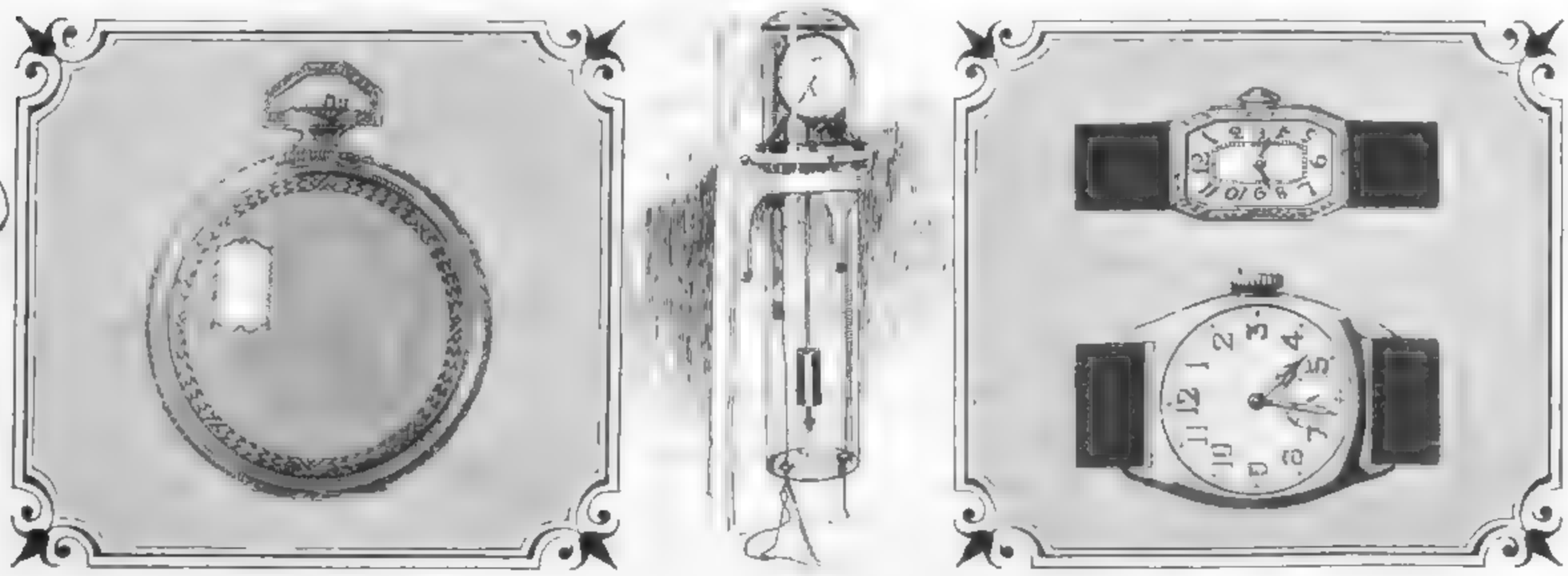
10 Heavy Sturdy, Perfectly Balanced Crankshaft, Oiled Direct Through Drilled Crank Shaft.

VELIE

V A L U E

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



How accurate should your watch be?

The most accurate clocks in the world need constant correction

IN the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington are three Riefler clocks, from which radio and telegraph messages go forth twice each day, correcting the time of every city in the United States.

Mounted on concrete piers to prevent vibration, these clocks are sealed in glass cases and kept at a constant temperature. Every twenty-eight seconds they are wound automatically by electricity. Their pendulums swing in a vacuum.

And yet despite all the precautions which human ingenuity can devise, these clocks *do not keep perfect time*. The fixed stars alone are accurate. Through powerful telescopes, nightly observations of the stars are made and the variations of the clocks corrected—so that we may have *nearly correct time*.

Reasonable Timekeeping Standards

Since perfect timekeeping service cannot be obtained from any mechanism, it is obvious that your watch will not run for months without attention and still show the correct time.

The finest observatory clocks are corrected nightly. The Western Union clocks found in every city are set hourly from Washington.

Treat your watch in the same way. Compare it with a standard clock whenever convenient and set it. You will soon learn how often this should be done in order to keep your watch always "practically correct."

The watch—a marvelous mechanism

Considering its size, the modern watch is perhaps the most wonderful machine in the world. It gives continuous service year after year under the most adverse conditions. While there is no perfect timepiece, a good watch is only a small fraction short of perfection. With a variation of several minutes a week, a watch is still 99-95/100% accurate.

A low-priced watch should not be expected to perform consistently as well as a better one. And a wrist watch, with its smaller parts, cannot be as steady or dependable as a larger one.

Whatever the size or value of your watch, give it reasonable care and attention and it will render you faithful service.

The importance of the case

It takes only a grain of dirt the size of a needlepoint to impair the performance of your watch. It is important then for the protection of the movement that the case be particularly well made and tightly fitted. It is the case also which makes the watch a beautiful article of personal wear.

The name Wadsworth in a watch case is your assurance of correct design, highest grade materials and finest workmanship. When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend, and insist that it be dressed in a Wadsworth Case.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO.
Dayton, Ky., suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

(Continued from Page 146)

when a reliable wholesale method had been discovered, to be able to compel all producers of insulin to keep it up to proper standards of purity and efficiency.

As soon as a workable commercial process is discovered it will be issued under license, free of charge, to reputable producers, the only conditions being that the output must conform to the standards established and the price be reasonable.

The patent rights for England were offered on the same terms to the great National Medical Research Council, that splendid body of public-spirited experts created and endowed by Lloyd George's health-insurance scheme, whose achievements have already been worth all the cost of the system. After careful consideration they accepted the patent on behalf of the nation; but not without loud protests and grave misgivings on the part of the more conservative English doctors, to whom the very name "patent" is anathema.

The moment that this most promising vein for research had been located and legally protected, small amounts of insulin and full details of its production were sent from Toronto to five or six universities and research institutions in Canada and the United States which had both hospital wards and adequate laboratories. Tests were begun on selected patients, while the laboratory staff produced more insulin and at the same time attacked the problem of a wholesale process. The same steps were taken in England by the research council. So that the battle line now stretches from the Pacific to the North Sea, drawn up in three platoons of eager experts, hospital doctors, research workers, chemists and biologists, all keeping in touch with one another and all in generous rivalry in the solving of this puzzling problem, with its wonderful possibilities of relief of human suffering; while a keenly interested public watches the bulletin boards for lists, not of pitiful casualties, but of glorious cures.

Never have we seen a finer and more creditable exhibition of broad-minded, unselfish, intelligent teamwork for the advance of human knowledge and the saving of human life. It is the spirit of modern science at its best.

But, someone may ask, why call in the biologists and the chemists?

Simply because the leaders of the main offensive in this battle are, in the language of the day, overlooking no bets. Our present method of extracting insulin from the pancreases of our domestic animals is so complicated, and involves such heavy expense in time and labor, that the investigators early began casting about for some new source of the magic hormone. Perhaps in some species of living creature Nature may have laid down the gold-bearing islands separate from the rest of the pancreas; sifted the raisins out of the cake, so to speak. So they turned to the biologist for advice; and pay dirt has been struck already, but whether rich enough to be worth cradling remains to be seen.

Insulin From Fishes

Certain of our distant relatives who wear scales and live in perpetual wetness even in these days of drought, the fishes, have been found to "wear their rue with a difference"; that is, to carry their insulin-bearing islands separate from the mainland of their pancreases. And from these insulin is readily extracted, without our being compelled to take all the troublesome and elaborate precautions against its destruction by the digestive ferments. These islands are naturally very small, but they can be easily collected and safely preserved without fear of self-digestion; and the supply of fish is so enormous and so cheap that "mony a mickle" fishy island might soon "mak' a muckle" continent of insulin at very moderate expense. Moreover, these island lobes have been found very distinct in several fishes, such as dogfish, skates and sculpins, which are almost worthless for food, but could be caught by the ton if they had any commercial value. And the fishermen would take a special zest and unholy joy in this pursuit on account of the havoc they work among their nets and lines with their razor teeth and the way they break up and drive out to sea the schools of herring, mackerel and other peaceable food fishes, like wolves among sheep.

If this fish insulin be not too fishy to fit as a spare part in our human machine—and all these internal secretions, or endocrines, seem to be interchangeable through a wide range of animal forms—this newfound sheaf from the great harvest of the sea, which needs neither sowing nor plowing, may go far to meet the enormous coming demand of the hundreds of thousands of diabetics in England and the United States for their new hope of life, if once its value is established. To think of impressing the ravening shark—for the dogfish is a pocket edition shark, and a man-eater might have an island as big as a coconut—into the service of man would inspire dear, devout old Doctor Watts to a new version of his famous Hymn of Praise:

Ye fishes all and monstrous whales
Your Maker's praises spout,
Up from the deep ye sharklets creep
And wag your tails about.

As if to show how extraordinarily widespread throughout the animal kingdom insulin is, and how literally one touch of sugar makes the whole world kin, comes a recent report of the discovery of insulin in workable amounts in the sociable and convivial clam. This is not wholly surprising, because the plumpest and most delicate lobe of both the clam and the oyster, sometimes called the stomach, consists chiefly of liver and pancreas combined. And if clam and oyster insulin should prove active in the human economy, pearls will cease to be the most precious product of both these admirable bivalves, and the sky is the only limit as far as abundance of supply is concerned.

Can it be that our keen appetite for and rapturous delight in the luscious clambake and the toothsome Cotuit on the half-shell have had a deeper and sounder basis than their mere delectableness? And that the lonely oyster in the church-sociable stew was, all unknown, a gem of purest ray serene of life-saving insulin? At all events, we may score one for the soundness of our instincts. It is our luxuries that keep us alive.

So much for the biologist's contribution. Now comes the chemist with his penny for the collection plate.

New Fields of Study

It may be remembered that after the starch of our food has been turned into a sugar called glucose by the digestion ferments of our intestines, chiefly from the pancreas, it goes to the liver to be prepared for use by the muscles. English chemists working in this research at the Cambridge University laboratories have recently discovered that this prepared sugar is not the ordinary A or B glucose, but a specially refined and particular brand, which they have named, to distinguish it, after the third letter of the Greek alphabet, Gamma, or G glucose.

When the pancreas is removed the liver can no longer form this particular brand, and the muscles will not burn any other. Which raises the bare but interesting possibility that one day a brand of G glucose may be manufactured outside the body that even a diabetic can burn in his muscles and other tissues.

More interesting and suggestive yet, in their attempts to produce G glucose these chemists used yeast, and happened to inject some of this into a rabbit; when, to their astonishment, down went the blood sugar and on came convulsions, just as if insulin had been used! Of course, this is only a negative feat and may only mean that yeast breaks up the blood sugar directly, instead of enabling the muscles to burn it, as insulin does. But it at least raises an interesting possibility that this wonderful little vegetable, to which we are already indebted for bread and vitamines, may perhaps help to piece out our scarce and costly insulin by clearing the diabetic blood of excess sugar—which is the first step toward a cure. And it is not beyond the limits of possibility that yeast may contain insulin, or a hormone resembling it, for its budding cells contain the digestive ferment pepsin, and both the pineapple and the pawpaw are so rich in pepsin that they will digest beef or white of egg almost like our own gastric juice.

Oddly enough, yeast has long been used in diabetes—by the mouth, in the hope of relieving the crops of boils which are often so troublesome; and dissolved in water as a lotion for the eczemas and other itching skin eruptions caused by the irritation of the sugar which leaks out of the blood. In these it often gave great relief by its simple power of splitting the tormenting sugar into alcohol, carbon dioxide and water, which

It is the transmission bands that start, stop and reverse your Ford by gripping revolving drums when you press the foot pedals. These bands, whether for heavily loaded trucks or light roadsters, are all just alike. That's why the quality of the band linings is so important.

Hard Working Fords Need Heavy Duty Lining

ARE you using an ordinary, cheap lining in your Ford and expecting it to give you heavy duty service? The transmission bands in all Fords are the same. The heaviest Ford truck and the lightest Ford car, with 2 tons difference in load, have to use the same bands.

The hard working Ford that hauls loads, climbs hills or pulls through mud and sand needs a heavy duty lining. White Stripe Transmission Lining makes the standard Ford bands ready for heavy duty service. White Stripe is the one lining that is specially woven and treated for Fords that are hard on transmission lining.

Years ago White Stripe won recognition by its service in the mountains. Today White Stripe is used wherever Fords are driven. Especially on the mud roads of the Middle West and in the mountains of the Virginias and Tennessee, White Stripe is in constant demand.

Heavy Duty Trucks constantly use White Stripe

Ford Trucks
Taxi and Bus Service
Service Cars
Fords with Trailers
Laundry Delivery Fords
Dry Cleaners' Fords
Grocery Delivery Fords
Mail Carriers' Cars
Dump Trucks
Milk Delivery Fords
Farm and Dairy Fords
Department Store Fords
Chassis with Commercial Bodies
Telephone and Telegraph Maintenance Cars
and all Fords that are hard on transmission lining

White Stripe Brake Lining

will save you the cost of two, three or four relining jobs. White Stripe is woven and treated for heavy duty in trucks, commercial cars and in Fords that get the hardest kind of service.

Special Weave An extra surface layer of wearing cords covers the framework threads, which are exposed to surface wear in ordinary lining. 20% to 50% more cotton—and all of it long staple.

Special Treatment White Stripe is treated with a softening tallow oil treatment that penetrates the fibre, insures against glazing and burning, keeps the lining soft and pliable.

Caution If you think you are paying for too many relining jobs be sure you get White Stripe. When you buy a cheap lining or some "just as good" substitute, you bargain for trouble and constant relining expense. You can't get the White Stripe weave and treatment in any other lining. Don't let the mechanic substitute—look for the White Stripe down the center of the fabric. Your garage, repair man or accessory dealer has White Stripe or can get it immediately from his wholesale house.

ADVANCE AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES CORPORATION
1721 Prairie Ave. *Manufacturers* Dept. 1305, Chicago, Ill.

ADVANCE EQUIPMENT

"Every Product the Best of its Kind"

Advance Equipment is recognized from coast to coast as the finest made. When you buy an article of our manufacture for your automobile, you are sure that it is the best article for the purpose which money and manufacturing skill can produce.

ADVANCE CORK FELTBAK TRANSMISSION LINING for FORDS

Lubricates itself and the brake it runs. Makes [illegible] quiet. Prevents [illegible] chattering and shaking.

ADVANCE ASBESTOS BRAKE LINING for LARGER CARS

Made from genuine asbestos for use on larger cars. Gives Better Brakes and Longer Wear.

WHITE STRIPE FAN BELT for FORDS and LARGER CARS

Outwears the ordinary belt.
Never needs adjustment.
Stretches and "Comes back."
Made for Fords & Larger Cars

DUPLEX SHOCK ABSORBERS for FORDS

The Shock Absorber for rough roads. Eliminates bounce, side sway, rebound, vibration. Looks like a part of the car.

RED STAR TIMER for FORDS TRUCKS and TRACTORS

The Scientifically Correct Timer for Fords. Increases [illegible] Makes starting easy. Saves [illegible] Runs better. Lasts longer.

WHITE STRIPE TRANSMISSION LINING for FORDS

Woven and treated for Heavy Duty Fords.

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Name
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"I'm Waiting Till the Water Gets Hot, Ma'am"

WASH DAY, the breakfast dishes not done, the kitchen floor to be scrubbed —and the water not yet hot.

What wouldn't you give to have instantaneous hot water—just to turn the faucet and get a piping hot stream, clean, sparkling and plenty?

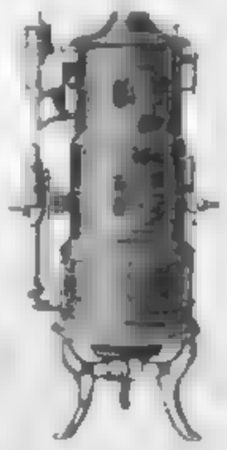
Pittsburg Water Heaters have made hot water as easy, and as simple to have, as light from an electric lamp. Just a twist of the wrist and hot water flows instantly.

And the Pittsburg produces hot water cheaper per gallon than any other method.

There are eighteen different sizes and types of Pittsburg Water Heaters, one of which will exactly suit your requirements —one that will give your home an unfailing supply of hot water in the most economical way.

There is a Pittsburg dealer near you (either the gas company or a prominent plumber) who will gladly demonstrate the Pittsburg to you. He will advise you as to the type and size for your needs and will tell you how easy it is for you to get one on an *easy-payment plan that allows you practically to make your own terms.*

Or, write to us, mentioning the number of hot water faucets there are in your home and the number of persons in your family. We will recommend the proper size Pittsburg for you and at the same time send you a copy of "The Well-managed Home," an interesting little book telling the whole story of hot water service.



Bear in mind that Pittsburg Water Heaters are made and guaranteed by the oldest and largest manufacturers of copper coil heaters in the world, a company with a reputation extending over a quarter of a century.

PITTSBURG WATER HEATER CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pittsburg
AUTOMATIC GAS
WATER HEATERS
"If it's done with heat, you can do it BETTER with gas"

are soothing and antiseptic, thus literally turning a poison into a healing balm. But no one had ever happened to think of injecting it under the skin; and, of course, taken by the mouth it would be digested and destroyed like insulin.

Even though yeast has lost its job in breweries and distilleries in these United States, there is no danger whatever of its joining the ranks of the unemployed so long as it holds the secret of its little sugar-splitting trick. On the contrary, so great is the demand for it by bakeries—to say nothing of these new insulin-aiding possibilities—that there is already serious talk of converting breweries into yeast factories and using the alcohol as a waste product for fuel purposes, thus veritably beating swords into plowshares.

One of the charms of trail-blazing discovery work is that you so often find more than you are looking for; or, to vary the metaphor, you never know how many different locks your new-found key will fit. As if one magic power was not enough for our tiny hormone, it was discovered quite early in the research that the shy and sensitive insulin sprite also exerted a powerful influence upon the burning of our second main fuel food, fat. This was of great value to the diabetic, because very quickly after he has lost power to burn sugar he begins to fail to burn fat properly. As a metaphorically minded physiologist expressed it, "Fat will only burn in the flames of sugar." Indeed, most curiously, the deadliest poisons formed in his blood, which finally cause the fatal coma, are acid substances coming from half-burned fats, and not from sugar at all! And insulin sweeps these out of the blood just as swiftly and as surely as it does excess sugar; which is the secret of its wonderful success in most cases of coma.

Already the hope is cautiously expressed that full knowledge of insulin may give us priceless control over fat-burning and fat-depositing in the body, as well as over the transformations of sugar. From Toronto, indeed, comes the frank and matter-of-fact statement that if it is desired to increase the weight of a diabetic, all that is needed is a more liberal diet, with insulin to match, and he will tip the scales almost to order.

Will the reverse prove true and insulin become a ray of hope for the adipose-laden also? But that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story, which only the future can tell.

THE UPRIGHT SIX

(Continued from Page 9)

but they is yet a coupla hours before dinner, and does you know how you is going to kill 'em?"

"I sure do ——" I starts.

"—— not," finishes the wife. "I'm gonna take you out in the park and learn you how to drive this machine."

"What's the hurry?" I asks.

"Sunday," explains Kate, "we is going on a trip out in the country and I want that you should be able to take to the wheel if necessary. Besides, it don't look nice for no wifes to be driving a big lummox of a husband around. Folks might think you was also crippled in the body. Oh, here's Sadie ——"

"Look out!" I yelps.

Kate twists the car out of the way just in time to miss a woman and a kid. That makes me ninety-six years old.

"I wish people would look where they is going," snaps the frau. "You would think from the way they acts that we motorists didn't have no rights on the streets a-tall. What is you laughing at?"

"Hardly nothing," I comes back, "excepting I remembers you saying the same piece a coupla weeks ago, only that time you had 'we pedestrials' batting for 'we motorists.' It's funny how much difference a whiff of gas'll make. What is this Sunday trip you is talking about?"

"Me and you and the Magruders," explains the wife, "is going down to Baxter Beach for a shore dinner. We will leave early and ——"

"Baxter Beach?" I cuts in. "That dump's a hundred miles away."

"That ain't no distance for no machine," says the squaw. "We could easy get there in four or five hours, if everything goes all right."

"What if it don't?" I inquires.

"Them things don't worry me none," answers Kate, "now that I knows that I gets paid double in case we ain't able to pull the car off of you in time. I just thought of a good riddle," goes on the wife. "Why is you like this machine?"

"Because," I replies, "you runs both by stepping on 'em, I suppose."

"That ain't the answer I had in my head," says she. "What I'm thinking about has got to do with colors."

"I'm yellow, huh?" I comes back, r'iled. "Get outta that bus and I'll show you something about driving that'll ——"

"Without no lessons?" butts in Kate.

"I don't need none," I flings back. "I been watching you and by doing things different from the way you does them, I can't go wrong."

"Maybe not," says the wife, "but you is getting too old to climb trees."

We is in the park now and the boat stops. Kate gets out, motions me over in front of the wheel and then climbs in on the other side

"Now," says she. "Strut your stuff, stupe."

I ain't got no more ideas of how to start the juggle-nut than a goldfish is got of wall-papering, besides the which I'm not yet cuckoo enough to begin nothing I can't finish in one piece, so I says to the frau: "While they ain't nothing about handling one of these things which even a two-year-old child wouldn't know just from playing around with a rattle, I'm kinda curious to find out if that guy I sent out to learn you showed you right. How, for the instances, did he say you should step off?"

"If you is done working up that comic strip," answers the wife, "we will get down to the business that brung us here. See this key?"

I does, and admits it.

"It opens the ignition," explains Kate.

"What's that?" I asks.

"Outside of the fact that you can't start no cars without it, it ain't necessary for you to know," is the answer. "You is gonna have troubles enough getting wise to the simple ideas of running this automobile without trying to tax your brains, which ain't got nothing but exemptions, anyways. And you wanna remember to hold onto this key like Grimm's death, because if you should happen to lose it, when the ignition is locked, you'll be outta luck right. Now, see, I open it."

I watches close while she goes through the motions of starting the engine. Then she begins explaining the brakes and the gears, which runs on an H of a schedule, and the other things that every young driver should know.

"Understand all of that now?" asks the wife.

"I does," I answers, "but if it ain't too much troubles I wish you would go over that stuff again about how to stop this baby. You can't go into too many details about that part of the works."

Pretty soon I figures I knows all they is to know about turning off the juice, and Kate has me try to run the boat. It ain't so hard like I first thought and in about a hour I'm oozing down the straightaway real graceful and getting right shifty with the gears.

"This is a cinch," I says. "What is they to know about a machine now, that I don't know?"

"Plenty," comes back Kate. "But I ain't gonna learn you no more today. See if you can drive home."

"No sooner done than said," I replies and turns the brute's nose to head towards the hut.

They ain't hardly no traffic and I gets outta the park kinda easy even though the wife is stretching back and trying to push her feet through the floor of the car most of the time.

A coupla blocks from the house a dog busts out in front of me. Being a kind-hearted bozo I tries to swing outta the purp's way but in the so doing I musta twisted the wheel too far and before I knows it I'm on the sidewalk.

The frau grabs something and I does, too, and we finally gets the boat to a stop, having come within a ace of ordering slow music for three or four folks.

The car ain't hurt none and Kate backs it into the street.

"I wish people would look where I is going," says I. "You would think from

(Continued on Page 153)

Corrosion — the active enemy within your pipe

THE passengers on deck know only that the steady throb of the big liner's heart has suddenly ceased. A steward ventures the information: "Something gone wrong in the engine room, I fancy, sir."

But the captain, fuming on the bridge, and the chief engineer, directing repairs below, are using sailor language concerning pipes that spring leaks in mid-ocean.

At this moment corrosion is probably working away on the pipes in *your* factory, your cellar, or behind the plastered walls of your home. Starting as a spot of rust, this deadly enemy is slowly gnawing through the pipe. You can't see it. Corrosion works mostly from the *inside*.

But some day those pipes will begin to leak. It *may* mean nothing more serious than considerable annoyance and a repair bill. Should the leak start at night, however, it may cause serious damage to valuable goods, costly decorations and furnishings, or expensive machinery.

IF an annual "corrosion tax" paid by manufacturers and home owners in the United States is ever figured up, the bill will amount to millions.

It is only prudent, next time you build or repair, to consider Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe—the pipe which offers two to three times greater resistance to corrosion than does steel pipe. The pipe which costs per year of service one half to one-third the price of steel.

Our interesting booklet—"The Ultimate Cost"—will be mailed upon request.

READING
GUARANTEED GENUINE
WROUGHT IRON PIPE

EST. READING 1848

"'Reading' on Every Length"

READING IRON COMPANY
READING, PA.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

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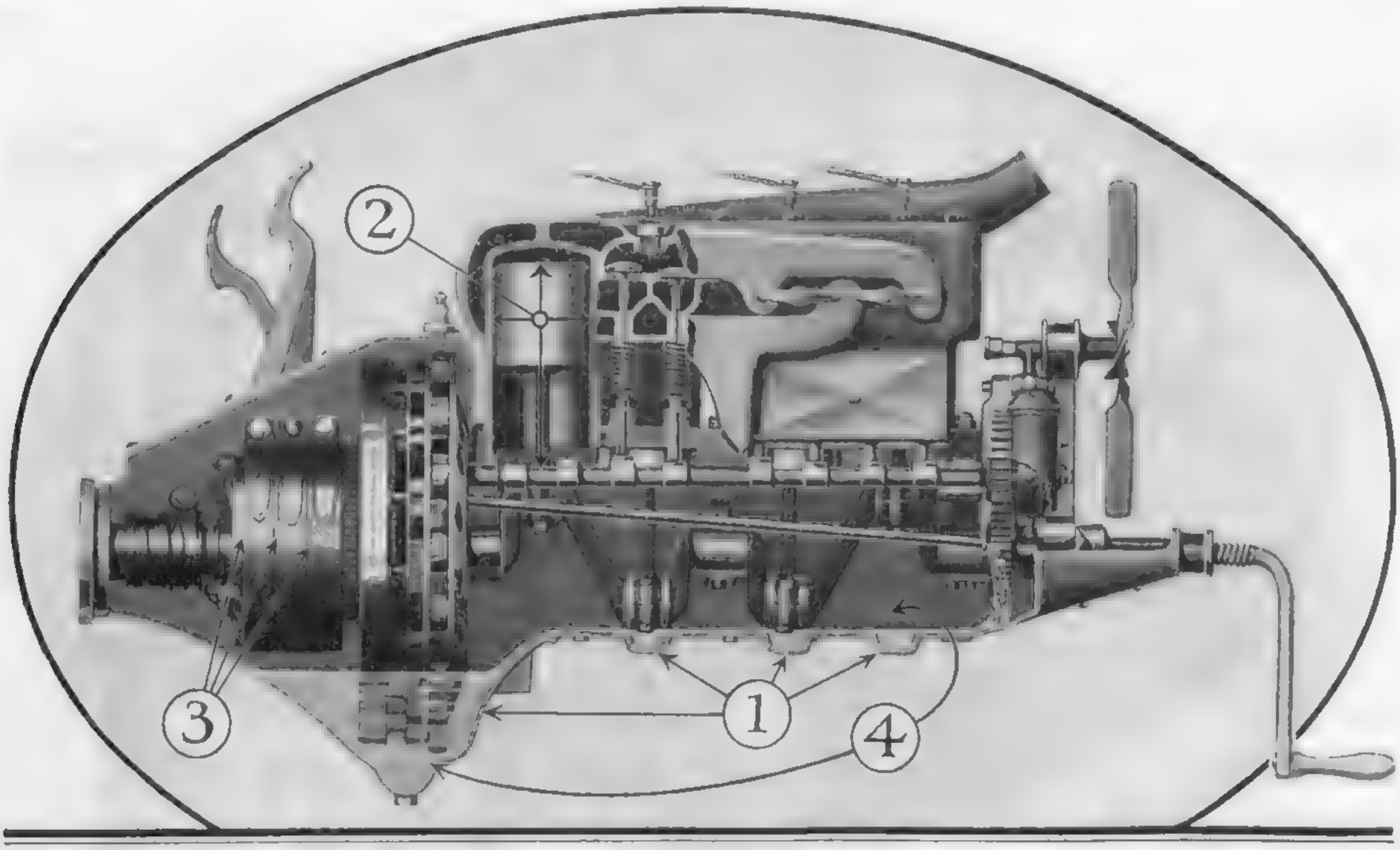


The Ideal Oil for Your Ford

Thousands of Ford owners are today using Havoline F and obtaining results which would be difficult to equal with any other oils.

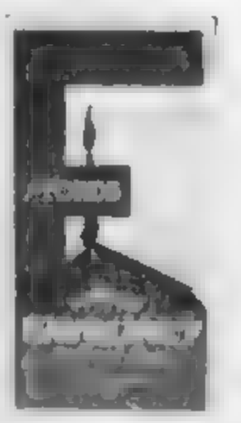
Havoline F is especially refined to meet requirements of the full-splash lubrication system of the Ford motor.

1 The body of Havoline F is such that the oil atomizes completely and *reaches all parts of the motor requiring lubrication.*

2 Like all high-speed short-stroke motors the Ford develops intense heat in operation. A lubricant of great heat resisting power is necessary to insure an unbroken oil film at all times. Havoline F is such an oil. It keeps the motor cool, *and helps to develop its full power.*

3 You know that proper and uniform lubrication of the transmission bands in your Ford is of the utmost importance. Havoline F keeps these bands in perfect condition. *It makes the use of the brake quiet and effective.*

4 The fouling of spark plugs 1 and 4 is common with full-splash systems due to shifting of the oil when going up or down hill. Havoline F having exactly the body suitable for the Ford motor does not tend to work by the piston rings even when present in excess. *Thus fouling of spark plugs is reduced to a minimum.*



A folder "Havoline F for Fords" will be sent on request.

Havoline F, like all Havoline Oils, has an enviable reputation due not only to its high quality, but also to its uniform quality. It is always the same no matter when or where you buy it. Use Havoline F in your Ford. It will pay you in better operation and the money you will save.

THE INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK
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HAVOLINE F FOR FORDS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

(Continued from Page 150.

the way they acts that we motorists didn't have no rights on the streets a-tall."

IV

BY THE time Sunday comes around even the wife drudgingly admits that I ain't the rottenest driver in the world. I has had three days of practice and I've gotten so good I can park on a dime and back outta a rat hole—to hear me tell it to Magruder, anyways.

We starts out for Baxter's Beach about six A.M., the hens sitting in front and me and Jim roosting in the rear. The car's running smoother than a eel in a bucket of oil and Kate's letting her out.

"Makes a lotta difference, don't it?" I remarks.

"What does?" bites Magruder.

"Running without the emergency brake on," I explains. "Look out!" I yelps to the wife. "That's a railroad crossing."

"Mind your business," she comes back, grateful. "If you is gonna do any back-seat driving today like you did yesterday and the day before they is gonna be more troubles than you can shake a steak at. When I wants advices from you on what to do when I sees a train in front of me or something like that, I'll send you a letter by freight."

"You better put on the emergency brake," grins Magruder.

I ain't no gluten for punishment so I lays off the safe-driving tips. Everything keeps going lovely; too lovely. Kate drives the bus about seventy-five miles and then turns the helm over to me. Even I don't have no troubles, and about eleven bells we breezes into Baxter's Beach.

Nothing of no importance don't happen there. We loads up on a lotta fish and shrimps and other seafood that was taken fresh that morning outta the cans, and about three o'clock we is ready to beat it back.

"You drive," says Kate to me, and I steps right up to the wheel.

I digs into my vest pocket for the ignition key but it ain't there, and it ain't no place around me so far as a quick frisk'll show.

"You didn't lose it, did you?" gasps the wife. "What'll we do?"

"Jim says," remarks Lizzie, "that you can't start without one. Besides "

"Can them words of comfort, ' I cuts in, "and get out and hunt around. Maybe I dropped it outside."

We fusses around for maybe half an hour and it don't turn up. They ain't no trains to this joint and I don't see no other cars around so it looks like we is sitting pretty ugly.

"Ain't you got no ideas?" I asks Magruder.

"Lots of 'em," comes back this bimbo, "but they ain't got nothing to do with starting no cars without no ignition keys. What did you do with it?"

"I got it in my pocket," I answers, "but the poor thing's bashful and is afraid to come out."

"I think," says Lizzie, "it's gonna rain."

"Thatta girl!" I comes back. "Cheer up the poor devils; they is dying."

Just about this time a bird I seen hanging around the fish joint comes slouching along.

"Having trouble?" he asks.

"I wouldn't wish it to no enemy," I answers, and then I tells him what's what.

"That ain't nothing," says this lad. "All you got to do is to disconnect your ground wire and your engine'll go."

"Let's see you prove it for a coupla bucks," I replies.

It don't take that bird more'n two minutes to do the job. He monkeys around under the hood and we is ready to go. And we don't hesitate none. They is clouds coming up in the sky as per Lizzie's think, and off we scoots.

For maybe thirty miles they ain't nothing to complain about. Then it begins to rain and me and Jim starts rigging up the curtains.

"Ain't you got no side pieces?" he asks.

"Should I?" I wants to know.

"You should," says he, "and you ain't. If the wind should start blowing this rain sideways we will have pretty fun."

All them Magruders is got to do is to think something mean and it happens. In no times at all the water is smashing in on us and we could go deep-sea fishing in our laps.

"If you hadn't lost the key," sobs Lizzie.

"Sure," I yelps, "I could lock up them clouds if I had it."

Kate don't say hardly nothing but I've lived with the woman long enough to know what she's thinking, and it ain't nothing for me to get pepped up about. We keeps plugging through the rain until—sloosh—we slides into a mud hole and stays there. The back wheels just keep spinning around but they don't go nowhere.

"Got any chains?" asks Magruder. "We'll put 'em on the rear wheels and maybe ——"

"You mean the front ones, don't you?" I cuts in. "Them's the babies we wanna get out first."

"You're cuckoo," comes back Jim. "Who ever heard of putting chains on front wheels?"

"Maybe not on flivs," I answers, and then starts digging under the seat. "Where," I asks, "do you put 'em if you ain't got none?"

The same guy that went south with the side curtains musta took the chains as well. And there we is, stuck in the mud, with the rain coming down stronger and stronger all the times.

"We should oughta stop the engine," suggests Jim; "we ain't got so much gasoline and we is just burning it up for nothing. We got to wait here until somebody comes along."

"How do you stop it?" I asks. "We can't turn off the ignition, can we?"

"Maybe," says hopeful Lizzie, "the water will get so high it will put out the engine."

"This is sure a grand how-are-you," adds Jim. "First you can't start the motor and now you can't stop it, and besides it is using up all the gas we needs to get home if we ever get outta this sinkhole."

That ain't all neither. It's getting dark and they ain't no way to turn on the lights. We tries our best to budge the boat but we got as much chance as we'd have to push Pike's Peak over into Kansas. It not being wet enough, Lizzie starts crying.

We is all about ready to pass out from the cold and general misery when I pipes a headlight coming at us. To keep the machine from bumping into us me and Magruder gets out in the road and yells our heads off.

The car stops and the guy running it gets an earful of our grief.

"Got a smoke?" he asks.

I digs into my pockets for a cigarette, when I feels something hard in the package. You only get one guess. It's the ignition key.

"And you had it all the time," says the wife; but, boy, the way she says it!

Well, the bird in the good car pulls us out with a rope, fixes up the ground wire for us and in a coupla hours we is home, but we ain't got enough gas to spare to take a spot outta a humming bird's vest.

"Shall I fill her up?" asks Gilligan at the garage.

"Go ahead," I tells him, "and I hopes she blows up while you is doing it."

Me and Kate sits around the house drying out and not saying nothing when suddenly she turns pale and jumps up.

"My Lord!" she gasps. "My bar pin! I musta left it in the machine. Run over quick!"

I beats it over to the garage.

"Where's the wagon?" I inquires.

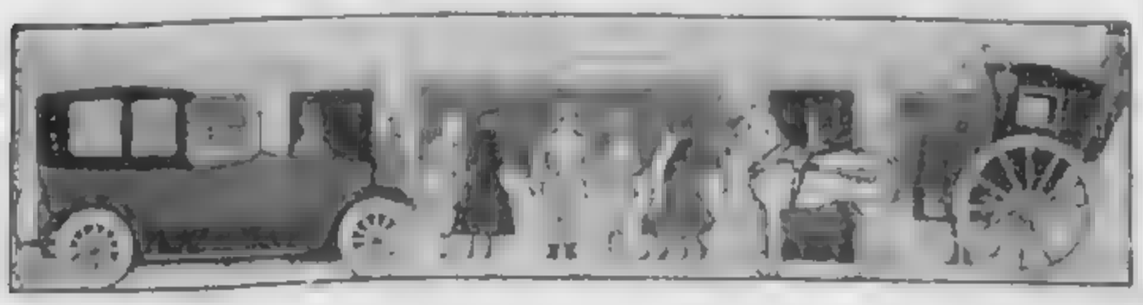
"I give it to that feller," says Gilligan.

"What feller?" I comes back.

"The guy you give the order to," he explains, and passes over a slip of paper.

I take a quick look, and get it. Lacey's worked my John Doe into his act!

Me, I walk.



Men We Had to Please

To Make This Shaving Cream Successful

Gentlemen: By V. K. CASSADY, *Chief Chemist*

One of the amazing successes of the past two years has been Palmolive Shaving Cream.

It entered a field where every possible customer was using another soap. In very short order it won millions to its side. And it suddenly climbed to dominant place—then the newest shaving cream on the market.

This is how that happened

We consulted users

We interviewed 1,000 average men, and asked them what they wanted above all. Then we consulted a scientist who had made deep study of soap's action on the hair.

With all our soap-making skill, all our experience, we started out to meet all those requirements. It took us 18 months. We made up and tested 130 formulas before this Shaving Cream completely satisfied them all.

But we had then so fine a Shaving Cream, it was a surprise to every user. And men by the millions flocked to this soap when they tried it.

What those men wanted

They wanted abundant lather, so we made a cream which multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

They wanted quick action. So we made a cream which softens the beard in one minute, without hot towels, without finger rubbing.

They wanted durability. So we made a cream which maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

They wanted fine after effects. So we made the cream a lotion by blending in it palm and olive oils—the supreme cosmetics.

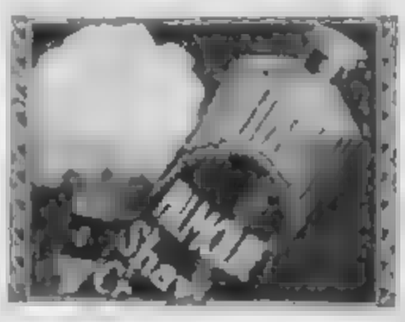
But the scientist specified the most important requirement. He said that most soaps were too flimsy. The bubbles were weak.

It is bubbles that support the hairs for cutting. Strong bubbles would hold them erect. Weak bubbles let them fall down.

So we evolved strong bubbles. That's the chief reason for these easy, quick, clean shaves. That, above all, is why this cream delights you.

If you do not know Palmolive Shaving Cream, do us the kindness to try it. And a kindness to yourself. We have made what you want, and we want you to know it. Cut out the coupon.

Ten Shaves Free



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SHAVING CREAM

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-451, Milwaukee, U.S.A.

"A shoe must FIT WELL to be good-looking"

ANY ONE who knows anything about shoes will tell you that: "No matter how stylish-looking a shoe is made, it won't look well unless it fits properly."

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North Abington, Massachusetts

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

Men's Oxford
The "Panama"

MAY ALL YOUR CHILDREN BE ACROBATS!

(Continued from Page 17)

in the world. She still keeps up with her music, because its rhythm helps her in her work, she says.

Speaking of music reminds me of a story I once read in a magazine. It was quite a number of years ago, and I don't recall either the name of the story or the name of the magazine. It was one of those triangles of the circus that fiction writers seem to enjoy writing about so much, although I can't recall a single instance of such a thrilling tragedy in all the twenty-three years I've been in the business.

This story was about a beautiful bareback rider who had everyone in the world in love with her. Her two most serious suitors were the leader of the circus orchestra and one of the trapeze workers. She seemed to favor the aërialist, and the musician was crazy with jealousy. So one day when the circus was filled with a holiday crowd the leader waited until his rival came out to do his act. Then, apparently by accident, he changed the tempo of the music just a little bit. It was enough to disturb his rival on the trapeze, who, in trying to readjust his mind to the change, got confused, lost his hold and fell. He was killed, as I recall the story, but I am not sure.

The whole thing is very vague in my mind, and the only reason I mention it at all is to show how important the music is, especially to aërial acts. Casting and balancing acts don't usually have music for their big tricks, except maybe a drum roll. But if a trapeze team, say, is used to working to fast music, slow music will throw them all off, and it is not by any means impossible for an accident to happen.

I recall a case that happened not long ago in the circus. There was a trapeze act consisting of three girls. The two older ones had been with the circus every season for years, but the youngest one was new. One day during rehearsal there was some slight change in the music—I think they played a waltz instead of a fox trot—and this kid lost her head immediately and fell. Luckily she wasn't working very high, and the ground was soft where she hit, so she escaped with a few bruises.

Courage and Confidence

She was given strict orders not to work again until she had made sure of herself. She didn't pay any attention to the order, though, and the man who had issued it had to leave the show for a few days, so he couldn't enforce it. The show opened during his absence, and on the very first night something went wrong with the music and this girl fell again. She must have nine lives, because she escaped again. This time she was out for good. The circus people are very careful, and don't allow anybody to work that they are not sure of.

There are very few accidents, though, considering the dangerous nature of the work. In all my twenty-three years I've never had a single fall. I don't know what would happen if I ever did. Some people don't pay attention to it at all. If they're injured they just wait until they recover and then go right back. They seem to feel that it's all in the day's work. There's Dainty Marie, for instance, one of the best-known women acrobats. Marie has done every style of work there is, I guess, and she has broken most of the bones in her body at one time or another; but she never seems to pay any attention to it. I remember once when she went right on working after having smashed two bones in her arm. Once a few years ago she was swinging out over the footlights in a vaudeville house when something broke and she landed right in the middle of the audience. She was badly hurt—so were the people she landed on—but in a few months she was at it again.

Of course, you never know how brave you are until you are faced with danger, or have been through it. But I'm almost certain that if I ever did meet with an accident I would be through. I don't believe I'd ever recover my confidence, and without that the work is impossible. The confidence I now have is not connected in any way with courage—at least, the way I see it. Courage to me is simply the ability to overcome fear, and I have no fear. None of us have. We feel just as much at home perched forty feet in the air on a trapeze or balancing on our heads as you do sitting on a chair. We've done it so long that it is second nature.

Just because I have the feeling that if I ever did fall and hurt myself I'd never be able to come back, I have taken care to provide myself with another means of support. I'd hate ever to have to do it, but if it became necessary I could support myself as a dressmaker. I suppose that seems surprising too. People have the notion that our lives have no interest outside the tent or the theater, and that we are not even aware of the things going on outside. Of course, some circus and theatrical managers have encouraged that, because it is good business to make us out as strange and therefore as interesting as possible.

But I have a great many interests, and one of them is dressmaking. I don't mean just sewing, either, although I can do that very well. My mother made me learn when I was a little girl. I am very much interested in designing, too, and I draw the designs for all my costumes. Once in a while when I need a new dress in a hurry I make it myself. So if I should ever have to find a new occupation I would turn to professional dressmaking.

Midget Girls' Worries

There is actually no reason for believing that will ever happen, though. If I haven't broken my neck by this time, I guess I never shall. Besides, we don't use a great deal of apparatus in our act, and it is from faulty rigging that most accidents occur. If performers test their rigging regularly and often, and change their ropes, and the like, every few months, they are practically immune from accidents.

The only other reason, outside of the few cases that just happen and can't be explained, is lack of proper physical condition, and no acrobat who is worthy of the name will allow such a thing to happen to him. The acrobat's body is his stock in trade, and it is up to him to see that the stock doesn't get run down. And it is not only necessary to keep in the best of health but also to keep at the same weight.

What I am about to tell you ought to be a great comfort to women who hate exercise. It is hard to believe, but it is a fact just the same that in spite of my terrifically hard physical labor twice a day, with hours of practice in between, I have to diet to keep thin! Exercise has absolutely no effect on my weight, no matter how much of it I do. It has become so much a part of my daily life that it doesn't mean any more to me than breathing does to the average woman.

Consequently, if I gain any weight at all, which I do rather easily, the only way to reduce it is by dieting. I have a set weight which I do not allow myself to exceed one hundred and fifteen pounds. As long as I stay there I eat whatever I please, but I weigh myself every day, and the moment I see an extra ounce sneaking up on me down go the sugar rations and the butter rations until I'm back to one hundred and fifteen pounds. People are always surprised to hear that we have to watch our weight so relentlessly, but something that was even more surprising at first glance was an amusing incident I came across last year when I was playing in New York.

On the same bill with us was a troupe of midgets who put on a miniature revue. Among the numbers was a fashion parade with six of these tiny girls displaying the latest styles in evening dresses. Just at that time Senator Copeland, who was then health commissioner of New York, was conducting reducing classes down at the board of health. The midget girls read about these classes, and three of them, who felt that they were growing too plump, decided to join the class. So, accompanied by a full-sized friend—they never go out alone—they marched down to Doctor Copeland's office and asked for advice about reducing. Of course, all the papers said it was a press-agent stunt; but as a matter of fact it wasn't intended as such, although the midgets got quite a lot of publicity out of it. These girls actually believed they were growing too heavy. When

(Continued on Page 156)

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And the precious covering of your pearls—protect it. Tooth enamel is scratched and worn away when brushed with harsh grit. Once scratched or marred, Nature can never restore its beauty or replace it.

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Men with retail grocery experience apply at once

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(Continued from Page 154)

you try to look at it from their point of view you can readily see that their entire value as a drawing card is their tininess and that if one of them should allow herself to get fat she would soon find herself getting less money, or without a job entirely.

Getting back to acrobats, I want to explain the tremendous change that has taken place in our profession in the past several years. The attitude of most of our kind nowadays toward the work that has probably been followed in their families for generations and generations is entirely different from that of the fathers and grandfathers who preceded them.

In the years gone by there was among acrobats a remarkable pride of profession, a very marked clannishness and a determination that their children should follow the same line to which their lives had been devoted. The father had even a stronger feeling about his sons—and his daughters, too, for that matter—following in his footsteps than a highly successful business man has today. They want the business to go on and the name to be kept alive after they die.

Well, that's the way acrobats used to feel. They had worked hard all their lives to build up something and they didn't want their work to die with them. So the children were trained from childhood to follow in the profession of the parents. Usually the mother was in the troupe too. On rare occasions they married outside the profession, but that was looked upon with disapproval. It was regarded with almost as much disfavor as it is among people of opposing religious sects. Even marriage between two people who did different types of work was not regarded as advisable. It led to quarrels, the old folks said. If a bar worker married a trapeze artist, what kind of act would they do? Neither would want to give in to the other. Result? Arguments and unhappiness.

But that's all dead and gone now, because the old school is no more. When those conditions existed the realm of acrobatics was an important one in the show business. Gymnasts of all varieties were looked up to, respected and admired. Their work was classed as an art, and that art, like all other arts, had its traditions. The life they led was based on the patriarchal system of the Old Testament. Work, study and rest—these made up the daily routine. Everything was directed by the head of the family. He put his children through their paces and decided what they showed the greatest aptitude for. Then they would practice for years until they had perfected themselves in their specialty. They always stayed together. Family ties were very strong and the holding together of the family gave weight to the whole profession and commanded a certain respect from the world at large.

The Literature of Acrobatics

Further back, of course, the tribe of acrobats was even more highly thought of. In my father's home we used to have a number of books on the subject. My father himself was a very well-read man, and he took great interest in getting hold of any published history of the past importance of acrobats. In his day the present social decline had not yet set in, but I think he could see it coming. And to make us children feel his pride in our profession he used to tell us legends of olden times; some based on fact and others purely imaginary.

In one book my father had there was an essay which tried to prove that Salome, in addition to dancing when she wanted the head of John the Baptist, did acrobatic tricks for King Herod. In the book she was referred to as a tumbler. The article was very scientifically and dryly written, and I could never get myself to read it through; but my father often told me about it. He seemed to be especially pleased that acrobatics were mixed up with Biblical history, even though it was through such a vamp as Salome. It seemed to give the profession the benefit of clergy.

One of the greatest evidences of the high standing acrobats and acrobatics had in the medieval world are the writings of a Frenchman named Archange Tuccaro, who was a great gymnast and scholar of the late sixteenth century. A three-volume work by him, published in 1599, deals entirely with the theory and practice of acrobatics. I do not know whether there are any copies still in existence, as I read about it in another volume on the subject. His attitude, according to the man who was telling about him, was eminently practical, but philosophical also.

Tuccaro, who was not only an athlete but a student, expressed the same theory that I gave before, that acrobatics is not merely physical, but that the mind has just as much to do with it as the body it controls. He was the first person to reduce the gymnastic art to a science, and even went so far as to bring that art into direct relation with the philosophy of Aristotle, whatever that is. I am not the highbrow that Tuccaro was, so I'm not going to try to explain what he meant by that. Here is one thing he said about acrobatics:

"It has a great affinity with almost all sorts of learning, not only music but arithmetic, geometry, philosophy, physics and ethics."

Just one more thing about Tuccaro before I let him rest in his grave—he was the first man appointed by his king to act as a teacher of gymnastics to the court. He served Emperor Maximilian for many years, and when this ruler's daughter married he sent Tuccaro along as a sort of wedding gift.

There are very few modern books on the subject of gymnastics except some textbooks on how to become an amateur acrobat, and things like that. I've only come across two that are of any historical interest. One is a little handbook by "Professor" William Z. Ripley, who was for many years with the P. T. Barnum Greatest Show on Earth. This book is very thin and contains advice on how to become a professional acrobat, along with descriptions and pictures of about fifty tricks.

A Specialized Profession

Old Ripley, whom some of you may remember, was a most picturesque character and highly thought of in the circus world. In 1876 he opened a school for trapeze workers down on New York's famous old Bowery. He encouraged women in the profession and had quite a number of them in his trap school. The points he particularly emphasized, aside from fundamental skill, were style and grace. His constant command was, "Never look as though you are working hard."

The other book was written about 1890 and treats the subject from the point of view of a sympathetic outsider. The name of it is Acrobats and Mountebanks, and it was written by a Frenchman named LeRoux, with many interesting illustrations. It is a fascinating book, with chapters devoted to all sorts of circus acts. This man LeRoux is the only layman I have ever known or heard of who really understood the heart and soul and mind of the gymnast.

The book naturally deals more with the European members of the profession, but he has several references to American artists. He was a firm believer in the importance of mental equipment to gymnasts and pointed out the examples of the Volta Brothers, kings of the trapeze, who came from a fine English family and had college education. But to be perfectly just and fair, I must admit they were not of the regular clan. They worked in a bank and practiced on the traps for their own amusement. They became so skillful that a theatrical manager heard about them, came to see them and offered them about three times what they earned in the bank. They took it and gave their name to one of the most famous troupes of aërialists in the business.

I don't know whether the book is obtainable any more—at least in this country. It was published in England. Our copy, very much battered, was bought in London many years ago, when the family was playing there. I do know, though, that there are several copies in the reading room of the New York Public Library, and if what I have told you interests you in our human side, perhaps you might like to read more about us by someone whose business it is to write.

Our profession is one of constantly increasing specialization. The first wandering group of tumblers and clowns were jugglers, acrobats, mountebanks, pantomimists, equilibrists and animal trainers rolled into one. The few members covered in their crude way almost every department of the modern circus. Nowadays not only is each kind of work performed by specialists but each branch has been divided and subdivided many times.

Performers become known for one particular specialty and devote all their time to

perfecting themselves in it. There are certain things that we women find ourselves best suited for. One of these is balancing work. Grace and finish are necessary to the successful equilibrist, and excessive strength is not required; so it is only natural that women should fall into work where they can compete more favorably with men than where great strength and endurance are required; although some women, like the Nelson Sisters, a whole family of girls, are as good acrobatically as any man.

It was a woman who put the tight rope out of business and substituted the slack wire in its place. She was a French girl with a very good figure, and she introduced the idea of assuming various graceful poses to display it to the best advantage while reclining on the wire. She was such a hit that the tight-rope walkers soon found themselves in disfavor and were forced to adopt the wire themselves. Once they had tried it they found it superior to the old rope and never went back to it, even after the pretty girl grew old and lost her figure and her popularity.

Of all those who used the tight rope the most famous will always be Blondin. His feat in crossing Niagara Falls on a rope years ago was a tremendous sensation at the time, and will still be remembered by thousands of readers.

The equilibrists, like all other types of acrobats, are always happy at finding a more difficult medium in which to show their skill. For instance, the first and easiest type of balancing is that on a globe or ball. It is far more easily mastered than balancing on the slack wire or tight wire and because of that it is looked down upon by the wire workers, just as they in turn are looked down upon by the trapeze balancers from their superior heights. The trapeze, being so very unstable, is the most difficult medium for balancing tricks, but if some harder and more spectacular variety were discovered I am sure that every equilibrist would immediately set to work to master that.

Contortionists and Their Training

A type of performer that is rather hard to classify is the contortionist. They are half acrobats and half freaks—that is, if you are willing to admit that there is any distinction between the two. Their amazing feats are due to their ability, partly natural and partly acquired, to disarticulate their joints and thus tie themselves into bowknots. This also is something that must be started at an early age and practiced for years, and the addition of a few more pounds is even a more serious matter with them than it is with us. Acrobats and contortionists start with the same fundamental principle—limbering up. The first thing they both learn is to bend backward until they can touch the floor with their heads.

One of the most famous contortionists that ever lived is a man who stands as absolute proof of the mental power of people in our profession. His name is H. B. Marinelli, and he used to be known as the human snake. That was more than twenty years ago. While at the height of his success his health failed and he had to give up his profession. He entered the already overcrowded ranks of artists' representatives, and today is one of the biggest and most powerful agents in the world. He has branch offices in every civilized country. In cities where he used to appear as a performer he is now established as a business man.

It has taken me quite a while to get back to the reasons for our decline in position and prestige, and I hope you have not minded my rambling. I felt that I should establish my people in their old position before I could tell you why they are slipping from it. There are really two reasons, as I see it, and I believe that most other acrobats will agree with me.

The first reason is vaudeville. Originally, when we belonged only to the circus, we worked only during the spring, summer and early fall. In the winter we would go home and spend those months practicing and perfecting new tricks. In the circus we were all-important. The whole show was built around us. Then gradually we began to go into vaudeville between seasons. It was a fine way to earn more money, but it was commercializing our art. We were put on to open or close the show, to use up the time while the theater was filling up or emptying out. Instead of being looked up to, acrobats began to be looked down upon. And instead of having big posters with pictures of the act spread all over, the way it was in the circus, the name of the act would be so far down on the billboards that only the dogs could read it, or in such small type that it took a magnifying glass to make it visible.

Result? The acrobat's pride in his profession is dying out. The desire to have his children continue in the work is disappearing. If it is just a question of money, there's more of that to be made in the business world.

Another thing that used to hold our interest was the fact that in the circus we were together all the time. There was a tremendous spirit of clannishness. But in vaudeville, when you've finished your act you leave the theater. Next week you are with another group of people. It becomes merely a matter of business, instead of being an art and a recreation as well. I don't mean by that that there are not certain advantages in vaudeville. But when you have generations of circus blood in your veins the vaudeville angle seems most unromantic, and nobody likes to be looked down upon.

That's one reason. The other reason is one that has been given as the cause of many failures and declines—the movies. Just as people attribute the decline of the melodrama to the fact that the movies can be a hundred times more thrilling and desperate than the best of the old blood-and-thunder plays, so I feel that the movies outdo us in thrilling stunts.

An Easier Life in Prospect

When the same people who come to vaudeville theaters or the circus have been to the pictures a night or two before, and have seen a man casually leap off the roof of a twenty-story building, or jump from a racing train to the wing of an airplane, or dive off a bridge or climb up to the top of a church steeple and hang there by his teeth, how can we hope to send wiggles up their spines?

I don't think I'll stay in the business many years longer. My husband and I decided when we got married that we would work very hard, save all our pennies until we had a certain amount laid by, and then retire. We figure that if we keep on working for about five more years, and don't have any accidents or other misfortunes, we shall be able to put our plan into operation.

We have our little farm in the country, where my mother lives, and what we want to do is to go back there and take it easy for the rest of our lives. I don't mean by that that we intend going into complete retirement, for I'll be only thirty-five and Ben will be forty; but we've always had an ambition to be in the position of refusing an offer of work if we didn't particularly care for it.

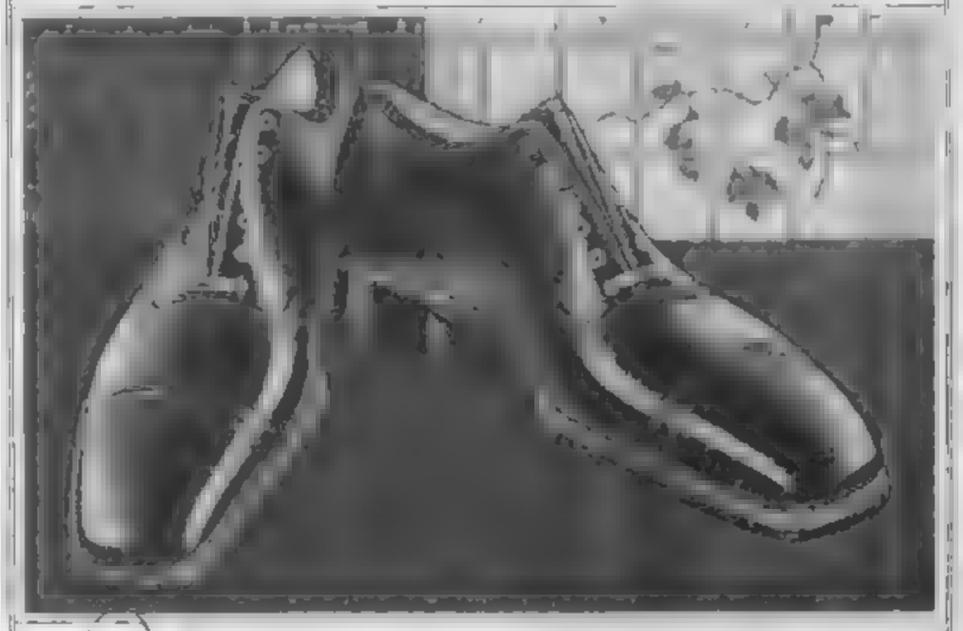
Now we don't do that. For the past ten years we have worked fifty-two weeks a year, without a single vacation, seven months with the circus and five in vaudeville. We have what is considered one of the best acts of its kind in the show business and we can always keep working. In the circus, I am conceited enough to say, we are a drawing card.

We always get a full season's route in the two-a-day—sometimes three. Of course, it means long jumps and lots of split weeks, but as long as we get our salary we don't care. We figure that it's best to work hard now and take the inconveniences while we can. Then later, when we are older, we can be more fussy, taking only a route that we like very much and turning down any bookings that don't appeal to us. We'll go back to the farm, just the way they do in story books, and settle down. Then I won't have to worry about gaining a pound or two.

You can see now why I don't want our little boy to follow in our footsteps. Even if conditions were as they used to be, there would still be the modern belief that no occupation ought to be forced on a child; and my husband and I share in that belief.

That's one thing; and another is that by putting the same amount of time and effort into a business or professional career as he would have to put into learning our profession he will get a lot more out of it, not only financially but in his position in society, and he won't be a wanderer, a mountebank.

"May all your children be acrobats!" Believe me, mine won't! Not if I can help it!



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THE NEW SYSTEM IN GOVERNMENT

Continued from Page 4

boards. These boards are composed of representatives from each of the forty-three executive departments and independent establishments which have two or more common problems for solution. Their tasks concern the larger classes of expenditure and deal principally with methods of procurement, disposition of surplus materials and property, standard contracting, printing, standard specifications, traffic, real estate, hospitalization, rentals, warehousing and kindred activities. It is their constant endeavor to have the entire machinery, represented by all departments and establishments, handle each of these problems as they would be tackled by a well-organized industrial enterprise, instead of attacking them as a large number of separate corporations each acting independently of the others, often competing in the same field under different methods and price conditions, though they are all financed from the same treasury and working for the same set of stockholders. I know there is a general aversion to government boards. A prominent official once defined one as a body that is long, wooden and narrow. The definition cannot be applied to these coördinating agencies. They are mutual-benefit organizations which are simplifying, unifying and improving their own methods.

One illustration of the practices of the days before the budget system may help to clarify. The Government is a large purchaser of typewriters. The Committee on Appropriations in going through the department requests for funds found that almost as many different prices were being paid for machines as there were different government buyers. The purchases for a year totaled about thirty-five hundred machines, yet there was no concerted action anywhere to obtain a uniform price to the more than forty agencies that were procuring them. Some departments were paying as much as twelve and a half dollars more than others for the same make and model of a given machine. There was no executive agency to bring about uniformity in a practice of this sort. The only remedy was legislation, and Congress acted to stop that particular piece of bad business. But that applied only to typewriters, and could happen again and again in the multiplicity of purchases that had to be made. It cannot happen so easily now under the better methods of coördinating purchases. One department had twenty-six purchasing agencies, and another eighteen, and few, if any of them, acted in concert to obtain the best price for the needed articles.

The Proper Spirit

The old truism that a penny saved is a penny earned is just beginning to mean something in government affairs. The pennies bud into dollars and the dollars blossom forth into thousands and millions. Money saved is just as potent revenue as fresh money taken in at the tax collector's office. Thrift is becoming a governmental virtue, and the budget has made it possible. The janitor who wrote to the bureau of the budget that by utilizing his weapons longer than had been customary in his work he saved four mops, four brooms, three dustpans, three brushes, sixty cakes of soap and forty pounds of washing powder is showing just as commendable a spirit as the head of a department who by his better education and business experience is able to save a million dollars.

Printing has long been one of the finest opportunities to waste Federal money. The practices eliminated in this field if existing in a business house would have caused the general manager to commit either suicide or murder, or both. It was discovered that the author's corrections and changes in proofs were amounting to nearly a hundred thousand dollars annually. This was largely due to careless preparation of copy. The remedies applied cut this leakage nearly 30 per cent in six months.

Specifications can be as productive of loss as they are annoying to the bidder. A construction job in Georgia called for spruce laths. Just why, nobody knows. Pine laths were plentiful there, but the specifications were governmental specifications, and spruce laths were shipped in from Seattle at about twice the cost of the local pine, and the transportation charge, diagonally across the continent, was thrown into the wasteful method to make good measure. Standardized specifications will prevent the recurrence of such episodes.

The Government's transportation bill, except that for carrying the mail, is slightly less than a hundred million dollars a year. Fifty or sixty different groups handled the traffic problems for nine of the great departments, each group wending its way without reference to its fellow traffic groups whose problems were similar. Some of the traffic handlers were experts and some were bunglers. One shipment was made which is not the average bad example, but it is typical of the laxity that can arise where there is no pressing supervision. A miscellaneous shipment of hospital supplies was made without giving separate weights for the different classes of articles forming the shipment. The total weight for the lot was thirteen thousand pounds. Included in the miscellany was one human skeleton. The rate on human skeletons is three times firstclass and, because of the failure to classify, this rate was applied to the whole shipment, and the minimum weight was fixed at twenty thousand pounds. Such practices as this, and others less flagrant but more expensive than they ought to be, are not readily possible under the procedure now established for handling traffic.

Departmental Reserves

One branch of the Army required dredges to carry on its work. To purchase them would have necessitated an outlay of several hundred thousand dollars. It was discovered during the negotiations that another branch of the Army had surplus boats which would have to be sold at a loss. The two were brought together, the surplus was put where needed, and a useless expenditure avoided. The lighthouse service needed tenders and had a million and a half dollars to buy them. It was ascertained that surplus mine planters which the Army possessed could, with comparatively small cost, be converted to the desired use and the money conserved. A case recently came to my notice of a requisition for twenty gallons of liquid soap, to cost fifteen dollars in the local market where the procuring officer was situated. The order cleared through the central supply office of a department in Washington. It bought for the field officer thirty gallons of the same kind of soap for eight dollars and seventy cents, and the cost of transportation was negligible.

What has been said of the extremes of soap and ships can be said equally effectively of a multitude of purchases of articles in the middle ground. The important consideration in the whole matter is the study and attention that are being given to the task of seeing that the Government gets a full dollar's worth whenever it makes an expenditure. That is real economy.

I wish space permitted a recitation of enough illustrations to give a complete picture of the valuable work that is being done by each of the coördinating boards that are at work to correct faulty and wasteful administrative practices which have not been interrupted for years. It is sufficient in this brief comment to say that the straightening-out process is going on in all the strata of government business just as rapidly as they can be reached by careful and painstaking study. The job is progressing, and that in itself is hopeful and satisfactory news to those who have to foot the bills.

One noteworthy practice initiated deserves mention. After all the harsh cutting and the careful and detailed pruning are done in the preparation of the budget estimates, and even, indeed, after Congress has taken its toll of exactness from them, the departments are required to set up a small reserve from each appropriation to guard against the rainy day. This savings-bank account cannot be drawn upon without a waiver from the head of the department, and that is not given except upon a convincing statement of the absolute exigencies of the case. The reserve set up for the year which began July first last and ends June thirtieth was, at its peak, ninety-three million dollars. To date there has

(Continued on Page 160)

Why You Should Buy

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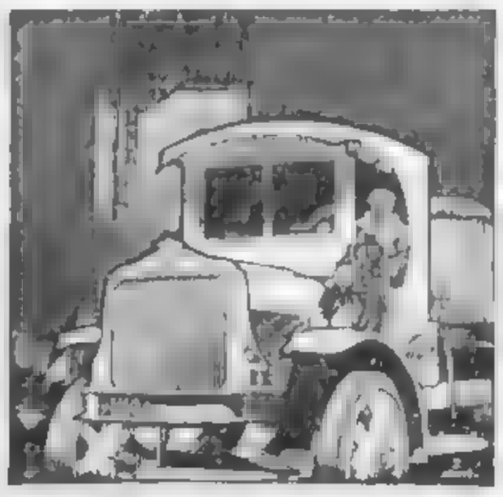

9

Other Reasons:

* * *

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Most Value per Dollar
100,000-Mile Records
Ownership Roll Call
White Owner Service
A Permanent Maker
The Manufacturer's Policy
Service Above Sales
Largest Output in High Grade Field

Reason No. 9

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TRUCKS are good only for *transportation*. What a truck buyer really gets for his money depends upon the reliability and cost of haulage. There is nothing else to get.

Into that value enter many conditions which must be controlled. The truck may be badly suited to its task. The work may be poorly arranged. The size of truck may not be economical. The routing may be a handicap. Loading and unloading methods may be inefficient. There are many conditions to be observed in getting the most out of your truck investment.

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This experience is being put to practical use in every part of the country by hundreds of White representatives, in daily touch with transportation problems. It is quickly available to every owner and adds substantially to the value of his investment.

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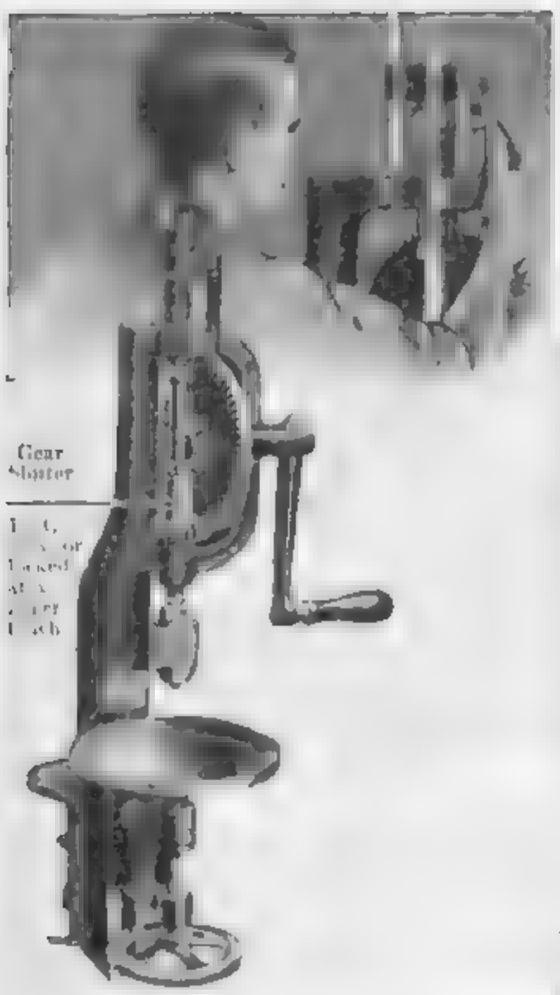

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No hand feeding. The "Yankee" Automatic Friction and Ratchet Feeds manage the job more accurately than any human hand could. Bit breakage is avoided. Work is speeded up.

Just set your work and turn the crank. Friction Feed runs drill down to contact; then Ratchet Feed automatically controls pressure, no matter whether bit is small or large or metal soft or hard. Requires no special care. Automatic throw-off prevents jamming.

No. 1005 (illustrated): Two speeds; 3-jaw chuck, holding drills up to ½ inch. Entire length, 28 inches.

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For use on bench drills and other machines. Machined true on all sides. Swivel jaw. Jaws, 2⅜ in. wide, 1⅜ in. deep.

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Plain Screw-drivers
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"YANKEE" TOOLS

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(Continued from Page 158)

been released from the reserve only about two millions. The chances are that the year will be completed with a very large portion of the fund unused, and such as remains, of course, will revert to the Treasury.

This in brief is the executive phase of the budget system. The President is the kingpin. The manner in which he accepts his responsibility determines the success or failure of the whole scheme. Whenever that individual, no matter who he may be, ceases to perform the duty zealously, the operation of the system, so far as the executive branch is concerned, will be a gloomy sham. Fortunately for the initiation of the plan, we had a President who accepted his responsibilities in a courageous and intelligent fashion.

Important as the executive phase of the budget system may be, the attention of the legislative branch to the financial proposals of the Administration is even of more direct importance to the taxpayer. Here it is that the duly constituted representatives of the public give expression to what they believe to be the views of their constituency. The Constitution of the United States provides that no money shall be drawn from the Treasury except in consequence of appropriations made by law. The compliance with this mandate of fundamental law is not an empty form of passive acquiescence. It is a virile exercise of power which is a potential factor for good. The President in a recent address characterized it most aptly when he said:

> The Budget and Accounting Act places no limitation upon the power and right of Congress to increase or decrease estimates submitted. This is in accord with the spirit of our institutions and is as it should be. It is my hope and expectation that, as the budget procedures develop, the estimates transmitted to Congress will be so carefully prepared and will present so accurate a picture of the real operating needs of the Government as materially to lighten the burden of the appropriating committees. But it is not expected or desired that Congress should relinquish any of its prerogatives concerning public funds—prerogatives so wisely given to the people's representatives by the founders of the Government.

The work of the Congress commences when the budget estimates, as formulated by the President, are transmitted by him in a document known as The Budget. This document is as complete a display of the financial situation of the Government as it is possible to make. It is replete with detailed statistics of receipts and expenditures, not only for the fiscal year with which it primarily deals but also the fiscal year in which the Government is then operating and the fiscal year which has just closed. A three-year period is thus considered with its array of comparative data, and an excellent opportunity is afforded for balancing one year's needs with current and past experience.

Loose Methods Tightened

President Garfield, while chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, once remarked that if one of our annual budgets should survive the next deluge, if it were the only fragment left after dry land appeared, from that annual budget alone could be read and reconstructed the entire history of the nation. If that were true fifty years ago, what a splendid portrayal an analytical historian could make from a present-day budget with its devious ramifications into every phase of American activity!

The centralization of responsibility in the President to establish a clearing house for departmental budget estimates made necessary a centralization and tightening up of the loose methods that were just as prevalent in congressional procedure as they were in the executive branch. At one time in the history of Congress budgetary procedure was quite correct. The Ways and Means Committee had the sole jurisdiction over the question of raising revenue and partitioning it among the Federal services. The first step in the disintegration took place at the close of the Civil War, when the powers of taxation and appropriation were separated and a single committee on appropriations was created to handle the money bills, leaving the taxing power where it was.

This arrangement continued for a decade, when a stormy fight took place between powerful and rival factions in the House and further decentralization in the appropriating power scattered that right among eight different committees.

This was the situation that existed when the budget system was installed. A practically similar situation existed in the Senate, where the jurisdiction over appropriations had been gradually split until nine different committees had a prescribed right to appropriate. It was a chaotic arrangement. A total of thirteen regular annual appropriating bills had to be enacted to form the budget. Bills which came from one committee in the House went to an entirely different committee when they reached the Senate.

The supply measures were unscientific, illogical and confusing to the public, and even, indeed, to the membership of the Congress. The funds for a single department were often found in different bills. Few of them had any well-defined purpose of origin. Like Topsy, they just growed. The War Department furnished the most horrible example of this diffusion.

Old Prerogatives Given Over

The funds to be expended by that department were found in no less than five different bills, emerging from three different committees in each body. The Congress formed a fertile field of exploitation for the ambitious bureau chief. There was no executive agency to curb his enthusiasm. Whatever total of estimated wants he arrived at by the free and easy process of guessing usually was submitted to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury without revision. The President had no worthwhile duties to perform in connection with the budget estimates. The Secretary of the Treasury was powerless to interfere, no matter what the financial straits of the nation might be at the time. Once the estimate reached Congress, the bureau chief usually utilized every resource at his command to get his total ratified regardless of the relationship it might bear to the sum of the needs of others. If he met a rebuff at the hands of one committee he would try it the next year by shifting his estimate to another bill which went to another committee and where, possibly, it might find a more friendly reception. He often succeeded by this ruse. The sole sentinel between the Treasury and the insistent unrestrained appetite of spending officers was the Congress, and it was not well enough organized to combat the assaults most effectively. The fact that it kept the Government solvent is due to the vision, courage and statesmanship of the men who, in the period of appropriating disorganization, made public expenditures their especial study. They were aided in this aim by a youthful nation, resplendent in sources of taxation that were tapped lightly.

The Congress responded admirably to the public demand that it revise its methods to accord with the practice it had required of the executive departments. The Senate and House, by amendment of their respective rules, established single committees to which was given the sole power to appropriate money. This seems to have been a simple process, but it was exceedingly painful to many of the committees, which had to surrender the prerogative they had so long enjoyed to control the appropriations for some particular subdivision of government. The result of this concentration was the reduction of the number of congressional committees dealing with appropriations from seventeen to two. When this was accomplished the way was prepared for the reception of the budget estimates which the President has to transmit. One can readily see how farcical the Congress could have made itself had it insisted on maintaining its old appropriating organization and required the President's budget to run the gantlet of seventeen unrelated committees, each vying with the others in the interest of the particular service which fell to its solicitous sponsorship.

A single route devoid of sidetracks having been mapped out for the budget through Congress, the revision of the appropriation bills received first attention. The number of them was reduced from thirteen to eleven. They were revamped from a heterogeneous mass into a set of logically arranged measures which reflected in one compact set of figures the needs of each bureau and department, so that the amount requested for a given unit of organization could be readily ascertained without the searcher being compelled to qualify as a statistical contortionist.

The size of the appropriating committees was increased. The Senate Appropriations Committee was enlarged to accommodate

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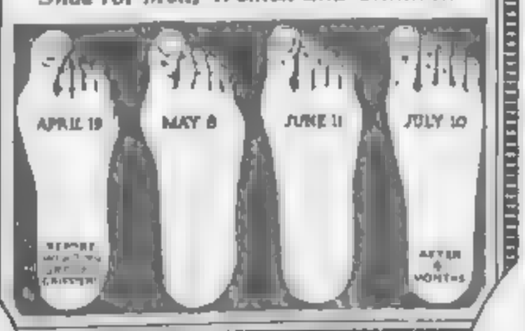

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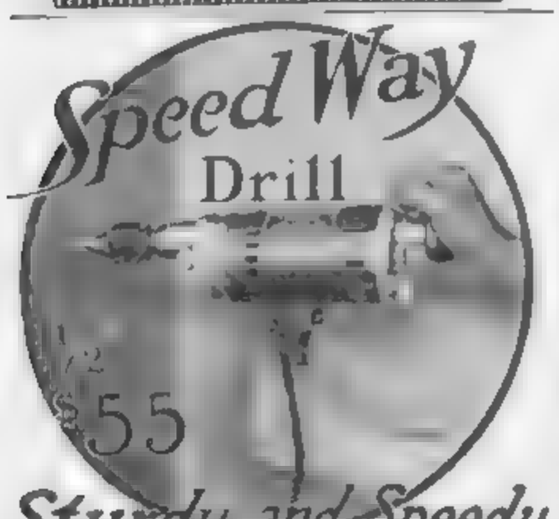

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additional members during the period certain bills are to be under consideration. The House Appropriations Committee was increased from twenty-one to thirty-five. The enlarged committees were organized into subcommittees for the detailed consideration of the newly arranged bills in accordance with a definite work schedule and a uniform plan of action. The subcommittees, after completing their work, must submit the results for clearance through the whole committee. No other means of maintaining the equilibrium of a carefully prepared financial program is possible. No other method can be devised that will throw the glaring white light of responsibility upon congressional action or lack of action.

The congressional procedure has stood the test for two years. It has handled two budgets submitted by the Executive with courage, intelligence and expedition. There has been no lessening of the dignity of Congress and no diminution in its constitutional prerogatives. The prestige of Congress under the new regimen is certain to be magnified. The elimination of fruitless discussion of petty details of budget estimates gives more time for the consideration of many other and larger pressing questions of national import. The presentation of a mature program of finances by the President makes possible a debate upon the larger aspects of the question of finance—those of policy.

Corrective Measures

The clearing of the budget through single committees not only preserves its equilibrium but it affords Congress the opportunity to apply uniform corrective measures to departmental practice wherever it finds them necessary. One or two illustrations will stress the point: Congress a year ago passed a law changing the method of determining the pay of the military, naval and quasi-military services. Six of them located in four different departments were affected. It came to the attention of the committee that the interpretation of certain provisions of the act were not being uniformly considered by all the services. Ambiguities with reference to the granting of allowances of heat and light to officers who were granted rental allowances where they could not be provided with government quarters made it necessary for the committee to take the position that such a construction was not in the mind of Congress when it passed the measure. Insistence on a uniform observance brought compliance with the legislative intent and headed off a movement that might have eventuated in the unanticipated expenditure of hundreds of thousands annually.

One more case, this time an increased expenditure, will further typify the uniformity which can be brought about: The subcommittees dealing with army and navy matters uncovered the ancient disparity in the treatment accorded to the cadets at the West Point and Annapolis academies. It had existed for years, but one set of boys was under the jurisdiction of one department and one congressional committee, and the other set under others. As chairman of the committee I sent for the responsible administrative heads of the two academies and requested them to jot down in comparative line-up the financial considerations granted to each set of boys. They made their report and as a result the cadets at West Point received such additional aid as was necessary to equalize their status with that of the naval cadets.

The new order of procedure in Congress, like that in the executive branch of the Government, has come to stay. There will be no reversion to the old hit-or-miss practices. There are those who would like to upset the reform on the theory that the old way was the ideal logical arrangement. The assumption is a violent one. The former practice of eight different appropriating committees in the House had its inception, not as the result of the presentation of a well-considered plan but in the settlement of a struggle for political power.

The theory upon which the separate appropriating committees were maintained rested upon the argument that the right to appropriate should be vested in the same committee that considered the legislation for a particular bureau or department. Granting the correctness of that premise, the system of divided jurisdiction was grossly incomplete. Of the eight committees in the House, only seven had jurisdiction over legislative subjects; the eighth, the Committee on Appropriations, had no power to legislate and only a partial power to appropriate. There are sixty standing committees in the House, and of these approximately thirty-five are purely legislative committees. To carry the plan to its ultimate and logical conclusion a further distribution of appropriating power should have been made and the appropriations for each department and bureau should have been allocated to some one of the thirty-five committees. An identical situation should have existed in the Senate, which has thirty-four standing committees, of which thirty should have had assigned to them the authority to appropriate for some particular unit of government for which it legislated. Visualize the situation if you will: The budget of the United States being submitted to Congress by the President, there to be dissected and the irregular pieces distributed to thirty-five committees in the House and the results of their labors being passed upon by thirty committees in the Senate. Sixty-five committees dealing with the budget estimates! What resemblance would the document returned to the President bear to the one he had carefully prepared and balanced? A frank statement of the possibilities of such a ridiculous and anomalous condition as would be presented ought to make anyone with the proper patriotic motives resent even the serious suggestion of adopting it.

The single appropriating committees, in addition to improving the procedure in handling appropriations, should also produce better general legislation. In the old days of divided appropriating jurisdiction, those money bills which came from the committees which exercised the dual legislative-appropriating function were made the vehicle for practically all the general legislation which the committees had to present. The inevitable result was a supply bill that was both a financial and legislative measure. As a rule, more time was devoted to the consideration of the legislative riders upon the bill than was given to the pecuniary problems—the sole motive for the existence of the measures.

The single appropriating committees have no power to deal with general legislation. They should not have such power. General legislation and appropriations, if commingled in the same measure, can only work to the detriment of each. They must be considered separately. The appropriating committees as now constituted have all the jurisdiction they can wisely exercise if they devote themselves assiduously and solely to the task of checking the budget estimates. That in itself is a broad enough field in which to operate.

The Remedy

The legislative committees, instead of being weakened by the loss of the appropriating power, have been strengthened, if they will realize it. An earnest performance of the duty of studying the general legislation which falls to their particular lot will enable them to perform more and better public service than they were able to accomplish when they exercised the joint function.

A further step of legislative procedure is necessary in the House. It has been accomplished in the Senate. The House has eleven different committees whose duty it is to investigate public expenditures—one committee for each of the ten executive departments, and the eleventh for expenditures on account of public buildings. There are no expenditure committees for the Veterans' Bureau, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission or any of the other units of government not attached to any executive department. These expenditure committees seldom function except when the House or Senate is controlled by one political party and the administrative branch of the Government by another. Even then their investigations cannot be comprehensive. They may deal with specific and individual instances of mismanagement or maladministration, but there is no coördination of their activities or any opportunity to harmonize the broader aspects of the expenditure-investigation problem. The remedy for this situation is the abolition of the eleven committees and the creation of a single virile committee on public expenditures. Such an organization functioning with the General Accounting Office would, in my opinion, be a factor for an incalculable amount of good. Practically the only systematic attention now given by Congress

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to the investigation of expenditures is the time devoted by the appropriating committees in the course of the examination of the budget estimates. That work must of necessity be incomplete. The time available for visaing budget estimates and the magnitude of the work make it impossible for any committee or committees to perform the two duties simultaneously and do justice to both. The creation of a centralized committee on public expenditures would relieve the appropriating committees and at the same time would provide an agency whose thorough investigations would be of inestimable value to the appropriating committees in the performance of their duties.

The preparation of the budget estimates by the Executive, their adoption by the legislative branch, and the coördination by the President of the methods of expenditure leave the auditing and accounting as the final step in the budget cycle.

The audit of government accounts in the past has amounted to little more than a verification of calculations with the interposition here and there of law construction that resulted in the disallowance of a negligible proportion of payments. It was a set-up admirably designed to prevent embezzlement but lamentably weak in opportunity to prevent waste. The machinery consisted of a comptroller and six separate auditing offices, all subordinate bureaus in the Treasury Department. The comptroller as the logical head of the organization had no extensive legal supervision over the auditing offices. Each of them proceeded on its way, heedless of the practice of the others. Uniformity of procedure was not thought of. The audit of accounts is one government practice in which unanimity of action could have been produced with more ease than in almost any other, yet they were far apart. The auditors were presidential appointees, changing office with every Administration. Some of them, perhaps through fortunate chance, made exceptional auditors. The majority of them were not expertly qualified to direct the auditing of any class of accounts—governmental or private. Any corporation employing such a lax method would have hoisted the flag of bankruptcy, and its board of directors would all have died of old age before they could have presented a satisfactory audited statement to the receiver.

Expenditures Classified

The budget law abolished the comptroller's office and the six auditing offices. It created in their place the General Accounting Office, a separate and independent unit of government organization, and gave to it the duty of centralizing the audit and settlement of accounts, the prescribing of all forms of accounting for receipts and disbursements, and added the duty of investigating the application of public funds and reporting to Congress any recommendations for economy and efficiency that might result from the audit. To give independence of action the head of the office, the comptroller-general, is appointed for a term of fifteen years, is made ineligible for reappointment, and is removable only by joint resolution of Congress for the causes specifically enumerated in the law.

Under a recent order of the new office, all accounts of expenditures by the various units of the Government will now be kept in accordance with a new classification which will set forth comprehensively the things and purposes for which each dollar of money is expended. If you should have asked a year ago, from anyone, a statement which would show for a given fiscal year how much the Government expended for coal, transportation, oil, shoes or any other commodity, the person questioned would throw up his hands and with a shrug suggest that you consult a fortune teller, whose guess would be better than most you could obtain. The new classification in accounting began July first last. When this fiscal year is ended, on June thirtieth, there will be available for those whose duty it is to use them figures that will mean something in the conduct of a business as vast as ours. Fancy the purchasing officer of a corporation not knowing how much of each utilitarian commodity he would have to buy! Where would he be when he made his contracts? Yet the Government has been running for years without having these data. Anyone with a vestige of business knowledge can recognize the productive uses to which they can be applied.

The comptroller-general is the supreme court of interpretation of appropriation law. Upon his independent action can turn the saving or expenditure of many thousands, even millions of dollars. He decides whether a given appropriation is or is not available for expenditure for certain purposes. It is not his prerogative to prevent or thwart those legitimate purposes of accomplishment for which the budget has made provision, but it is his solemn duty to intervene and stop expenditures of doubtful propriety and beyond the pale of legislative intent. His position in this respect calls for exceptional judgment and is not enviable by any means. Pressure in times past has frequently changed the mind of a comptroller. The new term of office was designed to make him independent, to make him a quasi-judicial officer, and to place him beyond the subtle and intimidating pressure which fearless and scrupulous decision would set in motion.

Old Methods Gone Forever

The location of responsibility is one of the prominent characteristics of the budget system. Failure to economize or the inclination to generosity can be immediately centered upon the culpable. The system is so closely knit that the distinction between the responsibility of the President and his advisers is clear-cut and well separated from the responsibility of the national legislature. It is true that more power has been concentrated, but it is not dangerous power. It can be thwarted if it is abused. Power and responsibility with proper checks are invaluable in the functioning of any system which is to obtain results. If power is abused the remedy does not lie in the destruction of the system; it lies in the removal of those who are responsible for the arbitrary and tyrannical abuse of the authority.

The years immediately following the war and prior to the establishment of the budget system were years of heroic retrenchment. The term in itself is a harsh one. It means arbitrary and ruthless reduction, and following a long period of freedom and unrestraint in expenditure the reaction was as shocking as a plunge from hot into cold water. Real economy cannot be instituted or continued by such methods. It can be accomplished only by a sedulous search for the weak and broken spots and the constant application of remedies that will strengthen and repair them. To obtain a full dollar's worth in return for the expenditure of a dollar is the measure of genuine economy. To get every responsible official in the Government in all its branches thinking in terms of economy is a record accomplishment. That, to my mind, is the real aim and the crowning achievement of the budget. When a government spending officer takes two looks at a government dollar and asks himself how he can spend it with the greatest advantage to the service he is administering and at the same time render to the taxpayer that fair consideration to which he is entitled, something, indeed, has come over him. It is the budget system. It has demanded and is receiving from every conscientious administrative officer an attention to the economical side of his work that before its institution was a rare virtue. It is inspiring in the American people a confidence in the transaction of their national affairs which they have not heretofore had.

The budget system has come to stay. There are those who do not like it. It hampers their zeal and spoils their plans for personal aggrandizement. It requires more active thinking and planning on the part of the lax and easy-going. It is a system, and requires that every unit shall keep up to the established pace and do its part in the teamwork so necessary to produce the most satisfactory results. There will be no return to the antiquated, extravagant, slipshod, unconcerted methods of former days. We must drive on, ignoring and casting aside the impediments to progress, eliminating the iconoclast and the pessimist, strengthening and improving the steps that have been taken, and gradually develop and perfect the system that is already half done because it was well begun.

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

1. *Best fruits are found in morning markets. Select only sound, ripe (but not too ripe) fruit.*

2. *Discard all poor fruit. Grade according to size, and degree of ripeness. Wash fruit thoroughly.*

3. *Fill sterilized jars with fruit; cover with water or syrup. Adjust lids loosely over scalded rubbers. Place jars in oven. Set Lorain Red Wheel at 250 degrees.*

4. *Fruits being canned and foods being cooked in a Lorain-equipped Gas Oven require no attention. You can do other work, shop or visit*

5. *When time is up (See Lorain Canning Chart) remove jars tighten lids and insert jars.*

6. *Thus by noon your housework is finished—and 3 big canning jobs done, easier, quicker and better than ever*

7. *Now you are free for the afternoon, because Lorain will cook the evening meal unattended, while you ride away*

A Short lesson in the New Way to Can

EVERYWHERE housewives are asking for information about the new way to can. Many wonder why this method has not been in use ever since gas became the nation's most popular cooking fuel. In this easy, illustrated lesson we tell you the "why" and "how" of the new Lorain Oven Canning Method.

The Lorain Method of Oven Canning is impossible with the old-type gas range, because the heat of the oven cannot be maintained at a low, even temperature. But, the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator (invented in the Research Laboratories of American Stove Company) enables housewives to regulate and control the heat of a gas range oven at *any* cooking temperature, for *any* length of time.

And now for the short lesson in the New Way to Can. Take cherries, for instance: First you grade and rinse (pitting them if you wish). Then you pack them into ordinary glass jars that have been sterilized. Next you fill the jars with boiling water, or with syrup if sweetening is desired.

Now you place the scalded rubbers on the jars and adjust the lids loosely. Then you light the oven burners, set your Lorain Oven Heat Regulator at 250 degrees, place the filled jars on oven racks and close the oven door.

Quart jars remain in the oven one hour, pint jars forty minutes. An ordinary alarm clock will tell you when time is up. Then you remove the jars, tighten the lids, and your canning is done—easier and quicker than you've ever done it. Moreover, all fruits and vegetables canned by this method have a better color, remain firm, and retain that fresh-from-the-garden flavor.

Wherever gas is used you'll find dealers who sell these wonderful Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges. These dealers will be glad to demonstrate the Lorain Method of Oven Canning, also Lorain Whole Meal Cooking, another remarkable achievement of these ranges.

Make it a point to inspect a Gas Range equipped with a Lorain Oven Heat Regulator before canning season is over. And—be sure the regulator is a Lorain. Look for the *Red Wheel*.

We'll be pleased to send to you, free of charge, a chart explaining how to can 37 different fruits and vegetables by the Lorain Oven Method. Just fill in and mail the attached coupon.

WHEN gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

Look for the RED WHEEL **LORAIN** HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Regulator

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 16 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator can not be used on these.

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
16 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free copy of the Lorain Oven Canning Chart.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

Check your favorite stove:

☐ Clark Jewel ☐ New Process ☐ Dangler
☐ Quick Meal ☐ Direct Action ☐ Reliable

1923

No. 1212G Salem, 25 year case, green gold filled, with engraved center, 15 jewels, $25.00.

No. 698, 25 year case, white gold filled, engraved, oval rectangular, 15 jewels, $12.50.

No. 775, 18 karat white gold case, engraved, 16 jewels, $80.00.

A man's strap watch, solid gold, $55.00; gold filled, $30.00; sterling silver, $30.00.

[All illustrations of watches shown are actual size.]

Confer the high degree of *Punctuality* by giving the graduate a Tavannes Watch

The Tavannes (pronounced Ta-van) is peculiarly appropriate as a commencement gift. For half a century it has ranked as one of the few great watches of the world.

Its unfailing accuracy led us long ago to adopt as its symbol or trade-mark the sundial and the phrase, "right with the sun."

The Tavannes is of unusual beauty in design and finish—its possession will give constant pride and satisfaction.

One of the most notable strides in modern watch-making is the simplified construction of the Tavannes thin watch. The *center wheel is eliminated*, thus giving as much room for the vital parts as in a thick watch. Consult your Jeweler about this and have him show it to you.

Tavannes Watches may be had in a wide range of styles, starting as low as $25.

If your Jeweler does not carry the Tavannes, send us his name and address. Booklet giving illustrations, prices and descriptions will be mailed upon request.

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45 Maiden Lane, New York, U. S. A.
Chicago *(Established 1874)* San Francisco

TAVANNES
(TA-VAN)
WATCHES — *right with the Sun*

Quotation From Famous
Sun Dial Princeton Univ.
Loyalty is ever the same
Whether it win or lose the Game
True as the Dial to the Sun
Although it be not shined upon
HUMBRAS
Tavannes

THE COMMON-SENSE SERUM

(Continued from Page 10)

riding breeches that the English wear, and the long trousers for dress occasions that our English cousins know as slacks—probably for the same reason that they refer to Magdalen College as Maudlin College—and the slits in the backs of the coats that the British find so handy when warming themselves in front of one of their cheery grate fires composed of five or seven lumps of smallish coal. If these scientific Cosmos Club members were to invent a common-sense serum and inject it into the Army, the Army would be wearing low collars by noon on the following day.

"Some of our most highly esteemed—in certain sections—senators and congressmen have such peculiar views on almost everything toward which they direct their penetrating thoughts that a common-sense serum would probably have little or no effect on them unless it were injected by a hypodermic about the size of a bicycle pump.

"Some of these gentlemen have been voicing their indignation of late over the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States, which is composed of nine members, is permitted to declare a law unconstitutional by a vote of five to four. To their way of thinking, there is something sinister in a state of affairs that will permit the beliefs of four men to be set at naught by the beliefs of five men. They argue that when a bill has been passed by the House, which is composed of 435 members, and also by the Senate, which is composed of 96 members, no mere majority out of a court of nine men should be permitted to flout the will of these august assemblages. They argue that when such an important matter as the unconstitutionality of a law is under consideration, the Supreme Court ought to be obliged to cast six or seven or even eight votes against it before it can be declared unconstitutional. Some think that it's all right for six Supreme Court justices to declare a law unconstitutional, but that five shouldn't be allowed to do it. More progressive—in their own minds—legislators hold out for seven. Still others hold out for eight. The more fantastic the laws which they attempt to foist on the American people, the more insistent they are that the Supreme Court be prohibited by law from killing these laws except by unanimous or nearly unanimous consent."

An Earmark of Progressivism

"To hear these deep thinkers tell it, one would get the idea that every time the House passed a bill into law the total membership of 435 voted in favor of it. It doesn't, however. Sometimes a bare majority of congressmen who happen to be on the floor of the House vote in favor of it. Sometimes many of them vote for measures in which they don't believe; and similarly many of them frequently vote against measures which they really think are good measures. And a great many of them, because of their habit of lurking in their offices attending to the demands of their constituents at all times except during the actual calling of the roll, seldom hear the debates on various important matters, and cast their votes as they are instructed to cast them by their party leaders.

"Furthermore, since congressmen are usually anxious to be reëlected, a great many of them lend careful ears to the demands which seem to emanate from the voters of their districts. In order to retain the good will of said voters, they often vote for measures which they would normally vote against if left to their own devices—and the unfortunate feature of this is the fact that the demands which they interpret as being the demands of their entire districts are sometimes nothing but the demands of organized minorities.

"If, therefore, bills are frequently passed into law by a bare majority of legislators under such conditions, the person who cries 'Treason!' whenever the Supreme Court dares to pronounce a law unconstitutional by a bare majority probably wouldn't be damaged to any noticeable extent by a small injection of common-sense serum."

Mr. Flack pursued the last slippery slice of tomato around the plate with a fork and a crust of bread, captured it cleverly, swallowed it with a sigh of satisfaction and motioned peremptorily to the waiter, who stood near by, observing his activities with a fascinated air.

"My Camembert cheese," demanded Mr. Flack briskly, "and another black cow."

The waiter, clearly indicating by his expression that he had been hoping that Mr. Flack had forgotten about the cheese, cleared off the table obediently and shuffled away with his heart apparently bowed down.

"This pastime of attacking the Supreme Court, which is one of the earmarks of the so-called Progressives at the present time," resumed Mr. Flack, "is an indoor sport that has been entered into at frequently recurring intervals for more than a century, especially by dissatisfied persons who want to fix the world so that it can only have the things that they think it ought to have. They are the same sort of people as those who pick up odd and half-baked ideas—such as that life can be indefinitely prolonged by eating a slice of stale bread before breakfast every morning, or that rheumatism can be cured by secreting a dried potato on the person, or that colds can be avoided by crossing the fingers and expectorating over the left shoulder twice a day—and attempt to persuade everybody with whom they come in contact to adopt their theories."

Half-Baked Reformers

"If they had sufficient weight in our national life they would attempt to pass a law making it obligatory for every man, woman and child in America to eat a slice of stale bread before breakfast every morning, for they are entirely sincere in their belief that everyone's life would be prolonged by so doing.

"One of the great troubles with these people is their unfortunate habit of leaping from one theory to another with all the agility of the Himalayan ibex or the Nilgiri goat, both of which devote their entire lives to leaping from crag to crag. Having impetuously and turbulently advocated the eating of a slice of stale bread before breakfast every morning as a means of prolonging life, they suddenly take up with another theory, to wit: That life may be indefinitely prolonged by drinking half a pint of sour milk just before retiring for the evening. All their fine enthusiasm for stale bread is tossed carelessly into the discard. Sour milk at bedtime becomes their fetish, their golden calf and their graven image. Everyone is fervently and ardently urged to go in for sour milk; and if they still had sufficient weight in our national life, they would insist on a law obliging every man, woman and child to drink sour milk before retiring. The stale-bread law which they might have had passed a short time before would become a dead letter. The effect of the sour-milk law on the nation's supply of fresh milk would be a minor matter in their young and eager lives, and their chief concern would be the forcing of millions of helpless people to conform to their warped ideas.

"It is the same type of person who spends his time demanding alterations in the procedure of the Supreme Court and equalization of incomes and government ownership of everything and government assistance to everybody who can't earn a decent living for himself, and similar matters. He regards these things as universal panaceas and cure-alls for humanity's afflictions, just as his less prominent brothers regard stale bread before breakfast or sour milk after dinner as cure-alls for lesser ills. Consequently what he wants is a set of laws that will jam these things down everybody's throat. In a year or two he will forget all about the things which he demands so violently at the present moment, and will be demanding something else that seems equally important to him, but that is actually as worthless as a last year's wren's nest. He will want laws to inflict each whim on a long-suffering people; but what he needs is very different from what he wants.

"What he needs is a daily injection of about a gallon of common-sense serum, to be continued until the inflammation in his brain subsides."

At this juncture the waiter, with averted face, slipped a creamy wedge of Camembert cheese beneath Mr. Flack's nose. Mr. Flack sniffed the dainty morsel appreciatively and cut into it with evident pleasure.

Start Him Off With A Safe Gun

No use trying to argue against a boy's desire for a real gun of his own. It's a part of every American boy's nature. You can, however, see that your boy's first gun is a *safe* one.

Every year more and more parents are recognizing that the harmless Daisy Air Rifle is more than a plaything. It is the means of developing in the growing boy a love for clean, healthy outdoor sport. Millions of American men got their first training in marksmanship with a Daisy Air Rifle. Your boy, too, should have this chance to enjoy this fine, manly sport.

Different Daisy Models range in price from $1.00 to $5.00, in size to suit the younger as well as the older boys. Ask any hardware or sporting goods dealer.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Michigan

DAISY
AIR RIFLES

Why ask for what you don't want
YOU know that you don't want paste that gets hard and lumpy. Yet you ask for just that when you say to the clerk, "Give me some paste."
You want paste that is right when you get it and stays right to the last drop. Paste that never needs water—that never dries up—that is always smooth and always sticks. You want Cico.*
Call for Cico. It's easy to say and the easiest paste to use that you ever saw. Cico comes in opal desk jars and handy spreader tubes, "The Tube With the Tongue."
For your fountain pen use ink that was made especially for it—made to make your pen serve you better—that's Carter's Fountain Pen Ink. It pays to call for Carter's.
THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK MONTREAL CHICAGO
*Pronounced "Syko"
Call for CICO
Inky Racer Writing Fluid Fountain Pen Ink
CARTER'S INKS AND PRODUCTS
Stamp Pads Carbon Paper Typewriter Ribbons

Hires
HOUSEHOLD EXTRACTS
For making ROOTBEER OR GINGER ALE *at home*

A Pure Delicious Beverage

One package makes 80 glasses. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c and we will send postpaid package direct. Or, send $2.80 for carton of one dozen. Canada and foreign price 35c and $4.00 respectively.

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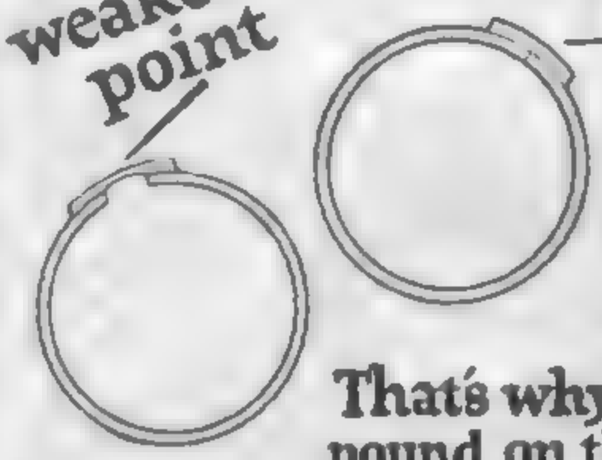
Ask for
In Bottles **Hires** At Fountain

The weakest point — The strongest point



Showing how Locktite patent reinforcing keeps the cut together—and how an elastic patch allows it to stretch apart.

That's why I tell you to pound on the counter and demand LOCKTITE

"A tire repaired with an ordinary rubber patch just shoves trouble ahead a bit. A Locktite Non-stretchable Patch outlasts the tube. You haven't an excuse for buying trouble when you can buy Locktite at a price that's usually lower. If your dealer hasn't it, he can get it. Just ask him."

Locktite Luke

Complete

32 sq. inches patching, enough for a whole season, tube clamp, big tube cement, buffer top, tin container and directions

40¢

LOCKTITE PATCH CO.
4196 Bellevue Ave. Detroit

LOCKTITE
TIRE PATCH
Sold by all FORD Dealers and most other good dealers

"What a pity it is," he remarked ruminatively, "that our attitude toward taxes cannot be the same as our attitude toward Camembert cheese. Nobody that eats Camembert cheese objects to its aroma; but everybody that doesn't eat it is highly offended by its odor. How delightful it would be if the people who paid taxes were never troubled by them, and if the people who didn't pay them were always trying to do away with them.

"Unfortunately you can't put cheese and taxes on the same basis, any more than you can put farming and the oil business on the same basis. Most people object to paying taxes as enthusiastically as they object to being pushed down a long flight of cellar stairs; and when people get it into their heads that they are paying more than they ought to pay, and that other people are paying less than they ought to pay, the yells of protest that arise on every side are sufficiently ear-splitting to cause most brains within hearing to become slightly fuddled.

"Whatever the reason for the fuddled thinking, there is plenty of it where taxes are concerned; and if we ever get this common-sense serum that I have been talking about, the manufacturers will be kept busy for a month or two producing enough of it to inoculate congressmen who have loose tax ideas.

"One of the favorite notions of the legislators who might reasonably be called loose taxers is that the taxes of the country should be paid only by people with large incomes. This is a good argument if they extend their idea to its logical conclusion and insist that the running of the country should be done only by people with large incomes. They don't do this, however, because they are not logical. What they do is to insist that surtaxes running up as high as 50 per cent of a rich man's income be fed into the United States Treasury; and when big business men and economists and tax experts and officials of the United States Treasury assure them that these surtaxes are too high, they merely assert that the big business men and economists and tax experts and Treasury officials are lying in an effort to protect the pocketbooks of the wealthy classes."

How Taxation Starves Industry

"When tax experts tell our legislative loose taxers that surtaxes must be cut down, they aren't lying to help the rich man dodge taxes; they are merely stating a perfectly simple mathematical proposition, which, as you probably know, is this:

"Various states, counties, cities and towns throughout the country, finding that there was a good market for tax-exempt securities because of high taxes during and after the war, proceeded to issue tax-exempt securities. These can be bought, let us say, to yield the purchaser about 4 per cent or more on his investment. Four per cent isn't so much; and the average investor would prefer to sink his money in a good bond yielding 6 per cent, or a good preferred stock yielding 7 per cent. But when the very wealthy man invests his money in bonds and stocks, the surtaxes hit him such a deadly wallop after his wealth reaches a certain point that his triple-A bonds and his fine preferred stocks bring in only 3.5 per cent or less. Consequently he can improve his income by investing in a tax-exempt security instead of in a taxable security. Not being an ass, he proceeds to do this.

"In 1916 the taxable incomes in excess of $300,000 amounted to $993,000,000. In 1919 these had shrunk to $440,000,000 because of investment in tax-exempt securities. In 1920 they had shrunk still further, and for the same reason, to $246,000,000. In 1930, if they continue at that rate, you won't be able to find them with the Lick telescope, which is sufficiently powerful to locate a grain of dust in a fly's eye at a distance of eleven miles.

"There seems to be a disposition on the part of various other persons who are strongly in need of an injection of common-sense serum to hint and even to state openly that there is something underhanded and contemptible in investing one's money in tax-exempt securities. These people might as well argue that it is cowardly for a soldier under fire to take refuge in a bomb-proof dugout. The bomb-proof dugout was built to be used by soldiers during bombardments; tax-exempt securities are issued to be bought by persons who wish to be free of taxes. It is no more underhanded for an investor to buy tax-exempt securities to protect and better his income than it is for a man to buy trousers to cover his nakedness."

Mr. Flack picked up his fresh glass of black cow, gulped down a portion of it savagely, and freed his mustache of its traces by wringing it cleverly between his teeth and his upper lip in his characteristic manner.

"To permit the issuance of such enormous amounts of tax-exempt securities," he resumed, after he had again attacked his Camembert cheese, "was a fool thing to do. Early in 1921 the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, warned the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives that the high surtaxes were driving taxpayers to invest in tax-exempt securities to such an extent that the surtaxes were rapidly becoming unproductive. Long before that the human adding machine of Provo, Utah—Senator Reed Smoot—had instructed his senatorial colleagues in clear, precise and easily understood words that wealthy taxpayers were flocking to tax-exempt securities with all the eagerness of a Berkshire hog advancing on a bucket of potato peelings, and that they were putting less and less money into productive enterprises as a result.

"Messrs. Mellon and Smoot were right when they first pointed out the fact, and they are right at the present time; but many of our distinguished senators and representatives seem unable to grasp it."

Lower Surtaxes, Bigger Yields

"Many of our congressmen and senators have asserted and are still proclaiming that the bulk of the country's income must be obtained by imposing high surtaxes on large incomes. The two things are inconsistent and cannot possibly go together. The fact is so obvious that if a person can't see it it probably would be hardly worth while to give him an injection of common-sense serum.

"So far as tax-exempt securities are concerned, the harm is done. They have been issued and they can't be made taxable any more than a government can repudiate its obligations.

"The issue of any additional tax-exempt securities can be prohibited only by a constitutional amendment; and if Congress ever stops filibustering and indulging in talking contests long enough to pass such an amendment, it cannot become effective until two-thirds of the states have agreed to it.

"This takes time; and even if such an amendment were adopted, it would apply only to future issues of securities. Before any results are obtained by this method, therefore, the yield from the higher surtaxes will have become as rare as eggs of the duck-billed platypus, which come to light about once every ten years; and our system of tax collection will have fallen into disuse and will be in no position to collect anything except dust.

"The only thing that can be done to obtain immediate relief and action is to reduce surtaxes to levels at which rich men could get a larger income by investing their money in ordinary securities and paying their taxes than they could by investing in tax-exempt securities yielding a low rate of interest. Consequently they would stop salting away their money in tax-exempt securities. Productive enterprises would be stimulated and encouraged by investments which at present vanish into tax-exempts, and larger revenues would be collected by the Government than are collected under the present higher surtaxes.

"Another class of young men who are urgently in need of an injection of common-sense serum," said Mr. Flack, after he had refreshed himself by sipping more calmly at his black cow, "are those legislators and near-statesmen who go around the country demanding the distribution of all surplus earnings of corporations. Their argument, in substance, amounts to this:

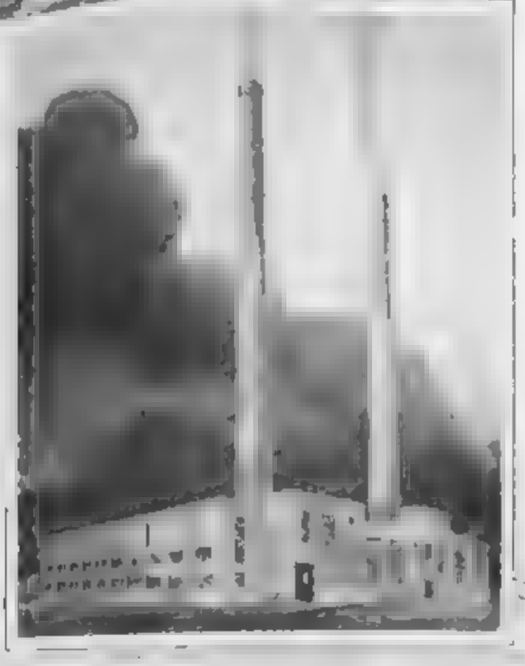
"If a corporation clears one hundred dollars in one year after paying its taxes, but distributes only fifty dollars of it in dividends, the other fifty dollars is being hoarded by the corporation so that stockholders in the corporation won't have to pay income taxes on it. Therefore, the corporation must distribute its entire hundred dollars of earnings so that its stockholders may be forced to pay an income tax on the entire amount that the corporation made.

(Continued on Page 168

A New City is being built

LONGVIEW
Washington

THE CITY PRACTICAL THAT VISION BUILT



TODAY in the state of Washington, in the broad, beautiful valley where the Cowlitz River empties into the Columbia River—halfway between Portland and the Pacific Ocean—a building project is in full blast—a project that is probably without parallel in the present history of American enterprise.

A city is being built!

It is the new city of Longview, Washington, located in the heart of the abundant resources of the great Pacific Northwest—a city strategic

—in relation to rail and water transportation—where rail and water meet
—in relation to the almost untouched resources tributary to it
—in relation to the limitless territory it can serve
—in relation to the industrial opportunities it presents
—in relation to the grandeur of its scenic environs, its climate, its healthfulness.

To industries, these alone are significant distinctions worthy of great consideration, but Longview offers more.

Longview—"the city practical"—conceived by business men, designed, from the ground up, by engineers and expert city planners, is profiting by the experience of other cities that have grown without plan.

Longview offers

—ideal industrial sites fronting on the Columbia River, with its ocean-going commerce to all leading ports of the world
—adequate switching facilities and is served directly by these three transcontinental railroad systems: the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern
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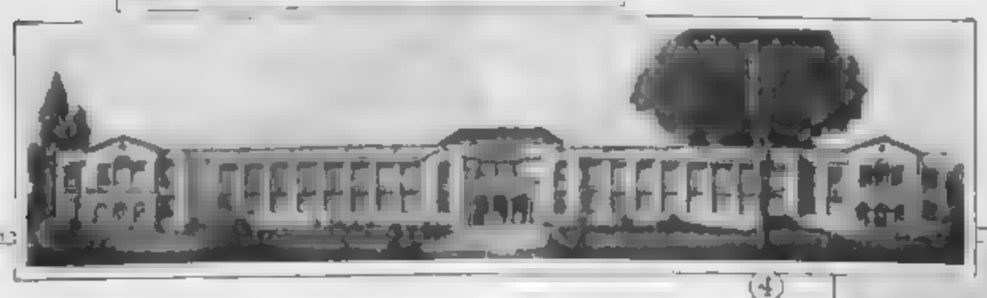

(1)—The new Hotel Monticello at Longview, open in June.
(2)—The Longview National Bank, now under construction.
(3)—The electric power plant, now under construction.
(4)—Longview's first school building, half of which will be ready for occupancy by the Fall term, 1923.
(5)—The Community House at Longview, which will be the center of recreational activity

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(Continued from Page 166)

"Now I can't make up my mind whether the legislators who are doing most of the talking along these lines are doing it because they lack both common sense and a knowledge of the fundamentals of business, or whether they are doing it because they think that their outcry will cause the unthinking voter to cast his vote for them at the next election. I prefer to blame it on the former, for one of the great failings of the age seems to be a lack of common sense.

"At any rate, the argument of these men is an argument against growth, against conservative management and against progress. If in the years prior to the late European mix-up this country had been cursed with a law compelling all corporations to distribute their surplus earnings in the form of dividends—and that is what these men are demanding so earnestly—this country wouldn't have had the economic strength to carry on the war. It wouldn't have had the facilities for the production which finally resulted in the Allied victory, and consequently it wouldn't have produced.

"Take the Pennsylvania Railroad, for example. The Pennsylvania Railroad was chartered in 1846, and the par value of the stock was fifty dollars. The par value of its stock is still fifty dollars. When the road was organized, fifty dollars was paid in cash for every share. Upward of seventy-seven years have gone by since its organization, and in that time the stockholders who have managed to keep their stock hidden away in the old tin security box have never received more than ordinary interest on their original investment. On the average, they have received a little less than 6 per cent. Yet the Pennsylvania Railroad has grown to be a very large organization with very large earnings and very valuable property.

"Who received the benefit from that enormous growth? It wasn't the stockholder, because Pennsylvania Railroad stock sells around forty-six dollars a share today. The answer is that the public got the benefit of the growth in reduced fares, better transportation facilities, greater conveniences and better service. And the thing for the flannelmouths to brood over is the fact that during all those seventy-seven years one-half the railroad's earnings were put back into the property. The answer is that if they had been distributed, as certain of the so-called Progressives are saying that earnings should be distributed, the Pennsylvania Railroad as it is today couldn't have existed and the public would have suffered. A subsidiary or secondary answer is that the so-called Progressives, as I have remarked before, really ought to be known as Retrogressives."

A Retrogressive Pastime

"The Retrogressives love to go out and stir up the farmer by reminding him of the scant earnings he gets, while tremendous ones are being made by big corporations. The farmer, after being on the receiving end of this line of talk for a few months, and knowing that it is being handed out by a man of sufficient prominence to sit in our Halls of Congress, is more than apt to get the idea that something must be radically wrong when the profits resulting from human endeavor are so widely separated. Unfortunately, profits cannot be brought to a common level, any more than anything else can be brought to a common level. It's contrary to Nature for things to be so brought. You might as well try to give all people an equal length of life.

"The Retrogressives and radicals argue either that the farmer has the right to the same profits that industrial people make, or that industrial people must be content with the farmer's earnings. They might as well argue that all soldiers in a war have an equal right to promotion and glory, or that all soldiers must be shot. Nature, however, arranges it so that some are promoted and some are shot, while the great mass stays about where it was when it started. The same thing is true in industrial competition, and always must be true. You can make the attempt to run things contrary to Nature, as they did in Russia; but you'll totally wreck your country in the attempt, and in two or three years you'll realize that Nature knows best—just as they have in Russia."

Mr. Flack paused in the act of transferring a small piece of Camembert cheese to his mouth and waved the fork on which the cheese was impaled at a sweet-faced old gentleman who was devouring milk toast at a near-by table with great deliberation. The old gentleman attempted to return the wave with a piece of milk toast attached to his fork, with the result that the toast fell off into his lap.

"That," whispered Mr. Flack hoarsely under cover of the resulting confusion, "is the Virginia scientist who is working on a local anaesthetic which, when injected into a certain portion of a horse's head, will prevent him from breaking into a gallop during a trotting race. I must get him to work on my common-sense serum.

"Before leaving the subject of taxes," he resumed when he had delicately sucked up another inch of his black cow, "I should like to touch very lightly on a manner in which the President could, if he would, hack a few dollars from the amount of money that must be raised by soaking the dear people with taxes. A few dollars, of course, isn't much; but the smallest reduction in any tax is better than a poke in the eye with a pointed stick, or than a fool expenditure of public funds."

The Sinking-Fund Snowball

"Our bonded indebtedness on July 1, 1920, was some twenty billion dollars. To help get rid of this indebtedness, Congress created a sinking fund of 2.5 per cent of an amount equal to this total debt minus the amount of the obligations of foreign governments to us on that date—nearly ten billion dollars—to be taken out of the Treasury each year and used to buy up bonds and notes. This 2.5 per cent will amount in round numbers to $253,000,000 every year. In addition to this, according to the Treasury's construction of the sinking-fund law, the sinking fund is to be increased each year by the amount of money that would have been paid out on all bonds that have been retired. That is to say, if a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond is retired this year by the sinking fund, the interest on that bond continues to be paid into the sinking fund by the Treasury in spite of its retirement, and will so continue to be paid until the date when the longest term Liberty Bond runs out, which is 1947.

"Now the way the sinking fund increases in size, due to the yearly addition of the interest on bonds that have been retired, is phenomenal. In 1922, instead of being a paltry $253,000,000, or 2.5 per cent of the total original debt, it had swelled to more than $278,000,000 because of the Treasury's ruling concerning the accumulation of interest. This year it has amounted to nearly $284,000,000. In 1924, according to the best estimates, it will be nearly $299,000,000; and in 1925 it will be approaching $320,000,000. If this is continued, our sinking fund will soon be drawing about $1,000,000,000 a year out of the Treasury, and our war debt will be eliminated in twenty-three years' time.

"Knowing something about the operations of the congressional mind, and knowing the passionate craving which exists in many of these minds for spending the public money, I question very much whether Congress, when it begins to sit up and take notice of the constantly growing sinking fund, will be content to abide by the Treasury Department's construction of the sinking-fund law. Congress has various things in mind for which it would appropriate money with quavering ululations of triumph if it could see where to get the money. With all these things in mind, Congress will most certainly insist on cutting in on the millions of dollars of interest money which will be flowing into the sinking fund in an ever-increasing stream. Congress will argue, and with some reason, that there is no reason why the wiping out of our war debt can't extend over a period of fifty or sixty years; nor why, as time goes on, the amount of money appropriated for the sinking fund shouldn't remain constant or even decrease, instead of increasing by many millions every year.

"If, however, the President were to say that this interest money should each year be applied to pulling off a luxury tax here and cutting down a luxury tax there, the burden of taxation would gradually be lifted from business and the people and the country would still be in a thoroughly healthy state as regards the paying off of its war debts. It might be remarked in passing that as long as the President exerts executive control, Congress can appropriate its head off, and the President can say that the money isn't there to spend; whereupon it won't be spent."

Mr. Flack drained his black cow glass, felt of his mustache gingerly with a tentative

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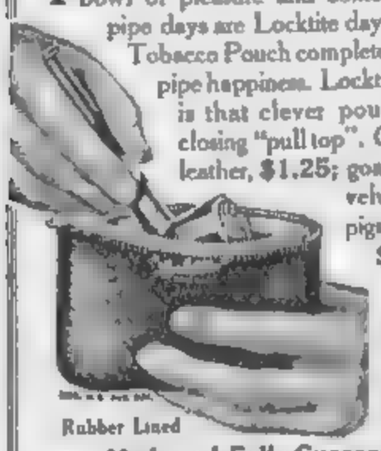

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thumb and forefinger, and called for his breakfast check with a diplomatic movement of his left eyebrow.

"Congress has become such a large body, with such a vast number of matters with which it must concern itself, that new congressmen on arriving in Washington find themselves in much the same position that would confront a boy who has been pitchforked into the engine room of an ocean liner and told to get busy running the ship. They are usually entirely ignorant of the extremely involved rules and parliamentary procedure of the House, and they see so many things to be done that it is practically impossible for them to make up their minds where to begin. They are often unfamiliar with the manner in which the country is run by congressional committees, and they are total blanks as to the manner in which committee work should be performed. Since self-instruction is usually slow instruction, there are few new members of Congress who are worth anything at all to the United States or to their districts during their first term. They have to spend the entire two years learning the ropes and trying to get themselves reelected for a second term so that they can be congressmen in something besides name only.

"It stands to reason that the people who make our laws, impose our taxes and spend our money are as much in need of instruction concerning their procedure and the principles of lawmaking as the people who build our sewers, diagnose our illnesses and draw our wills.

"A six months' school for congressmen at the beginning of every new Congress would start congressmen in the way they should go and result in a tremendous increase in their efficiency and ability.

"After a six months' course of lectures on parliamentary procedure, how to draft bills, the rules of the House, the Constitution of the United States and the duties of a congressman, the people would get only hard and constructive work out of most of these congressmen."

Our Public School System

"Of course we can't expect to have a common-sense school for congressmen when we can't even have common-sense schools for the children of the nation. If the people responsible for the public schools were to have an injection of common-sense serum, they would wake up with a jolt to the fact that our schools are strongly in need of a revolution. In the old days boys were educated in trades by the apprentice system. Consequently there was no need for the schools to dabble in things that would be materially useful to their pupils, for the apprentice system attended to all that. So the schools specialized on reading, writing and arithmetic. Today the apprentice system, so far as the children of America are concerned, is dead; but our schools are still proceeding on the assumption that it is alive and in some way instructing the youth of the land in things which the schools don't teach. Our schools are full of incorrigibles and dunces and lack-wits who can't grasp arithmetic and would rather shoot themselves than study algebra and who couldn't get any more sense or enjoyment out of Silas Marner or the Vicar of Wakefield than they could out of the Shah Nameh of Firdausi in the original Persian. Consequently their teachers are in some doubt as to whether they should advocate chloroforming these incorrigibles and lack-wits, or putting them in asylums.

"In New Rochelle, New York, however, some wise folk gathered together a lot of incorrigible and turbulent and slow-witted children, removed them from the least common multiple and the greatest common divisor and the effect of the subjunctive mood on the antepenult, and grouped them in special schools under two or three special teachers. The girls were taught cooking and housekeeping, and the boys were instructed in rudimentary business, such as the making of crude toys and the marketing of them. A large dust arose, and when it had settled, the incorrigibles and slow-wits were seen to be moving around briskly on their toes, producing toys and jellies and such-like, getting advance orders, dickering on printing contracts, and generally making things hum. Nobody stood over them to discipline them; for, since they had something in which they were interested, they needed no discipline. Education, when it struck them as worth getting, was what was known as a riot with them, and they showed no trace whatever of incorrigibility, turbulence or slow-wittedness.

"Out in our rural schools the pupils have textbooks that deal solely with matters that are encountered only in city life, and most of the time the country children haven't any idea what the books are talking about. Every child should be taught things that have a direct bearing on his outside life. Otherwise it's almost impossible for him to learn."

Mr. Flack sighed deeply and flicked a crumb from his knitted tie.

"You see the lack of common sense in the East and the West and in the North and the South," said he. "When hundreds of thousands of men are out of work in various parts of the country, big business men in the East devote valuable time to trying to discredit our immigration laws, instead of figuring how to distribute the unemployed citizens in such a way as to supply the labor for which they screech. At the same time, in the West our immigration laws operate with a reverse English that causes many shooting pains to most reasonable people."

A Mandarin Goes Shopping

"The Chinese Exclusion Law was passed in 1882 as a result of the west coast's attitude toward Chinese coolie labor. If anything, the law is even harsher today than when it was first passed. Meantime the law has worked successfully and the coming of Chinese to the West has ceased to be a problem.

"In place of the antagonism that used to exist, the Pacific Coast is very favorably disposed toward the Chinese. He behaves himself, does his work and doesn't try to own the country.

"The same old law is still in operation, however, and it makes very little difference between Chinamen. A coolie laborer is a Chinaman, and a mandarin is a Chinaman, and they are treated as Chinamen together. A Chinese merchant not long ago came to the United States to spend $1,000,000 on machinery. Because of the operation of the Chinese Exclusion Law, he was segregated from other travelers and given different treatment.

"He therefore, with the utmost politeness and Chinese courtesy, tucked his letter of credit a little more firmly into his pocket and continued on to England, where he expended for machinery the $1,000,000 that he had originally planned to spend in the United States; and who, if he had any sense, wouldn't do the same under similar circumstances?

"The common-sense answer to this is the application of the quota law to the Chinese. This would enable the immigration authorities to distinguish between coolies and mandarins, and treat the Chinese as the citizens of other nations are treated. Under the quota law about 2000 Chinese would be admitted each year, whereas under the present exclusion law about 4000 come in. You wouldn't think that a common-sense serum would have to be invented in order to get that across, would you?"

Mr. Flack rose from his table, clicked his heels together and bowed respectfully to four distinguished scientists.

"In fact," said he, "there seems to be such a complete absence of common sense in all parts of the country that I think I'll run over to Europe for a few months. Then when I get back everything will seem almost all right again by comparison. Will you trot over to the Squirrel Cage with me while I get my passport?" And pulling down his vest smartly, Mr. Flack swung off in the direction of the State Department.

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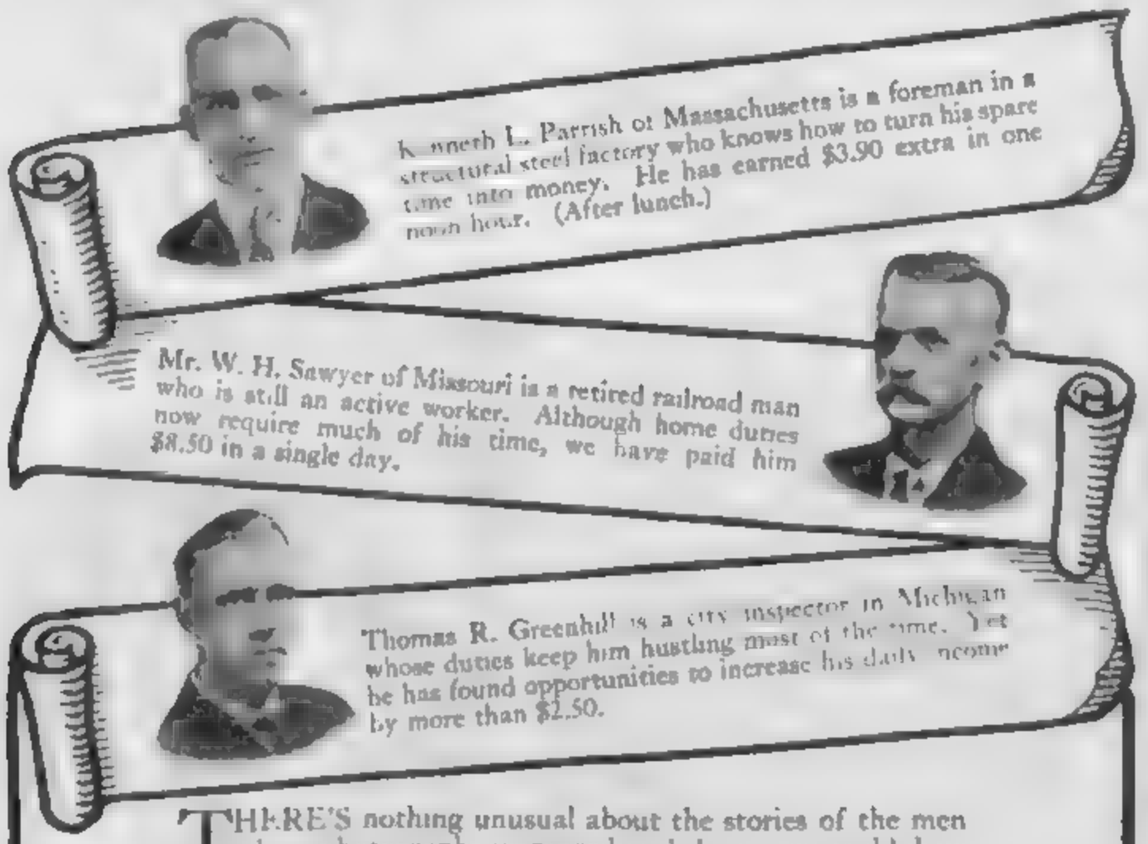

Kenneth L. Parrish of Massachusetts is a foreman in a structural steel factory who knows how to turn his spare time into money. He has earned $3.90 extra in one noon hour. (After lunch.)

Mr. W. H. Sawyer of Missouri is a retired railroad man who is still an active worker. Although home duties now require much of his time, we have paid him $8.50 in a single day.

Thomas R. Greenhill is a city inspector in Michigan whose duties keep him hustling most of the time. Yet he has found opportunities to increase his daily income by more than $2.50.

THERE'S nothing unusual about the stories of the men whose photographs are reproduced above—we could show you the records of hundreds of men and women all over the country who are determined to get ahead; who are earning $5.00, $10.00, $50.00 a week extra by sending us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. It is an easy, pleasant way to earn extra money *whenever it suits your convenience*. The coupon will bring you, without cost, full details of our cash offer.

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THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE

(Continued from Page 19)

your time permits. To our vice president we shall give also the title of general manager—to be held by him until you assume the reins. Of course, it would be unreasonable for us to pay you more than a nominal salary until that time comes."

"Naturally," said Mr. Wells.

Mr. Wells investigated, found the investment would give him a 40 per cent stock interest, and that par was really an absurdly low figure to pay for what he was to receive. They must, he thought, conceive highly of his abilities to make so flattering and attractive an offer. Small vanity, and harmless. Perhaps it was justified. Therefore, within the following two weeks he entered the transaction, the stock was issued to him and he was elected president of the concern. It was a splendid stroke of business, and one, he could but reflect, that would not present itself to the common run of men. He was distinctly pleased with himself.

Mrs. Harrigan, who came to substitute in Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's kitchen in consequence of the destruction of Mrs. Ethel Kelly's store teeth, had for nephew a young man named Pete Harrigan, whose station in life was chauffeur to James Hendree, vice president and general manager of the Corinth Construction Company.

IV

MRS. LATTIMER-PRATT was entertaining. Her guests were the executive committee of the Woman's Party, numbering about a dozen, and Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's method of purveying entertainment was to sit and hope for the best. As Jerry McKellar said in confidence to Marshall Tree, she was the champion two-handed sitter of Corinth County.

"Do you know," she said to Jerry—it was her habit to preface most remarks with this phrase—"do you know, it's a most unfortunate time for it."

"For what?" Jerry asked.

"To have a substitute cook. Now Ethel Kelly just went along and knew what to do and when to do it; but I don't suppose this woman, whatever her name is, knows a thing—not a thing. I suppose she knows enough to serve something when I'm entertaining, but heaven only knows what it will be. She looks like sauerkraut. She has a decided sauerkraut look." Then she sighed reposefully. "Well, if it's sauerkraut I suppose it will be sauerkraut."

"Perhaps," Jerry suggested, "I'd better go down to the kitchen and see."

"Now, do you know," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, "that would be dear—perfectly dear."

Jerry went down to the kitchen, where she found Mrs. Harrigan in comfortable conversation with a young man who wore a decidedly Hibernian countenance and a chauffeur's uniform.

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt asked me to step down to find out what you're going to serve," Jerry said.

"Serve, is it? Whin and for what?"

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt is entertaining twelve ladies."

"It's no word of it she spoke to me. Whin?"

"This afternoon. It'll have to be tea, I guess. How about cakes?"

"Niver a cake in the house."

"Well, then we'll run down to the confectionery and get ice cream and little cakes. That'll do with the tea. Make lots of tea. But how ever am I to get to the shop? Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's car is gone, and I walked over."

The young man in the chauffeur's uniform spoke: "Why, miss, I have an hour free, and Mr. Hendree wouldn't mind me drivin' ye about a bit."

"Oh, you are Mr. Hendree's chauffeur! Very well."

At the pastry shop a new difficulty arose.

"I don't suppose you have any money. Chauffeurs so seldom have. It's on account of craps with our driver. I do hope you didn't shoot craps last night."

"I did," said the young man with a broad grin; "but I got wan sweet tip this mornin'. Offn an alderman, too. Yis, miss. I druv him to the city hall from the boss' office, this here Alderman Tomlet, and would ye believe it, he slipped me a five spot whin he got out."

"Alderman Tomlet!" said Jerry, her interest quickened. "He must have been pleased about something."

"He was that. Him and the boss was grinnin' like the cat that et the canary. Thim two was puttin' somethin' over or I'm a fish. Ye could tell it be the way they slapped wan another on the back."

"Um!" Jerry was interested now. Any ramification of Alderman Tomlet's interested her, for she bore an ancient grudge against Corinth's leading statesman, and no stray bit of information was to be neglected. "I didn't know Mr. Hendree was interested in politics."

Now it is a well-known fact of Nature that men will talk to extremely pretty girls, even when it were best to keep a still tongue in their heads, and the youthful Mr. Harrigan was no exception. He was obsessed by a desire to exhibit cleverness of deduction, and proceeded to do so.

"It's some shenanigan," he said. "Thim two was fixin' to frame somebody. 'We got him in the holler av our hand,' says Mr. Hendree, 'and whin all is ripe we'll dump him in the gutter for the good av his soul and the prosperity av the state,' says he. 'He swallowed it hook, line and sinker,' he says, 'because,' says he, 'he thinks he's the gr-reat leader av the people and all the world's as much impressed with his bigness as he is himself.'"

"And then Alderman Tomlet said?"

"'The resolution,' says he, 'will pass the council av a Tuesday, and thin we can advertise f'r bids,' says he; 'and whin the job's awarded to your firm,' he says, 'there'll be a hide hangin' on the fence.'"

"Probably just some business deal," said Jerry. "Men talk that way sometimes."

"'Twas politics," said Mr. Harrigan positively, "for the object of it had to do wid preventin' a man from becomin' mayor and governor."

"Um!"

Here was food for thought. Jerry accepted the five-dollar bill, which was Mr Tomlet's tip, and entered the pastry shop; but her mind was not on sweets. Here was information that might be both important and useful. Mayor and governor! This would require some thinking about; but to discover the identity of the victim should not be difficult. Find a man who was mentioned for the offices of mayor and governor who had recently entered into a dealing with Mr. Hendree—a dealing that might be affected by the awarding of a big. . . . She purchased her refreshments and was driven back to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's.

The drawing-room was vibrating with conversation, political, neighborly and sartorial, when she arrived. Petunia Gunk was there; so was Mrs. Burtis, whose duty in life it was to let her eyes bug with admiration and to exclaim "How remarkable!" whenever Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt discovered the energy to speak. The superaristocratic Mrs. Lentils occupied her chair in a beautifully high-bred manner and wondered, without being able to arrive at a conclusion, how God tolerated on His earth people of plebeian origin and human emotions and ordinary workday manners such as she found herself compelled to know on this earth. All the committee were there, and at the moment they were listening to Mrs. Lentils.

"If only," she was saying, "we could induce more gentlemen to enter politics." Her tone and manner were such that they made one think immediately of a gentleman rider as distinguished from a professional jockey. "I do not mean 'gentleman' as the word has been stultified of late. I mean men of blood and family."

"Manners make the gentleman," Miss Gunk detonated.

"If you will pardon me," said Mrs. Lentils, "they do not. Some of the finest gentlemen have execrable manners. A true gentleman requires no artificial aids. He is above manners. Only one thing can make a gentleman, and that is birth."

"Everybody has it," snapped Miss Gunk.

"I fail to understand."

"Never heard of anybody getting into the world any other way," said Miss Gunk.

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt stirred in her chair and looked about her impressively. She was not trying to be impressive and was

(Continued on Page 172)

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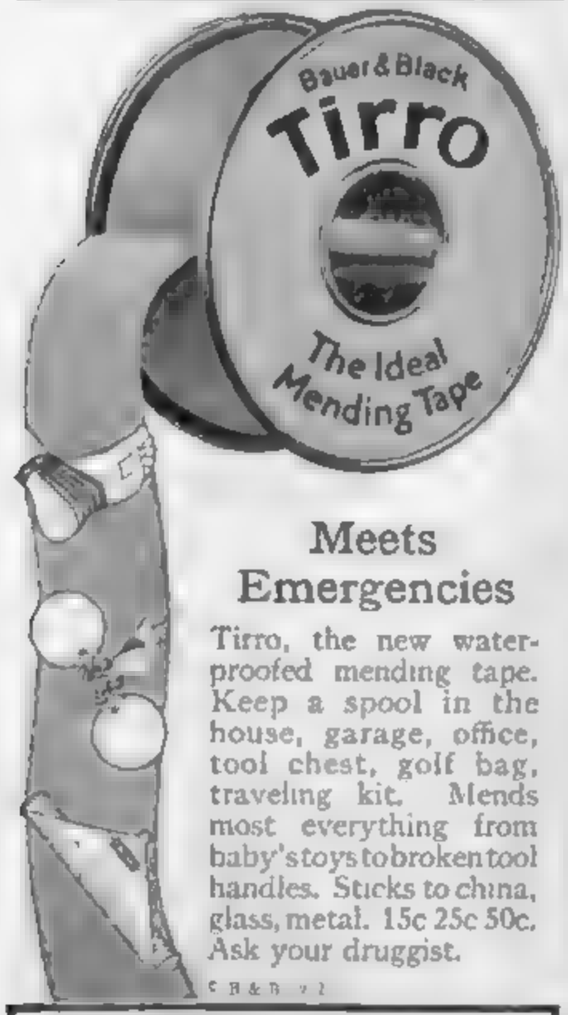

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(Continued from Page 170)

not at all aware of the impression she created. She spoke.

"Do you know, Mrs. Lentils," she said, "I myself have noticed what Miss Gunk points out."

Mrs. Prissy, Corinth's self-appointed censor of morals, injected herself into the conversation.

"You forget yourselves," she said severely. "There is present a young unmarried woman. This conversation, if I may remind you, is becoming a trifle bald, not to say coarse."

Mrs. Lentils elevated her nose.

"What I was about to say," she said, "is that it is a pity more gentlemen—gentlemen—like Abner Wells do not seek public office. Why, on the score of family alone he is entitled to a senatorship at least!"

"Only thing against him," jerked out Miss Gunk.

"What?" Mrs. Burtis stood aghast.

"Silk stocking," said Miss Gunk. "But he may overcome it."

"He'll be mayor next year and governor two years later," said Mrs. Burtis with asperity.

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt stirred again in her cocoon of inertia.

"I think we ought to do something about it," she said. "He's such a nice man."

Jerry McKellar was listening, as she always listened, intelligently. It was necessary to listen intelligently if she were to derive sustenance from the scrambled counsels of the executive committee. It was the conjunction of the words "mayor" and "governor" that arrested her. Abner Wells! Of course, he was mentioned for both offices. Could he be the man? She set him down as a possibility.

"Do I understand," she asked, "that Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt is in favor of the Woman's Party climbing into Mr. Wells' band wagon?"

"We all favor him," said Miss Gunk. "Huh! One of the few men I can vote for. Rather vote for candidate from the zoo than most."

V

THAT evening Jerry arrived at certainty. Marshall Tree was calling, as he usually was when Jerry could not avert it; but this time he was more than welcome, because he was a prospect that might contain a rich vein of free-milling information.

"Do you know Mr. James Hendree?" she asked.

"Of the Corinth Construction Company? Yes, I know him."

"What's his classification?"

"Rather have him for than against me. I'd pick him for a ruthless bird when he got into action."

"Um—do you chance to know if he's a friend of Abner Wells?"

"I don't know about the friend, but there's talk about town that Wells is going into his company—bought an interest or something—and is to be elected president."

"Really? And this company of theirs, has it anything to do with bids?"

"It hasn't anything to do with anything else," said Marshall. "They're structural contractors."

"Light another match, it's still dark," said Jerry.

"They build buildings or roads or railroads or anything that needs building. Suppose we were going to build a new courthouse. The county would get out plans and specifications. Different firms like Hendree's would bid for the job—that is, they would say how much they would do it for—and the most satisfactory bid would get the job."

"I see," said Jerry. "And are there any buildings to be built?"

"I hear Alderman Tomlet is backing a plan to put up a new million-dollar city hall—as the first unit of a general scheme of creating a fine municipal center. Later will come a library and art museum and county building, and so on. Fine chance for graft to somebody."

"Now," said Jerry, "I think you've up and made a remark."

The city of Corinth seemed to agree with Jerry upon this point. After Alderman Tomlet, an efficient gentleman, and one who believed in preparedness rather than watchful waiting, had presented to the board of aldermen his civic-center proposal, together with detailed architectural drawings of the city-hall unit and specifications for building, so that operations could be commenced as soon as the proposal became law, agitation was manifest in press, populace and pulpit. They recognized the earmarks. They were about to be done again; and though it was undoubtedly lovely to have an artistically admirable group of buildings, it was also æsthetically uplifting to maintain a low tax rate. However, the alderman knew his business and went his way. Bids were advertised for and the populace sat back to watch and see what it was going to get for its money.

In the meantime Jerry McKellar had been nosing about circumspectly and gleaning a fact here and a fact there—and a whole cluster of facts from Marshall Tree, whose position in the prosecutor's office gave him admirable opportunity to pry into anybody's affairs. So Jerry came to know with approximate correctness just what Abner Wells' bargain with the Corinth Construction Company had been, and also that the Corinth Construction Company was a bidder for the job of building the new city hall.

With this collection of data, reasoning to a conclusion was feasible to anybody with a moderately acute mind, and Jerry McKellar was equipped with mental apparatus that nobody, even her enemies, said was mediocre. These were her conclusions: There would be a scandal. There always was a scandal when a public building was erected. That was elementary. But this time there would be no pan-fry mess of little aldermanic fishes caught; or, if they were caught, it would be only to add verisimilitude. No. The Corinth Construction Company would undoubtedly be given the work, and this regardless of whether its bid were low or not. That in itself would knit together a fine minor scandal. But when it was made public that Abner Wells was not only president of the company but had been made so just in time to have exerted his great influence in his concern's favor; when it was published that a large block of stock had been sold to him at a figure far under its market value, and insinuated that he had never paid for the stock at all, and that it was neither more nor less than a bribe—well, then Abner Wells as a high-minded and upright citizen would give place to Abner Wells, grafter; to Abner Wells fattening his pocketbook at the public expense. Jerry learned that men had been indicted and marked with the brand of criminality for actions apparently less reprehensible. The thing was perfectly clear to her, and the excellence of the plot and the certainty of its success.

It appeared to be one of those political plots that cannot fail; but for reasons of good sportsmanship, as well as to further the interests of the Woman's Party, Jerry determined it should fail—which was a matter presenting difficulties. It really seemed as if it were too late. The stage was set and the actors perfect in their parts. It only waited for the contract to be awarded to the Corinth Construction Company, and Abner Wells' goose, so to speak, would be cooked. Also, if the police commissioner were to be saved, he must be saved by the Woman's Party and impressed with that fact. A mayor and afterward a governor who owed such a debt of gratitude to the organization would be an asset of value not to be overestimated. It was, by and large, a considerable problem. Fortunately Jerry liked problems.

VI

WHEN Jerry learned that the notice of the meeting that was to elect Abner Wells president of the Corinth Construction Company had been mailed, she realized that steps must be taken if anybody was going to do any walking. Therefore, she took Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and Petunia Nancy Gunk into her confidence. Miss Gunk entered a state of rage from which she did not emerge for days, and her conversation, such as she was able to utter, sounded with all the staccato of a machine-gun barrage. Nevertheless, she demonstrated her ability as an organizer. As for Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, she succeeded merely in looking wounded, and sighed with heavy dolefulness, and wondered how men could be so unkind to each other. Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt had a complex against unkindness.

There was a discussion as to whether Mr. Wells should be informed of the circumstances—vetoed by Miss Gunk.

"He was fool enough to get into the mess," she said. "Be a bigger fool trying to get out of it."

But it was Jerry who hit upon a feasible scheme. Almost any scheme is feasible—if it works, and whether or not it works depends upon whether you start your fireworks with a correct premise for a fuse.

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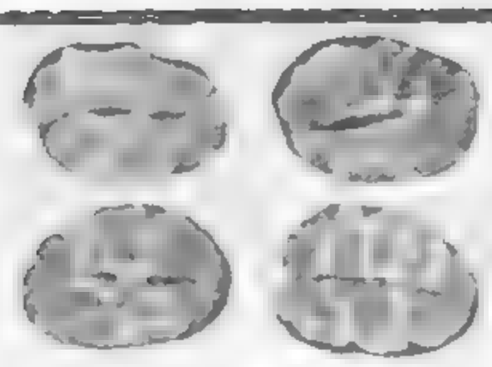

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The first thing to do was to determine if Jerry's premise was fact or only hope. Besides which, as we have pointed out, fate had already taken a hand in the matter by dropping Mrs. Ethel Kelly's upper set into the kitchen range.

Perfect secrecy is a difficult object to attain when one is working with a considerable number of ladies in whom the desire to express themselves orally is working like a new yeast cake—almost as difficult as it would be if the ladies were exchanged for an equal number of men. Petunia Nancy Gunk was very useful in this aspect of the difficulties, for it was given to her to present so fierce and threatening a front that she was able by sheer force of character and terror of mien to put the fear of God and the seal of silence upon any weakling who might have hesitated to enter the conspiracy, or having entered it, blabbed. The essence of the whole idea was feminism. The power of woman lay at the root of it. It was a demonstration in force by the female sex functioning in its most formidable aspect, the wife. It played upon the well-known and truly recognized timorousness of the male, and especially of the husband. The axiom upon which it was based is that every man is afraid of his wife, no matter how loudly he may bluster in his club. The hand that rocks the cradle bosses the husband.

So it came about that Jerry McKellar was able to call in her friend Adam Black, newspaper man, and to assure him of an exclusive story. Not only did she assure him of a story, but she handed it to him neatly typewritten and ready for the press. Nor was it a front-page, three-column-head story alone; it was one of the grandest pieces of publicity so far foisted upon gullible readers.

The stockholders' meeting of the Corinth Construction Company was held in its directors' room at noon. It was a pleasant room, furnished with such comfortable leather chairs as were dear to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's heart and person; not a room suitable in its settings for stratagems and treacheries and mole burrowings. Nor did the well-fed gentlemen who occupied a number of the comfortable chairs in their capacities as stockholders resemble furtive conspirators, assassins or miscreants of any sort whatever. They were not. Far from it. What they were doing was merely business; the process of conserving their hard-earned dollars, and of setting up a sure and safe future for the collection of more of the same.

The unexpected entry of Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and Jerry McKellar caused somewhat of a sensation. Of this Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt was unaware. She barged in majestically, phlegmatically, bowing with graciousness to such gentlemen as were acquaintances, and sank comfortably into a seat. Jerry took a chair beside her.

Mr. Hendree spoke out of his surprise.

"Er—ladies, isn't there some mistake?" he asked. "This is a stockholders' meeting."

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt nodded affably.

"Go right ahead," she said.

"But ——"

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt is a stockholder," said Jerry. "You will find it of record on your stock book."

"Um—in that case a quorum seems to be present, and the hour has arrived. Shall we proceed to business? The meeting, as you know, was called to accept the resignation of our president and of two directors, and to fill the vacancies so caused. I think we are unanimous in our choice of our new executive." He turned with a complimentary bow to Abner Wells. "As to the directors ——"

Here Jerry intervened on behalf of Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt.

"As to the directors," she said, "Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt wishes to place in nomination Mrs. Burtis and herself."

"Eh? But this is most unusual. Er—this is business. I—we don't understand."

"It is perfectly clear," said Jerry. "Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and Mrs. Burtis are stockholders, and as such entitled to become directors if they can be elected."

"Certainly! Certainly!" Mr. Hendree was undoubtedly flabbergasted. "But do you understand that I, as general manager of the company, am a candidate for a directorship?"

"She does," said Jerry. "But we are sure the new president, when elected, will want on his board of directors people of whose intentions toward himself he can be sure."

"Eh?"

"People," said Jerry, "who will be more interested in the success of this business than in the job of upsetting Mr. Wells' political apple cart."

"Would you be so good," said Mr. Hendree coldly, "as to state what you mean?"

"That," said Jerry, "is one reason for Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's presence. I speak for her in the capacity of her private secretary, and I'm sure Mr. Wells will reach out eagerly with both ears to hear what I have to say. Certain business men, among whom is Mr. Hendree, get hot-and-cold spells every time your name is mentioned for the governorship, Mr. Wells. Mr. Alderman Tomlet has to take soothing sirup whenever he thinks about you. The one dear object of their lives is to win all your marbles and put you out of the game."

"I protest ——" began Mr. Hendree.

"Therefore," Jerry continued, oblivious to his objection, "Mr. Hendree and his associates have made arrangements with Alderman Tomlet to seize you gently by the collar and rush you out of the door."

"But, Miss McKellar ——" said Mr. Wells.

"Just hold in a minute," she said, "and then you can have a lot of fun exploding. The idea is to advertise you as a neat and whole-hearted little grafter. Just take a look! You are invited into this company and made president. You are sold treasury stock at an absurdly low figure. When the facts come out in the papers, or before the grand jury, it will be perfectly clear this was a bribe. You were paid for your influence in politics.

"Next, there is the new city hall. This firm will be awarded the contract, and I'll bet a cooky their bid is a long way from the lowest. More scandal. And it will all be laid smack on your plate. Give that the once-over, Mr. Wells, and see if it doesn't add up and give the correct answer. Maybe they can't hang it to your coat tails

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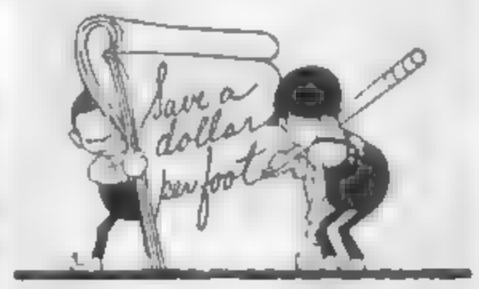

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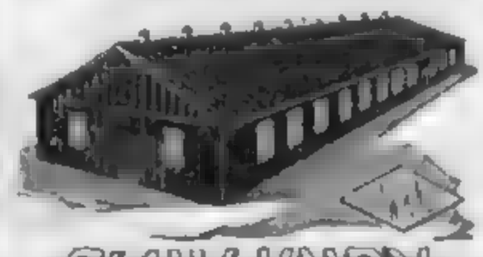

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criminally, but it will eliminate you from politics in jig time. If you don't believe me, just take one short, sweet look at the gentlemen around us."

Mr. Wells took the look as requested and his jaw set.

"What's the answer?" he snapped. "It looks as if I was had right now."

"Vote with Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt," said Jerry. "She has enough proxies, with your 40 per cent of the stock, to give the majority."

"Stock! Proxies!" exclaimed Mr. Hendree. "Where did you get them?"

Jerry smiled.

"As you know, women are in politics. We are for Mr. Wells because we think he is a man we can support with confidence. Where your scheme was fragile, Mr. Hendree, was in having any married stockholders. What we did was to find how many husbands of members of our organization were stockholders in this company. The rest was easy. Those wives pestered their husbands to give them the stock. Inasmuch as most of it was in small lots, few husbands made much objection; but those who did were properly put in their places. Being married yourself, you will see how easy it was to do. And here we sit with 53 per cent of your stock—and in control. And when the smoke has blown over Mr. Wells will be three steps and a jump nearer to the mayoralty. We've arranged that, too. . . . Now we may as well proceed with the election."

If you can imagine eight gentlemen casting ballots in favor of boiling themselves in oil, you can picture the next few moments. They were frightened. Furtively they watched Abner Wells, who sat silent and self-contained, waiting to see when he would break out, and making mental notes of the exits from the room.

The results were certain. Mr. Wells was elected president, Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and Mrs. Burtis directors.

Jerry was listening at the window.

"Oh," she said delightedly, "there's a newsboy! It's the noon edition. Please send right down and get one." She turned to Mr. Wells. "Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, who, as you know, is head of the Woman's Party, has given a story to the paper in which you will be interested. It's a regular rip-snorter. Of course, you'll have to O.K. it; but when you do it'll drive these folks and the alderman into the cyclone cellar. It'll make you mayor and governor—as automatically as a mechanical piano."

A clerk appeared with the paper, its headline enough to make Alderman Tomlet bite himself in the fleshy part of the arm:

WELLS SAVES THOUSANDS OF TAXPAYERS' MONEY

PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR SHOWS PUBLIC SPIRIT IN GENEROUS OFFER

WILL BUILD NEW CITY HALL FOR COST, SAVING PUBLIC QUARTER OF A MILLION

The story that followed gave details, and as Wells read it he chuckled and came across the room to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt.

"Madam," he said, "I have met astute politicians in my day, but you stand at the top. You may depend upon it, I shall take few important steps hereafter without consulting with you. This thing"—he paused to laugh—"is monumental. Boys"—he turned to Hendree and the rest—"I'm afraid it will cut down your profits for a year, but I guess you'll have to stand for it. And I don't believe Tomlet will dare refuse the offer."

"The sphere of woman," said Jerry with mock gravity, "is in the home—telling her husband where to get off."

"The sphere of woman," said Mr. Wells, "will soon be the terrestrial sphere at this rate—and a good job."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt graciously.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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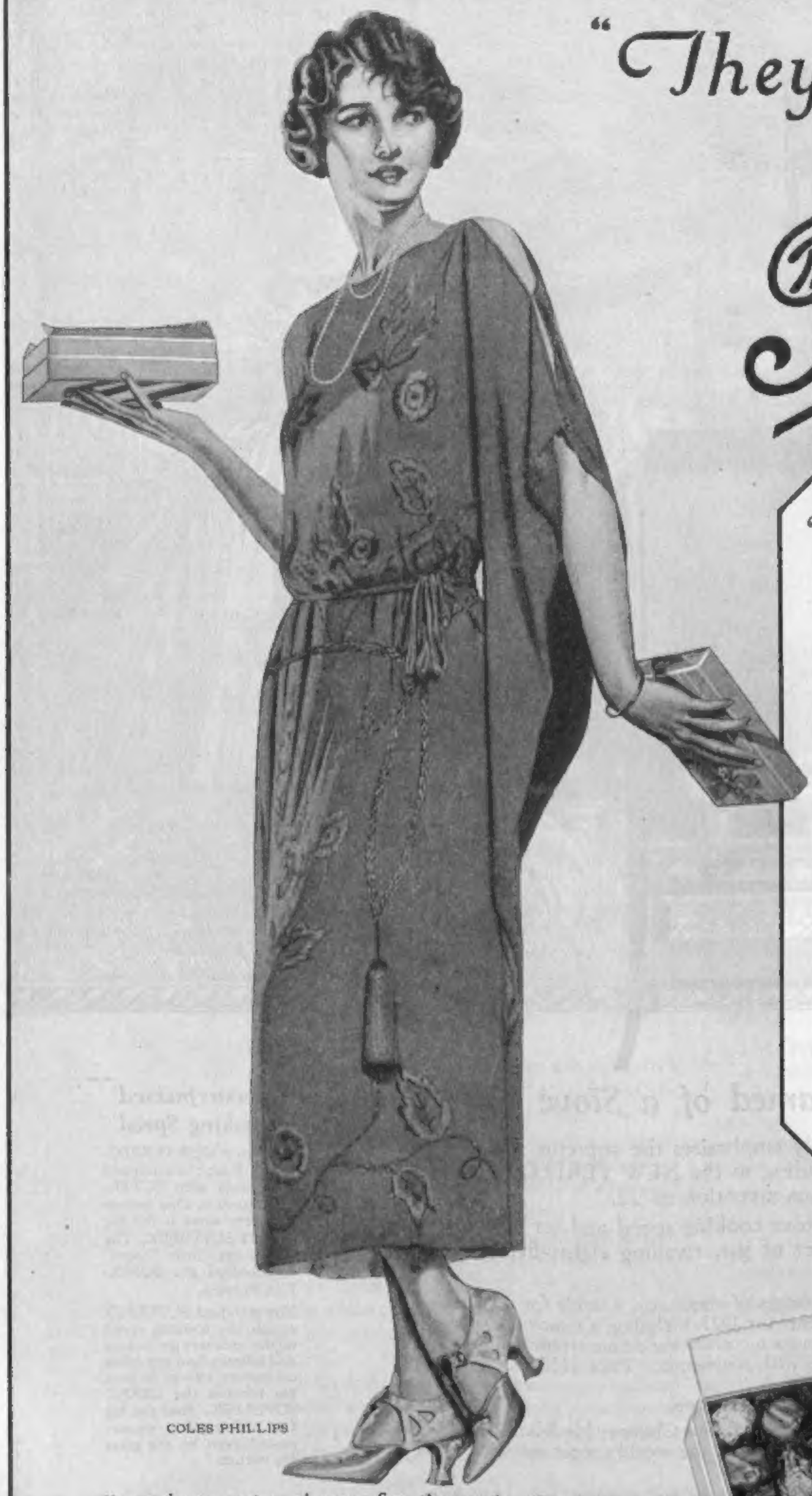


COLES PHILLIPS

"They're different"

The Apollo CHOCOLATES

"WHY put ribbon and fancy paper on Apollo Chocolates?" ask our less imaginative men customers. "Any girl who knows the best candy is glad to have Apollo without decorations. Anyway, she can't eat the box!"

Quite true. But her own dainty gown cost, probably, a hundred dollars—and who shall say the money not well spent? She does not need so costly a frock, but she deserves it; and you appreciate its style just as she appreciates the rich style in Apollo Chocolates.

For there *is* style in Apollo packages—a blending of charming colors, dainty creations in frivolous papers and finest satin ribbons. There's style in the hand-fashioned finish of each tempting morsel; style in the scrupulous packing, style in the rich glossy brown glow of the chocolate covering par excellence.

Heralds of sentiment, gay fleeting comrades of a delightful hour, Apollo Chocolates have an important part to play; and how brightly and cleverly they dress to play it! So Apollo meets the vogue—has always an appropriate package for each capricious moment. There's always one package that you particularly will like—one just suited to your present mood. Find that box today.

There is no extra charge for the style, the beauty and fine finish of Apollo Chocolates. The prices are not higher than the average. Your own preference alone decides whether you will pay $1.00, $1.25 or $1.50 a pound. The value is always there—the more you pay, the more you get. Why not try, today, a box of Criterion described on this page?

Criterion—Fruit Nougats, Walnut Nougats, Almond Glace, Brazil Caramels, Cordials—merely a suggestion of the many good-to-eat pieces in this popular assortment. If you cannot secure it locally, send us $1.25 for a pound package.

F. H. ROBERTS COMPANY, 128 CROSS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Our Grandmothers Never Dreamed of a Stove Like This

THE antiquated little oil stove of 1850 only emphasizes the supreme satisfaction thousands of busy women already are finding in the NEW PERFECTION Oil Range with SUPERFEX Burners, the marvelous invention of '22.

These burners revise upward all ideas of oil stove cooking speed and set new marks in economy, matching the speed and comfort of gas, rivalling eighty-five-cent gas in cooking cost.

SUPERFEX Burners are mounted only in beautiful ranges of ample size, suitable for year-'round use anywhere. They carry many further improvements for 1923, including a removable, easy-to-clean, enameled burner tray. Any stove dealer will make a convincing demonstration. The range illustrated has built-in, heat-retaining oven equipped with soapstones. Price $120.00. (Slightly higher in the far West, Southwest and Canada.)

Other styles and sizes from **$36.00** to **$145.00.**

In addition to the new SUPERFEX Models our long established Blue Chimney Models of the NEW PERFECTION line used in 4,000,000 homes, continue to be the world's most satisfactory oil stoves at their lower range of prices.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO., 7640 Platt Ave., Cleveland, O.

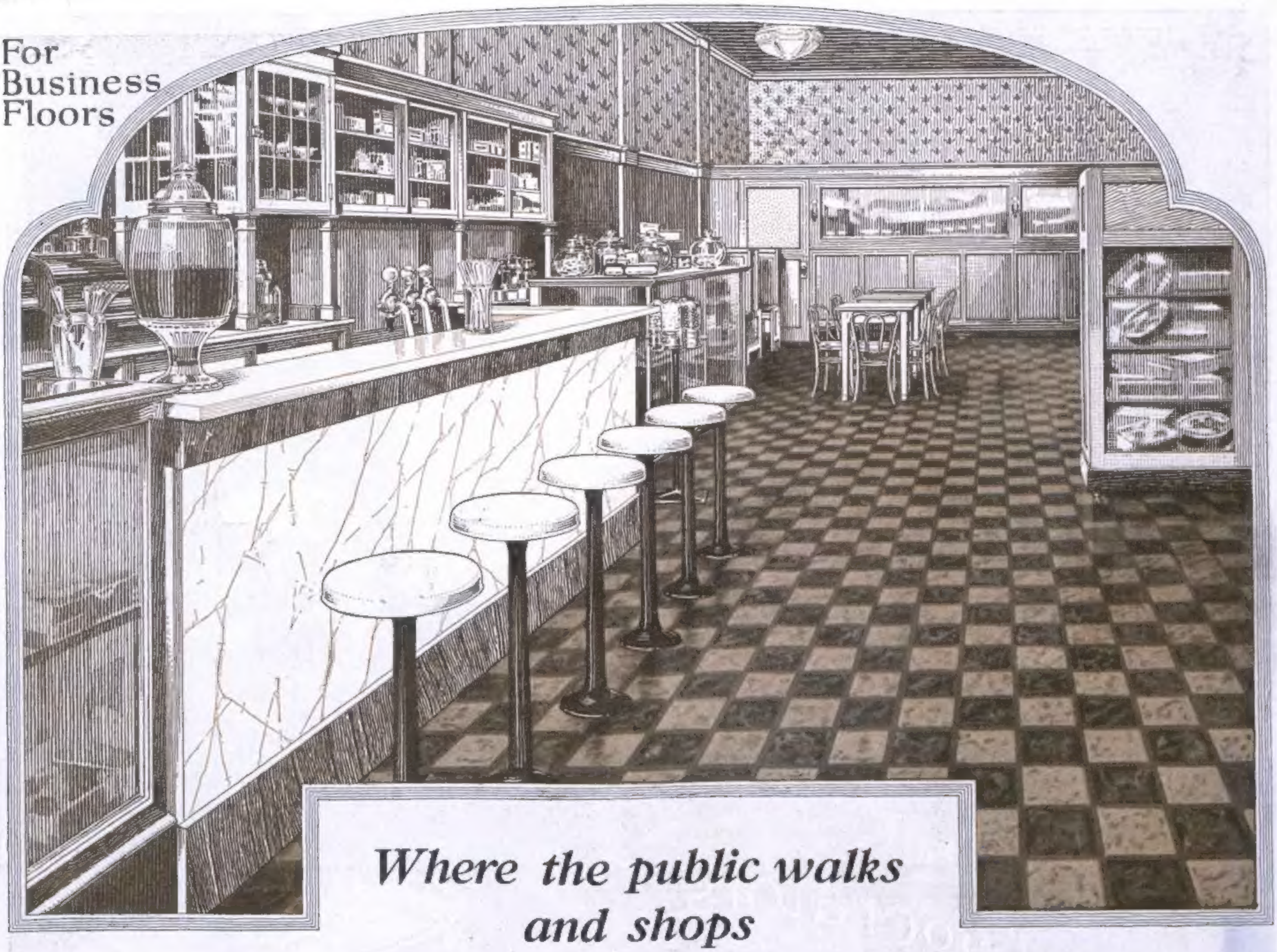
Also Makers of PERFECTION Oil Heaters *Sold in Canada by Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.*

Unsurpassed Cooking Speed

This latest NEW PERFECTION Range is equipped exclusively with SUPERFEX Burners. One burner on every stove is the big GIANT SUPERFEX. The others are "little Giants" or standard size SUPERFEX Burners.

The standard SUPERFEX equals the cooking speed of the ordinary gas burner and is faster than any other oil burner, except its own big brother the GIANT SUPERFEX. And the big GIANT itself is unsurpassed even by the giant gas burner.

NEW PERFECTION *Oil Range with* SUPERFEX *Burners*



Where the public walks and shops

CUSTOMERS expect a shop floor to be clean. Yet they are not careful to help keep a shop floor from becoming soiled and untidy.

Wet and muddy feet, cigar ashes, match sticks, bits of paper, the dust and dirt of the street—all are deposited by the public with a heedless indifference to the proprietor's efforts to keep his place neat and inviting.

One way to meet this difficulty is to install a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum.

The floor of Armstrong's Linoleum is perhaps the easiest of all floors to keep bright and new-looking. Not only can linoleum be quickly cleaned with a brush and a damp mop, but all the dirt on a linoleum floor is surface dirt. Grease and dust do not work into linoleum. An occasional waxing and polishing renews its original good appearance.

When properly installed, linoleum makes a waterproof, resilient floor, easy to stand or walk on. It deadens the noise of footsteps. Chairs and tables can be moved over it quietly.

The fact that Armstrong's Linoleum is sold in a number of interesting patterns as well as in plain colors offers an opportunity for introducing effects into business floors that are in keeping with the character of the enterprise.

The picture shows a floor of Armstrong's Marble Tile Inlaid Linoleum on the fountain side of the Cozy Corner Candy Store of Cleveland.

If you need new floors, consult your architect, contractor, or any good linoleum merchant about Armstrong's Linoleum. We will gladly send him data and specifications for laying.

Our 48-page free book, "Business Floors," will be sent you on request.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, *814 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania*

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

Clean Hygienic

Refrigerators Insure Wholesome Food

You are naturally most particular about cleanliness in your refrigerator. Cleanliness means not only clean, but sanitary as well. Old Dutch Cleanser solves the problem of keeping your refrigerator clean, odorless and hygienic.

Old Dutch is so wonderfully efficient because its very fine, flat-shaped particles erase the dirt and wipe it away completely and easily, without scratching, making the surface clean and sanitary. Being a natural cleanser, it contains no hard, sharp grit to make scratches which collect impurities.

These are the reasons, too, why Old Dutch is so economical—a little does so much work. Use it for all cleaning.